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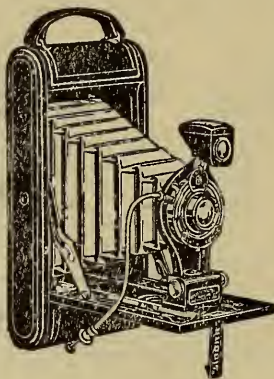
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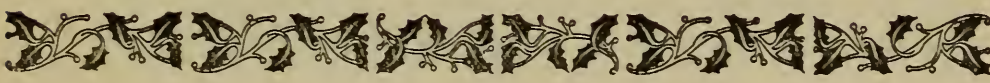
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 Alumnæ News



CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

A day, clear, cold and sparkling—
Snow-laden trees and windows holly-wreathed,
Children creeping, before dawn
In eager, happy haste to bulging Christmas stockings,
(A feeling in the air)—
Households awakening with a tumult of preparation,
Relatives arriving, all happy and loving.
(That feeling in the air)—
Many mysterious parcels—
Children, again, shaking and feeling
Gifts done up in bright crackling paper—
Discovered; then scolded, kissed and given
“Just one to keep them quiet.”
The best of Christmas dinners—with nuts and Christmas candy,
Songs, music and distribution of gifts,
With everyone happy and glowing,
(Some feeling in the air),
Children once more, sleepy but still thrilled,
Crawling wearily into bed.
Windows lighted by candles, and voices singing in the distance;
Everyone tired, but still
(That happy feeling):
What can it be?
The Christmas spirit—
Christ was born today.

KATHERINE PRICHARD.



THE SMILING MADONNA

The shades of night threw purple shadows into the hollows of the snow covered valley and high upon the mountain it closely grasped the wayside shrine of the Smiling Madonna in its clutching hand. The night wind howled across the lowland plains and rose in swirling triumph around the hallowed shrine, while in answer to the wind the bell of the shrine echoed—echoed—echoed—through the night.

And now the altar tapers were lit—the mellow organ gave forth its soul to the worship of the Madonna—the nuns took up their solemn chant, and the heavy bronze doors opened slowly into the outer world to admit the village folk, Lords and their Ladies, Knights, strolling minstrels, and all who came with their gifts to the Madonna—for this was the Madonna whose smile made glad the hearts of those givers whose gifts were acceptable in her sight. For it is the spirit in which a thing is given—not the gift alone.

High above the altar clothed in a mystic silvery light stood the Madonna, her head bowed, her eyes downcast, and her hands folded in prayer. And ever above her tapers twinkled, and ever above her the Christ watched from the stained glass windows, perhaps through the windows from the world outside.

Now before the altar there knelt a Knight of the Crusade who offered his most prized trophy, and now a Lady whose gift was of jewels, now a Lord with gifts of gold, peasants with their gifts of grain, poets with sonnets, artists with their canvasses, merchants with their silks, spices, and perfumes, jewels and silver. There they knelt for but a moment, offering their gifts, rising, turning hurriedly and rushing out into the freezing darkness to a Court Ball, a roadside play or a way-side inn near the warmth of the hearth and the bar.

And now the silence of the deserted shrine was broken only by the hum of the nuns' voices as they slowly circled whirling their beads to ward off any ill omens for the Madonna had not smiled and the halo of light was beginning to dim with the coming of dawn.

Suddenly there appeared in the Gothic arched doorway, the tall, slender figure of a wandering minstrel. Breathless he stood, his eyes glittering with a keen desire, a desire to place his offering before the statue of the Madonna. But what had he to offer to compare with the rich display, which met his eyes as he gazed intently into the settling gloom before the altar. His heart was torn in anguish, his mind seethed in despair, gold he had none, no, nothing of great worth and now his soul was broken in pieces, shattered. Was there nothing in his possession which he could offer? Distracted, he ran headlong into the courtyard of the shrine, and, in mute supplication, he raised his weary arms. There he stood, his slim figure with outstretched arms silhouetted against the changing sky. Before him he saw the glory of the heavens and the wonders of the earth, the purple snow changing into pale yellow, bright orange and shadowy blue, a reflection of the rising sun. The greenness of the stately pines against the horizon and the tranquillity of the world.

Suddenly, with his very soul afire, he turned and entered once more the shrine, and out into the world so calm and peaceful echoed his voice, high and clear as he sang:

“Darkness—

Stillness—

Like as Death.

Sin throughout the world.

God in Heaven sent His Son

To lighten all the world.

Jesus born of Mary

In Bethlehem shadows dim—

Light and Peace and Love

Given us by Him.

Mary, Mother of the Christ,

Guide us in thy way,
In the holiness of thy life
May we live this day."

Solemnly and soulfully his voice echoed through the high Gothic arches out and down through the valley—softer, then clearer, echo—echo—echo—and the Madonna slowly lifted her face, and smiled.

PRISCILLA BALL.

THE LAND BETWEEN THE BRONZE BOOK ENDS

The Land Between the Bronze Book Ends fairly bristled with excitement. An excitement so universal was indeed unusual and one acquainted with the customs of the land would have marvelled at it and pondered what great event could have taken place to cause such a common feeling. Granted that a few individual kingdoms of this wondrous land truly lived on excitement, yet was it not always a selfish, individual sort of emotion? Little did it bother Lady Macbeth whether Rawdon Crawley's aunt welcomed her niece and nephew back into her fold and bestowed the family fortune on them or not—she was too busy washing the stains on her hands; and as for Scrooge caring what became of poor Rosalind—Bah! Let her wander in the woods like the silly fool she was—She'd come out all right eventually—Good Lord, what was that spendthrift Orlando for? Besides, he had his office to look after. And so it went—excitement? Oh yes—in each little kingdom; the court of Duncan was continually suspended in excitement—"Whom did you suppose would be murdered next?" was the common sentiment and people hardly dared go to bed at night for fear of their fate; while the people in the Vicar of Wakefield's small realm were ever trying to outdo each other with a new proverb, or with presenting a new problem before the Vicar's family—they had long since given up burning his house down and

arresting him—their latest fancy being to make his good wife dissatisfied with her lot and become enamored of a wealthy country gentleman more capable of giving her daughters the advantages they needed in order to make suitable matches. Excitement? What would the Three Musketeers do without it? But a universal excitement—picture, if you can, how Rome would have felt if Cæsar had become a monk, and you have an atom of the emotion that prevailed in the Land Between the Bronze Book Ends, when Mr. Brentano, the power supreme in the world of books, issued invitations to a public ball. Each dominion hummed and buzzed with a thrill of anticipation and everyone was preparing in his own particular way for the forthcoming event.

None dared refuse, and on the evening of the party what a unique assemblage of vehicles lined up outside Mr. Brentano's door! Standing in the doorways behind the footmen, one got a wonderful view of the guests and their new raiments. Hardly had evening fallen, but in waltzed gay Beau Brummel sure to be on time, for, true to his nature, he could not wait for the ball to begin. Among the next arrivals, who seemed to come in a small group, the Bennett's coach could be discerned and Mrs. Bennett certainly had done herself credit as far as her daughters were concerned. It had taken no small amount of persuasion to get her husband to grant five new bonnets and gowns to five growing girls, but a ball was a ball and Mr. Brentano,—well—nothing need be said—in the Land Between the Bronze Book Ends his word was law and his parties an event of a lifetime. Mr. Bingley with his family and his friend Darcy arrived in his new coach "Pride" fifteen or twenty minutes after the advent of "Prejudice," but its occupants were by no means as long in finding their earlier friends; John Ridd and Lorna Doone had hardly jumped off their horses and entered the hallways when who should appear but Mistress Yeobright and the reddle-man in their caravan; then came Macbeth and his wife, accompanied by the Macduffs. In the hubbub caused by their arrival Dr. Jekyll slipped through the crowd of courtiers unnoticed, until he received the warm welcome which Mr. Brentano

always gave to people from his part of the country. A stream of carriages, horses and a few automobiles followed, wherein the Duchess of Wrexhe, Becky Sharp and her husband, the Crawley family, (surprised to find their black sheep at the same party with them), Joan and Peter, Maid Marion and her lover, Robin Hood, appeared, the last two on horseback in company with Ivanhoe and his troop, whom they had called for as they had passed through that country of Scott's creation.

Suddenly the stream of arrivals seemed to hesitate a moment and then, around the corner of Mr. Brentano's drive shot a russet-colored roadster, at a reckless rate, which stopped short by the door nearly throwing the driver from her seat. Attracted by murmured ejaculations of surprise, people rushed to the window of the house, nearly falling out in their eagerness. Achilles, whose chariot was rather more in the way than otherwise, leapt swiftly out and his ever-faithful servant Achates drove away with trembling hands and a quaking heart. There arose a tumult of murmured questions among the guests and many were the speculations as to the identity of this new arrival. Achilles, turning in the spot where he had so recently landed, thus voiced his opinion to Mrs. Bennett, who happened to be standing next to him.

"What say you that this creature be a demon in its trained chariots, sent by the gods to punish us for these royal festivities? It would not be beside me to send an arrow through that shield save that I fear the wrath of those very gods under whose protection it came."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Bennett, casting a rather withering look in his direction, "I am not so foolish as to believe in these gods of yours. But I must say she certainly was blessed with the looks of Venus herself. I shall have to take care lest she demolish my daughters' chances this evening. My! I do wonder who she is—Mr. Bennett," turning to her husband, "Go ask Mr. Brentano who this person is and where she came from."

Just inside the door the Vicar was giving a short lecture to his little ones, and telling them to turn their eyes on dear,

sweet Amelia Sedley, who was such a fine example of modesty and purity, before they would become corrupted by the sight of the cosmetics on the face of the new-comer.

Mr. Brentano, by this time informed of his unexpected guest, had hastened forward to do all the honors of hospitality in his usual cordial manner, paused on the threshold—and then advanced toward the charming creature sauntering up the marble steps.

“Why, my dear Mrs. Tanqueray! I am so glad to see you here—I had no idea you were in this part of the country. You certainly are looking fine!”

“And really, Mr. Brentano!” replied Paula, “Do you know I’m afraid it was terribly rude of me to come to this grand affair uninvited. I’d no idea it was such a party. You see we were carelessly left on a corner of the Land Between the Bronze Book Ends right on top of Vanity Fair and Pride and Prejudice, and somehow I got wind of this event and as Aubrey was out of town and I was so bored I thought I’d drop in on you, I do hope you won’t mind—”

An audible sigh of relief from her nearest neighbor made the second Mrs. Tanqueray realize she had not been speaking to her host alone, but that there were quite a few other people interested in her why and whereabouts. Turning, she begged Mr. Brentano to take her in and introduce her to some of the men. As she was deeply attracted by Macbeth’s looks, she deposited herself, with Richard Feverel (who had immediately become attached to her, having left his fair Lucy in far-off lands), at a table with the Macduffs and Macbeths.

The music was just beginning when a shriek went up, and people, turning, saw three ghostly figures entering the room—none else but Banquo’s ghost, Caesar’s ghost and Hamlet’s father’s ghost,—and poor dear Dora fainted in her David’s arms without the slightest warning.

“Good Lord,” said Paula, grasping Feverel’s arm in an appealing feminine gesture, “What’s that? Oh! I know—Ku Klux Klan is at it again! Why, Mr. Macbeth, what is the matter with you? You aren’t so superstitious as all that,

are you?" For Macbeth had turned livid and starting to rise from his seat was detained by his wife's blood-stained hands—

"Hold thyself, Macbeth, repent thee not deeds long since past undoing. What's more, thou art before the public eye. Control these foolish sentiments. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often taken thus and hath been from his youth, pray you, keep seat, the fit is momentary upon a thought he will again be well—are you a man?" in an undertone to her husband.

"Aye," replied he, "and a bold one that dare look on that which might appall the devil—"

In a farther corner of the room, Brutus, starting up in dismay, overturned a chair and rushed toward a nearby doorway in evident haste to escape the spectre of the great Caesar. As the three white robed figures floated through the room and paused beside the table where Macbeth sat, with a swift movement, he also turned to escape, but Paula motioning him back to his seat, said,

"Keep your seat, Mr. Macbeth, I'll deal with these sheets—Mr. Feverel," turning to her new acquaintance with a coquetish glance, "You'll stand by me in case they try to run away with me, won't you?"

"Mrs. Tanqueray, it is an honor to be acquainted with you, to be invited to serve you overwhelms me." Gone were regrets for fair Lucy, gone were all thoughts of true love and devotion! The flattering preference of the second Mrs. Tanqueray for Richard Feverel had gone to his head.

A small circle of interested spectators had formed around the table where the Macbeths and the Macduffs were seated and where the second Mrs. Tanqueray, Feverel, Hamlet, who had approached to speak with his father's ghost, and the three phantoms of Shakespeare's creation, stood near them. With a slight feminine shrug of her shoulders, Paula said to the ghost of Hamlet's father, "Get along with you, Papa Hamlet, your son is biding his time for a word with you and I'm sure Mr. Brentano could spare you both for the rest of the evening. Perhaps you might try that little balcony, on your left?" With a suggestive gesture of the hand, she disposed of them even as Saint

Peter himself would dispose of an erring mouse on the Judgment Day.

"And as for you, you poor thing," said she turning to Caesar's ghost, "How can you stand this adoring mob when you yourself were so fond of solitude? I'm sure you would be much happier in that gorgeous rose garden with young Kitty Bennett—perhaps?" And Caesar, flattered by her interest, turned upon his rival with a sneering smile—for who could be standing beside Kitty but the great Pompey himself? Bowing deeply, Caesar proffered his arm to the blushing Kitty who flashed a sly glance at her gloating mother, and walked with him to the aforementioned rose garden. Looking at Banquo's ghost, Paula said in a rather confidential manner,

"While you, you silly thing, don't look so worried, I have a wonderful secret to tell you. Guess whom I saw on my way over here? One for whom you've long been searching, and he is not so very far from here, either, dear little Fleance sitting on Dr. Jekyll's door-step. Surely, you had better hurry to him—It's only a short way from here—my chauffeur will drive you over, for your son might get pneumonia or be kidnapped—" at which the ghost of Banquo blinked, not having even a "ghost" of an idea as to what she was suggesting, "—that is stolen, Mr. Ghost of Banquo. But enough of this—hurry, and tell James to be back early as I shan't remain here long."

At this, Richard Feverel regarded her with anxiety. What! This fair vision ever to fade away! It had not occurred to him that the great ball must end sometime—that he must be separated from the sight of the most beautiful and charming woman he had ever met.

"Oh! Please don't go so early! I'm sure Mr. Brentano will be terribly hurt, and as for me, I just couldn't bear it," he begged in an undertone. Paula lifted her soft eyes inquiringly to his,

"Would you really want me to stay—a little longer?" But she cut his eager answer short by turning to Macbeth and saying, "And you, Mr. Macbeth, would it matter to you if I should leave soon?" And what an opportune time to beg the grace of

Macbeth. For is there any time more advantageous to one seeking a favor of a man than after he has had a half hour's dose of nagging by his chosen companion for life? Imagine Macbeth's state of mind after a continued monologue on the why-he-should-do-it-and-if-he-didn't-she-would-question, so dear to the lady of his family, and so characteristic of her strong personality. Hence, his reply,

“Oh vision, fairer than the stars above,
Whose every movement holds a grace divine—
What more could any mortal man desire,
Than that his eyes might rest on thy fair face.
How dull and cheerless would this evening be,
Without thy charming presence in this host!
I pray thee, damsel, bide with us awhile,
And with me trip the light fantastic toe.
The dance is on; I pray thee, let us go.”

Paula was not lacking in strategy, nor could she think of missing such an opportunity; and so, with a sly glance at Richard Feverel, she more than disturbed his state of mind, even as she accepted the hand of his momentary rival.

“You cannot take this dance, sir,” cried he, springing up, “You are a bloody villain! She is in my care and I won't have her white hands soiled with your criminal ones!”

Up rose the angry fire in Macbeth's soul, nothing could infuriate him more than to be called a villain when his worthy Shakespeare had made him a hero.

“What ho! Thou lily-livered youth! Get thee to thy pretty nurse! 'Tis long since time thou hadst retired.” He turned to go, highly elated at his own ability to handle the situation, when suddenly he heard a gasp from the people and saw that Feverel had drawn his sword. He was not slow in whipping out his own; and, deserting Paula, turned to fight his rival. Mr. Brentano, attracted by the noise, came up and suggesting it be done in the right way, said that the fight should be on understood terms—Paula being the reward for a dance, to him who wounded the other first. With a nod of agreement the

two men began to engage. Lady Macbeth, seeing a sword gleam, cried out,

“Can it be? Is this the dagger I see before me? Help me hence, ho!” and gracefully fainted. Macbeth, scarce turning his head, said, “Look to the lady, slaves—and thou, fair Paula, here’s for thee!”

It was a short duel. The room was hushed; the only sound, the clicking of the sword-tips, and the heavy breathing of the combatants. The ladies were escorted to another room, where their smelling salts could be employed at leisure—all save Paula, who stood by with a cynical smile, rather amused that two men should so strenuously engage for her favor.

“Heavens!” she had cried, “Anyone who’s led the life I have, certainly doesn’t mind a little thing like a duel-to-the-wound!”

And so it went on. As luck would have it, Feverel turned his ankle in jumping on his guard, and lost his balance. At the same time Macbeth was quick enough to prick him with his sword point.

“Ha! ’Tis mine! The pretty reward! ’Twere done when ’twas done and ’twere well it were done quickly, for I was fast fatiguing. Skill and the sword run through the roughest hide! But now what greater pleasure than—” But he was interrupted by a courier (sent by Lady Macbeth who had in recovering from her swoon, at first forgot the situation in her interest in obtaining a prescription of Sapolio, which Mrs. Micawber was insisting would be just the thing to take the stain off her hands—the ladies were so nice and friendly about helping each other—but Lady Macbeth, shortly becoming conscious of her whereabouts, summoned her wits and resorted to strategy—“He shall not be left in the hands of that adventuress!” she had cried). And so—the courier made a hurried bow to his master, and cried,

“Make haste, my lord. Thy child, thy eldest child hath fallen in the moat and comes nigh unto drowning! Anon, anon! Ere long ’twill be too late! But thou canst save and only thou, make haste, my lord, make haste!”

Macbeth, although staggered by the news, could not bear the thought of relinquishing the reward to his handsomer rival—" 'Tis to the sick the females flee, when heroes be not nigh." The old adage came to his mind immediately, and thus, torn between pleasure and duty, he finally obeyed his conscience and with but one regretful glance at fair Paula, hopefully yet vainly waiting for him to succumb to her charms, he hastened off to his wife's side. Shrugging her shoulders, Paula turned to Feverel (for is not a wounded admirer better than none?—one must be amused!) but lo, even there was the second Mrs. Tanqueray foiled, for who had appeared but poor, dear Lucy, ever faithful to her Richard and forgiving him in his illness for his fickleness—and Richard again turned back to his first love, with eager eyes and renewed ardor. And Paula, poor Paula—alone in the great ballroom turned away in unconcerned boredom. Heavens, another week-end ahead of her. She might as well have the Du Barrys come and visit her, for perhaps they could think of something amusing to do. And with that she left the hall and drove home in her russet-colored roadster at a rate of only seventy-two for an average—and it was up hill too, for did she not have to climb up onto Vanity Fair and Pride and Prejudice?

The remaining merry-makers, rather exhausted by the incident, had a few more dances and then went home. Achilles and Mrs. Malaprop starting the departure together, for Achilles had to be way over in Greece before rosy-fingered Dawn crept up on the skies, and Mrs. Malaprop was so anxious that she "go first and the rest proceed her" that she nearly stepped on Achilles' vulnerable heel!

And so with many remarks and blistered feet, ended the first ball given by Mr. Brentano in the Land Between the Bronze Book Ends.

KATHERINE PRICHARD



CHARTERED

Crowded the shores and ruffled the surface of a quiet lake in Switzerland some few weeks ago, for into the waters on October sixteenth last was launched a tremendous steamer, whose power is soon to be tested on a perilous ocean and sent on a mighty voyage. Similar boats have been attempted for similar voyages. Some only planned, more partially constructed, others completed only to give way under stress of wind and storm. However, this vessel has been achieved by master-workmen, each eager to excel but compromising to perfect the whole. Being individually prominent, experts of their respective arts, they were formerly jealous if one or another, should lead; but now, hand in hand, their common thought the success of their masterpiece, rival builders strove together, even using the same tools.

In the engine room, caring for the massive machines, labored a stout man whose bewhiskered face tells of superior intelligence but a temper which only the force of his present associates has taught him to govern. Once domineering, now he is subserviant, his temper nearly changed to love. Did you notice the extremely polite man beside him working on all the minute details of the ship's mechanism? Once he was afraid of his stout companion, here for the first time they worked together in unison. These two men were the principle mechanics of the steamer but many were their co-workers, all important. The latter were in constant contact with the tender of the engine to which everything reverts, and blows and disagreements might have been expected but harmony solely reigned.

But now the vessel is complete, every detail finished, polished. Great the craftsmen who have made it and no part lacking for precaution so that neither time, nor wear, nor ocean roll may destroy it. In the pilot house stands one who long has been a lord of the sea, and sharing equally his duties is a dark haired

romantic fellow from the Mediterranean. Their position on board is to control the engine and thus safeguard its keepers.

Altogether now they man the ship which they conceived and formed, commence upon the trip which they have chartered, all unknowing when their destination will be reached. May they gain in safety that land which has been their inspiration, the land of eternal peace!

DOROTHEA HELT

DESCRIPTIONS

A NIGHT IN VENICE

The radiant August moon was high in the velvety sky, the heavens were studded with glimmering stars, and I was in Venice. From the center of the Grand Canal faint sounds of music floated over to me, as I lay adrift in my gondola. It was a night of a thousand dreams. A night of gay lanterns bedecking floats filled with singers. It was a night of exquisite pleasure. A night filled with fairy-like music and lights. On one side, the tower of San Giorgio loomed up like some evil dragon. On the other side was the Campanile like a tall silver wraith. Now we were off; our gondolier deftly guided our boat, and with a slight twist of his oar accompanied by a low musical call, we turned our backs on the Grand Canal. The night was fragrant with the breath of flowers. Visions of romance and adventure crowded in on my mind. As the gondolier filled the air with music, the gentle breeze wafted it away, only to bring back the sweeter echo. Everywhere was light, color and music. These magic lights turned stately palaces into fairy-like castles, the stone court yards into silver sheets, and the lagoons into shining mirrors which reflected this never ending beauty. The air was permeated with beauty and romance. Suddenly out of the stillness burst forth the crystal tones of the great bell of the Campanile striking the hour of twelve. The night revelers quickly dispersed and fainter and fainter grew the music, and dimmer and dimmer paled the lights. Soon Venice was asleep and the exquisite night had passed.

ELINOR G. CARMICHAEL.

OCTOBER

“October!” What alluring pictures are called forth by that word! Autumn leaves of red, yellow, orange, and rusty brown stand in relief against autumn skies of a deep, intense blue. Whole mountains lift gay arms of many shades to greet a sunlight more golden and more invigorating than that of any other month. Gypsy winds tear down the mountain sides to the valley, flaunting before them their banners. The leaves which swirl through the streets lifting themselves into funnel-shaped clouds of color and then drifting slowly and softly to the ground. The valley gives one a stifled feeling; one must go to the mountain top where one’s spirit is not hampered and the wind whips one’s hair and clothes with a mad joy which penetrates through and through one’s soul. Nature’s most striking colors are brought out in brilliant landscapes which hurt, they are so beautiful. The year is having a last glad fling before skipping into somber old age, and she gives herself up to beauty and splendor with a joyous abandon.

LAURA MERRILL.

SUNSET

Brassy sky and sun like molten gold, and, as the day draws near its close, clouds of deepest amber drip passively. A raven, his wings touched with flecks of light like transparent gems circles slowly beneath the triumphant heavens and at last comes to rest in the lonely, barren pine that stands pointing ever upwards like a sinister finger.

DEBORAH TRULL.

COKE OVENS AT NIGHT

Row after row—miles long and miles deep of separate tongues of flame throwing up against a background of red black smoke a vivid scarf undulating and glowing. The cool stars are hidden and heaven as well as earth is all afire.

ELIZABETH HITCHMAN.

TO THE OCEAN

Oh Ocean, mighty ocean
Does it hurt you?
When a sharp-keeled ship
Cuts through your rippling surface?
Cuts through and folds it back
In banks of flustered foam,
And, ever probing your tenderest spots
Goes on ruthlessly,
Leaving behind its quick healing white scar—
Quick healing to the human eye:
For soon
Your ever changing surface
Is again unbroken,
Save when you blink
Your thousand eyes
'Neath their thousand white eyelids.
Oh Ocean, mighty ocean
Does it hurt you?
And is that why
You moan on the shores at night?

KATHERINE PRICHARD.

DIFFERENT

The strains of "My Sweetie Turned Me Down," brazenly finished and Miriam with a sigh of relief disengaged herself from the arms of her partner. The air was heavy with a thousand mingled perfumes. Innumerable balloons of multitudinous colors drifted, tossed, and were caught again. Shrieks of laughter as mischievous youths popped them over the heads of the girls seemingly unsuspecting.

Life was so boring, Miriam thought, feeling satiety over coming her. The same crowd, with the same line, same jokes, and same thoughts. And here was Bob, Betty's brother, just home from prep school for the holidays, surely *he* must be different. How crushing and disillusioning it was to one's ideals of men and life to find that He, of all men, was so different from the others.

"This is the best dance I've had this evening. It certainly is worth coming home when you find somebody different like you here. Have you seen the latest musical comedy, 'Artists and Models?' What do you think of Eugene O'Neil's latest edition of 'Man and Superman?' Isn't the League of Nations a jolly group of old codgers for the common welfare of the world? Oh! yes, and the fourth dimension, I believe though, that the fourth is greater than the others. There certainly is not any hereafter or divine existence: I thought you had outgrown the stage of believing that. Of course there is something greater than ourselves—but—Wonderful evening out! How about a date tomorrow night and the following?"

To be sure, neither one had seen the show, had only the faintest remembrance of seeing Mr. O'Neil in "Vanity Fair's" nominations for the Hall of Fame; did not know the difference between the League of Nations and The World Court; couldn't have told what the first three dimensions were, let alone the fourth, and as for religion, the only thoughts were bitter memories of futile attempts to retain her dime. Miriam was somewhat at a loss, but knowing no more than he of the various subjects, her line had "got by big," as the cruder younger generation puts it.

Miriam had decided to sit out the following dance to contemplate just how it was possible to pick up the bitter threads of life and go on, when a sudden hush of feminine voices, a few audible gasps, and those in the act of laughing left off in a sharp climax. All eyes were on the doorway. Leaning against the wall in the peculiar fashion known only to men of his type, stood a dark, nonchalant young man. A supercilious expression came into his romantic eyes as his left eyebrow rose. He stifled a

yawn and gazed over the crowd. A cigarette dangled lazily from his carefully manicured fingers, and one just knew he had smoked for years. His trousers were bell-bottom, his coat full and baggy; his meticulous cravat, his shining hair, all showed indubitably he was a gentleman of the school variously known as a desirable, "Man of the World."

There at last was her worshipped ideal, everything about him—different—and yet not indifferent. As she drank him in with wide adoring eyes, a thrill of exquisite joy ran up and down her, and she felt as if she had been in an elevator which took a sudden drop. Oh! If he would only stay and dance. If she could *only* meet him. With a jolting realization of happiness that hurt, Miriam came out of her state of idealizing coma. It was Laura's eldest brother Jack, back from college. The one who was such an athlete, whose pictures had been cut out of the sport and society sections innumerable times by innumerable girls and were pasted, stuck, and hung all over their bureaus, mirrors, bedrooms and books. Miriam being Laura's best friend, knew that she would meet him sooner or later, for she saw him take off his raccoon coat and dance with his sister.

Returning to embarrassing consciousness of Bob's presence beside her she realized that she had rather neglected him, and attempted to carry on the deep and weighty conversation as before, but alas, her thoughts and eyes kept following Jack and his sister, who were interrupted and besieged by eager girls. When was she going to meet him—perhaps he would leave without even a glance at her. Oh! The thought was so alarming that it took her color as well as her breath, which sent Bob in great concern, in search of a glass of water. And then, of all miracles to happen, advancing towards her, came Laura and her brother. Her heart stopped. She grew tongue tied. What would she say? In a daze she met *HIM*. The music started and she was really dancing with him—silence—what golden silence it was. She dared not speak lest the bubble of sublime contentment burst. Once around the room, twice, and he had not spoken. Did he by any chance feel the same? His dancing was flawless, but where were his rich, spicy comments, his brisk, gay, and

confident air? Why did he not speak even one word to her? Was she so boring as all this? And it seemed in answer to her silent appeal, his soft, deep voice said,

“This is the best dance I’ve had this evening. It certainly is worth coming home when you find somebody different like you here. Have you seen the latest musical comedy, ‘Artists and Models?’ What do you think of Eugene O’Neil’s latest edition of ‘Man and Superman’?”

JOSEPHINE MATTESON.

OPPORTUNITY

Youth, beautiful carefree youth dances and plays merrily in the great forest. But youth is heedless and disobedient for he has been commanded by his fairy godmother to remain in his cottage to await the coming of some mysterious stranger who is to bring greater things into his life. But what cares youth? For youth never looks ahead until tomorrow for today is here, so he is merry whilst he may and he obeys his own impulse to dance and sing with the winds, the birds and the streams. Through the forest as quickly as on the wings of the four winds, comes an exquisite goddess. Her robes are of gold and in her right hand is a golden hammer and with her left hand she is beckoning, and calling. She pauses at the cottage door and strikes once, clearly and loudly with her golden hammer. No one answers; youth has not waited, nor does not listen for the knock which resounds through the forest. Quietly and quickly, without a parting glance, the goddess vanishes, to return no more, for others are awaiting her knocks.

ELINOR G. CARMICHAEL.

DREAMERS

To the rest of the world
 We are pagans,
 For they cannot understand.
 They with their hopes and fears
 Founded upon traditions.
 But we know that immortality
 Lies deeper than a myth.
 Heaven and Earth and Hell
 Are ours to wander through,—
 Moonlight belongs to us,
 Night-time and dawnlit hills,
 Old winds and stormy seas,
 And all infinity beyond the world—
 For we were lately of them.
 They sleep within us
 Through this waking dream called Life.

PRISCILLA BALL.

THE SECRET

All the days and far into the nights the Student busied himself with his books. Men marveled. They spoke unto him asking:

“Why studieth thou thus diligently? What seeketh thou?”

He answered them and said:

“I must find the secret of happiness.”

“That thou mayest be happy?” they asked.

“That everyone may be happy,” he answered them. Then the men spoke among themselves saying:

“Surely that secret will he find because he seeketh it not for a selfish reason.”

But the Student learned not the secret from books nor did he learn it during his travels, though he searched far and wide

and talked with many wise men. At length he became weary and likewise discouraged.

"Of what use is it to seek that which existeth not?" thought he. But now he knew not what to do for his life was without a purpose. He busied himself with his books that he might cease to remember his failure. Still he thought ever of the unhappiness in the world and wished to make end of it. It came to him that he might teach his fellow-sufferers forgetfulness of sorrow. He set himself about the task of learning how this could be done. He thought of naught else. A man spoke unto him one day, saying:

"Are you the Student who sought long and patiently the secret of happiness?" And he answered:

"I am the Student."

"Give me the secret, and I shall give you half of all I own." The Student was puzzled. Did not this man know that he had failed? For a moment he spoke not. Suddenly great understanding shone forth from his eyes.

"Go," said he, "and forget that thou desireth it, for happiness cometh only to him who seeketh not its secret."

MIRIAM KELLAM.

CHOOSE

High, safe and dry upon the solid rocks, stand ugly houses huddled close together. Cold, dismal and shivering, bleak, gray, and barren, with no warmth, joy or gladness in their faces.

Primly they stand against the horizon, as an example for the surrounding country, with their firm foundations, their never swaying walls, their eyes never faltering in their gaze upon the gray sky with its swirling, swooping, changing veils, and hearing only the dismal wailing of the wind as it calls through the misty shroud in a mournful dirge.

But come now—gaze upon my castle built near the fire of the sun and the song of the sea waves on the shimmering, sifting sands. And come and live with me in my life—gazing into the

vast seas of blue; the sky and the ocean; and come and sail with me in my ships of the seas: a silver galleon on a billowy white cloud; come—listen to the love songs of the gulls, the waves, the winds and the stately pines upon the crescent hills. Come—live in my castle—a reflection of the sun with soft glimmering gold and crystal carpets. Come—dance in the merry whirlwind of my world—eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow—we may die!

PRISCILLA BALL.

THE VICAR'S NIECE DISCOVERS THAT AN EARLY
AMBITION IS ONLY ONE WHICH FADES
WITH ITS FRESHNESS

It is with firm resolves and renewed vigor that one returns to one's occupation after a short holiday, and, no matter how pleasing the holiday, one finds oneself eager to concentrate again one's brain as it should be accomplished. This feeling, I regret to say, although potent enough as long as it is still young in one's mind—and one has not become bored by the monotony of everyday drudgery—does not, however, remain in this condition long. If it is possible for such to become a feeling, I might say that it withers, its edges curl up and it is reduced to a rather insignificant state.

Through these stages did my own vigor pass not long ago, on returning to Rogers Hall, the remarkable institution for the benefit of young females avid for knowledge—I was overwhelmed with my own ambition. In each class I exhibited to my utmost power an interest which shortly convinced my kind professors of my good intentions—if nothing else. I set my assignments in neat rows in a small copy book, taking care to cross my T's and dot my I's precisely; I undertook to carry all my books of learning (having but two in number at the time), to my chamber, preparatory to a strenuous hour of study. It being the first day, and having but few studies, I was not a little surprised when I

perceived what difficulty it required to devote my entire mind to the subject at hand. This observation was strengthened when I discovered that first I must sharpen my pencils in order to have a sufficient supply of the proper utensils; second, I had concentrated no more than six minutes by the hour glass, when it occurred to me that I was vastly uncomfortable, and arrived at a determination to make an exchange of chairs; and, third, I had scarcely spread the pages of my venerable copy of Vergil's "Aeneid" when I became aware of the fact that my feet were neither rightly nor comfortably clad for study, and in consequence, changed my boots. Another page of Latin verse convinced me that I could satisfy my thirst for knowledge equally as well reclining on my bed.

But, once easily settled, I found it extremely difficult not to desert the worthy Trojans and spend an idle hour dreaming. Then, too, I suddenly perceived, just beyond my window-pane, a busy spider weaving his web. I could not help remarking his ability to concentrate himself on one subject, when a small fly, being entangled in the spider's work freed himself before his industrious foe was aware of his presence and I became convinced that in at least one way even a spider is superior to man.

But again, I was recalled to my duty by my own philosophy and I discovered with remorse that my early ambition had indeed withered and curled up on the edges for it took a prodigious amount of will-power to turn and assist Poseidan in saving the struggling companions of Aeneas from a briny death. And had the bell for the termination of that period not rung, I am firm in my conviction that I should still be slyly pursuing the engrossing if not profitable study of Spiderdom.

KATHERINE PRICHARD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF ROGERS HALL
STUDENT COUNCIL

President Margaret Shepard
Sec. and Treas. Elizabeth Hitchman

COUNCILORS

Mary Bailey	Constance Cleaveland
Natalie Gardner	Mariam Lins
Priscilla Ball	Mary Dorward
Elizabeth Hitchman	Margaret Shepherd
Mary Bengier	Katherine Dyer
Edith Knapp	Virginia Stuart

KAVA CLUB

President Katherine Prichard
Sec. and Treas. Elizabeth T. Tucker

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Hockey Edith Knapp
Basketball Helen McLain
Baseball Lovinia Porter
Swimming Mary Bailey
Tennis Leona Schaddelee

CAE CLUB

President Virginia Ruggles
Sec. and Treas. Dorothy Tremble

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Hockey Constance Cleaveland
Basketball Dorothy Tremble
Baseball Mildred Thomas
Swimming Priscilla Ball
Tennis Mary Page

EVENTS DURING FALL TERM

ROBBINS HILL PICNIC

A few days after the opening of school a picnic at Robbins Hill was arranged.

Everyone, having just left home, was very enthusiastic and so then Saturday came, a jolly group of Rogers Hall girls boarded the street cars for the trip.

When, after a short distance, the street cars suddenly came to a stop they found to their delight that they must walk the rest of the way. All the pleasure of the picnic would have been taken away had they not had this chance to test their endurance up this long and steep hill. Some followed the roadway while others discovered an untrodden path which led, finally, to the top of the hill, not, however, without the struggle of climbing fences, and breaking down insurmountable brush piles. At last everyone reached the top of the hill.

Hot dogs, fried bacon, cakes and other delicious food, prepared by the committee, awaited them there. When everyone was given their portion they immediately hurried to find a comfortable spot where they might sit down and enjoy their lunch to the utmost.

After they had all eaten as much as possible, the old girls challenged the new girls to a stunt entertainment. The old girls performed most creditably and with perfect ease while the new girls not to be outdone, but rather shy and backward, finally, stepped forth and showed unusual talent.

Nevertheless time flies when people are enjoying themselves, so all too soon they were obliged to start for home.

More surprises awaited the merry group there! The old girls had planned a dance to welcome the new girls. It proved to be a huge success in the fact that everyone became much better acquainted.

MRS. GILSON'S LECTURES

It is always a pleasure to have the privilege of hearing the lectures of Mrs. Gilson. Traveling constantly as she does, not as a tourist but as a student of peoples and situations, she is enabled to speak with authority on all subjects of current interest. Hers are not the mere cut and dried talks of the usual lecturer on such subjects, rather are they infused with the more intimate details gleaned from personal experience.

Her first lecture interested us especially as she gave us an account of her summer's experiences as a guest of the government of Czecho-Slovakia.

Another morning she discussed quite fully the Locarno Conference impressing on us its great historical significance and world-wide importance.

At another time she delighted us with a more detailed account of the trip to Mexico, which she and Miss Parsons made last spring. She materially added to our slight knowledge of this fascinating country, not alone by facts but by photographs.

On her last visit to school she enlightened us on the serious condition of affairs in Damascus and also touched briefly on the ever-engrossing subject of tax-reduction.

MOVIES OF FIELD DAY AND COMMENCEMENT

On the 25th of September we had the great privilege of viewing our schoolmates of last year and those who graduated, upon the famous silver screen. Joyfully they passed before us—through the many events of Field Day—and the solemn events of graduation—old faces wreathed in smiles well known to the girls of Rogers Hall. We are now looking forward to the time when once more we shall assemble to view other films—and this has been made possible by the Senior gift to the school last year—a moving picture machine.

MR. NICCOLI AND MR. HELLER

Several times during this year Rogers Hall has had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Heller in their most de-

lightful concerts. These concerts have been looked forward to by the old girls who heard them the year before—and also by the new girls—who have heard many complimentary remarks from the old girls.

Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Heller have exquisitely executed the works of old masters and have also placed before us the works of the more modern composers showing great skill in their technique. Both artists have the power of expression and as they play, one seems to drift into the realms of dreamland, only to come suddenly back to earth when their maze of music is ended.

We are now looking forward with great anticipation to the time, or times (we hope), when we shall once more have the pleasure of hearing these talented musicians.

CHOOSING OF THE CLUBS

Anticipation—eager breathless anticipation—a mind of doubt and wonder—weeks diminishing into days—(a word with you—Cae is the best)—days diminishing into hours—(My dear, you simply *must* go Kava!)—hours diminishing into minutes—I hope and pray—I wish I knew. They are so much the same to me—I long for individuality. My classes, studies, meals, a field, and I, a blade of grass, am lost, pathetically insignificant. The week—the day—the hour arrives, the longed for moment comes—we run—we rush—we reach the swimming pool room. I hold my breath, and bite my lips, the names are read, and yet not mine; again, again, the same thing happens, a silence follows each—and then a deafening clamor—two more go up—am I left out? What have I done, to deserve—but I hear a strange unusual name—and with surprise, see faces turn my way—what is wrong with me—I look behind, but I am by myself, “It’s you,” they say and push me forward—my knees with trembling, fail me. At length I climb The Provincetown Memorial Tower, three times, at least, then I am swooped upon. I become entangled in a mass of arms and legs, I am embraced—and find—I am the club which is the best!

An afterthought—we had some food, and meetings, too—each girl, now wore one of the two brands, there were no individuals—a club was here—a club was there—and all of us either here, or there.

THE ROGERS HALL LENDING LIBRARY

A lending library association has been organized in Rogers Hall for the purpose of procuring the latest novels, plays, poetry and biographies. A great many people in school are interested in this library and it is a pleasure to be able to read the recent books of note.

THE STUDENT PRINCE

The Student Prince was seen by a number of the Rogers Hall students who found much to enjoy and a great deal to criticize. The score was unusually good and the men's choruses were splendid and not infrequent. This music and the costumes which were particularly lovely in the court room scene redeemed the rather dull plot and action. Another delightful feature was the comedy element introduced by the famous Mr. DeWolfe Hopper.

FOOTBALL GAMES

During the Fall Term many of the girls had the privilege of attending the Harvard vs. Holy Cross football game in Cambridge, which proved to be very exciting. Also the Andover-Yale freshmen game, at Andover—known to many Rogers Hall girls. This game provided another opportunity to witness football skill and was much enjoyed by all who attended.

LECTURE OF MISS TRACY L'ENGLE

On the afternoon of Sunday October eighteenth, we very much enjoyed hearing Miss Tracy L'Engle, a Rogers Hall graduate, give a program of negro sketches in dialect. It seems most

unusual that a girl brought up in the South, should so ardently espouse the cause of the negro in literature. She told some charming tales of the old time negro by Joel Chandler Harris and of the negro of today in the South and in Harlem. Miss L'Engle's dramatic ability was shown exceptionally well in the story of "Miss Grand Obery." Perhaps the most interesting of all were the poems by the literary leaders of the negro race which express the soul of the negro of tomorrow.

"THE MIRACLE "

On entering the theatre we were greeted by serene, brown-clad nuns, the busy hum of our conversations gradually ceased, and the impressiveness of the scene about us became intensely effective. The entire Boston Opera House had been magically transformed into a magnificent cathedral—indescribably rich in color, and possessing a compelling atmosphere whose spell descended upon us with greater and greater intensity.

The great spectacle, based on an old familiar myth, was carried out with the aid of wonderful mechanical contrivances, supernatural beauty and glorious music. The music intensified the dramatic action, and the bell-like voices of the invisible choirs were a constant succession of beautiful harmonies. The continuity of the plot was carefully carried out and the acting of each member of the cast, from Lady Diana Manners to the most unimportant member, was perfect in detail. The beauty of color and sound made a direct appeal to our senses. The cathedral itself overwhelmed us with massive towering columns, brilliant stained glass windows and gleaming candles. Each individual detail seemed added its bit of color to a scene which held us spell-bound through its sheer loveliness.

When the breathless hush which marked the close of that performance came, it was extremely difficult for us to remember that we were really in a theatre, and that we must hustle forth and return to Rogers Hall. But we carried away with us a series of gorgeous pictures and sounds which will remain with us for a life-time.

LECTURE BY JOHN DRINKWATER

On October nineteenth members of the poetry class attended a meeting of the Middlesex Women's Club. The speaker was John Drinkwater, internationally known as playwright and poet.

Mr. Drinkwater opened his address by reading some of his poetry. He has, as few poets do have, the power to read his own poetry beautifully. "Lady Street," "Mrs. Willow," and "A Last Confessional," especially pleased us. We were impressed by his appreciation of the common things in life, and his ability to raise them to a plan of beauty.

He then spoke of art in this way. Into everyone's mind numerous experiences enter in rather a chaotic state. It is the placing of these in some state of order that engrosses the person, who is never content until this is done. With the artist this desire to attain some meaning of life is greater than with other people—hence his art. This same desire, which is in everyone, but not in a creative way, makes the artist appreciated.

We all felt Mr. Drinkwater's personality as a speaker to be consistent with the ideas we had formed of him from the reading of his works.

JOHN McCORMACK

On the evening of October twenty-second, the Rogers Hall girls had the opportunity of hearing the concert given by John McCormack in the Lowell Auditorium.

We entered amid much confusion and hum of voices, found our chairs, and sat anxiously awaiting the entrance of the eminent Irish tenor. Finally, he appeared accompanied by his pianist, Edwin Schneider, and cellist, Lauri Kennedy. Silence reigned!

Mr. McCormack sang all of his numbers equally well although his interpretation of the three Irish folk songs, namely: "Norah O'Neal," "Open the Door Softly," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," was most enthusiastically appreciated by his audience. However, his rendition of them did not altogether

excel their own characteristic appeal. The last selection, "Thanks Be To God," can never be surpassed in quality of tone.

We left the Auditorium deeply impressed with the superb beauty of his voice and hoping that we would have the privilege of hearing him again.

THE NEW GIRLS' PARTY

Vividly costumed figures arrived in pairs to join the motley throng in the gymnasium. The new girls party had started. Was this beautifully decorated cabaret, with its lighted tables along the walls really our own gym?

We danced gaily about to the strains of a good orchestra, vainly trying to recognize our partners and friends. The first act was announced and Harriet Megathlin thrilled the audience by performing numerous difficult feats on the rings. There followed a delightful singing and dancing act by Phoebe Lighton and Laura Moran. An amusing pantomime was the next number on the program. This was a thrilling tale of romance and adventure in the West. Marion Adams, Mary Benger, Mary Elizabeth Houston, Hannah Powell and Janet Webb were the talented actresses.

A ballet composed of Deborah Grubb, Virginia Kern, Mary Elizabeth Houston and Kathleen Widdicombe pleased the audience.

A Dutch dance was next, cleverly done by Lucille Marks.

Virginia Kern's delightful dancing was one of the acts most enjoyed. The entertainment came to an end after Priscilla Ball had danced to show the newcomers that the old girls were also capable of entertaining.

LEON DABO

On October twenty-sixth, the Middlesex Women's Club of Lowell was fortunate in having the noted French artist Leon Dabo as a speaker. Miss Hill was very kind to invite a number

of Rogers Hall girls to enjoy this lecture. His subject was "Impressionism of the Nineteenth Century." He spoke of the development of this phase of painting from its earliest stage. In the early times, Cimabue and other great artists painted in dull dark colors, especially brown, and it was not until a much later day that objects and scenes were painted as they actually were to the eye. Down through the ages, painters have always copied and received their inspiration from former works of art. As it is very necessary in preserving these old masterpieces to varnish them, they naturally have acquired a much darker tone.

It was not until the nineteenth century that Impressionism was a definite study and was recognized by learned people of the world, especially the study of the works of such men as Corot, Millet, Manet, and Whistler, and learn what they contributed to this great school of painting. Impressionism is a study of nature as it actually is, disdainful of details which rapid vision cannot seize.

Together, with his ideas of Impressionism, Mr. Dabo spoke of the importance of helping the development of art. If it had not been for the foresightedness, and faith of some men, the world would not possess some of the present great masterpieces, and it is equally as important now that we should pay attention to talent. If it is recognized, or noticed in our own community, it should be encouraged. The artist said that America was rich in a material way, but extremely poor from an artistic standpoint. He made an especial appeal to American women asking them, as the head of American homes, to help art by purchasing beautiful objects, thereby influencing their children to appreciate the right kind of painting and sculpture.

MADAME SIGFRID ONEGIN.

On Friday evening, October thirtieth, a recital was given by Mme. Sigfrid Onegin, contralto, and Hans Kindler, cellist, in the Memorial Auditorium. It was attended by those girls

who are taking voice lessons and a few others who were interested.

The program was rather short but exceedingly well done. The first selections were cellist solo's by Mr. Kindler. Mme. Onegin then sang a group of four songs two of which were in English; "The Dashing Young Sergeant," by Henry Bishop, was favorably received by all. In Mme. Onegin's next group of songs, "Der Erlkonig," by Schubert far surpassed all her other numbers.

The whole concert was very enjoyable and we would be only too glad to hear it again.

SARGENT EXHIBITION

One of the most notable collections in the field of art is that now on exhibition in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. America has reason to be proud of her illustrious son, John Singer Sargent. His works, many of them privately owned, form a remarkable collection which shows the great artistic genius and versatility of the man. Of special interest to us was the room devoted to portraits in oils. We were pleased to find familiar faces such as those of President Eliot of Harvard University, John D. Rockefeller and Theodore Roosevelt, among the rest. There are also several other rooms containing specimens of Sargent's splendid work.

FRENCH CLUB

Added to our already seemingly sufficient list of outside diversions, we now have the French Club. On alternate Fridays we assemble with our song books in hand and our tongues very much under control for woe be it unto us and our purses if we lapse into the usage of our native language. Mlle. Schleby and Miss Gerhard are our guiding lights and they have planned some delightful things for us to do; among them a French farce with which we shall endeavor to demonstrate to Miss Parsons and the rest of the school our linguistic superiorities.

Miss Constance Cleaveland was elected president of this club and is conducting it with her usual charming ability. Katherine Prichard was elected to the office of Secretary and Virginia Ruggles to the office of Treasurer. We are now eagerly watching the growing ability of this organization.

PROVINCETOWN AND ITS ARTISTS

The illustrated lecture of Mrs. Sarah Lee Whorf, on Provincetown and its artists gave us an insight into the newest theories of color as expounded by the members of this most famous art colony. Her slides were pictures taken and colored by her husband and some of them fairly dazzled us with their brilliance. Her explanation of these pictures gave us an excellent idea of the effect of sunlight on color.

JUDGE JEAN NORRIS

Another very interesting lecture, given at the Middlesex Women's Club to which Rogers Hall girls were invited was given on Monday, November sixteenth. Judge Jean Norris of New York City, was the speaker and she chose as her topic, "Our Criminal Courts of Today." She had a very charming personality and voice, which made her lecture even more inspiring and interesting.

Judge Norris spoke of the different kinds of present day courts, and the improvements, and new methods. She especially dwelled on the subject of wayward girls. She believes that a great deal more is accomplished by constructive punishment, rather than placing a criminal record after a person's name which will follow them the rest of their life. According to the new system a girl between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one is taken to a home for forty-eight hours. There she is examined by a doctor to see if she is free from all diseases. Beside a thorough medical examination, her mental powers are also

tested. Then her parents are notified of her situation. Sometimes they are sorry and interested, but oftentimes they do not care enough to even respond. Judge Norris said, that there are three church divisions, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, and the girl is placed in the home under her chosen supervisions.

There has been a great change in New York City within the past few years. This has been remarkably noticed in the family court. Now men and women who are having domestic troubles are allowed to come, and tell their difficulties to sympathetic listeners before a divorce is granted, and so avoid a large interested audience in court. Out of twenty-two thousand families having domestic troubles, sixty-five percent of these have been settled without court action. Every man, who is separated from his wife must pay the alimony directly to the court instead of to her, because often times the money does not reach its right destination. During the past year three million, two hundred and twenty-five dollars was collected for alimony and used to support mothers and children.

Compulsory education is another matter which is many times brought up in court. Parents especially foreigners do not seem to understand that in order to have their children good, and able citizens, they must go to school until they are sixteen years of age. Of course, in some cases, it is necessary in order to help support families, but this is a law, and must therefore, be obeyed.

DR. CADMAN'S LECTURE

Only those who have heard Dr. Cadman's lectures over the radio can realize the exceeding joy when one evening at dinner Miss Parsons informed us that a few might attend his lecture in the Auditorium.

His subject was "America," a topic in which each and everyone of us has a personal interest no matter where or when or under what circumstances it may be mentioned, we immediately sit up and "lend our ears," to the speaker. He began by

enumerating the different advantages and disadvantages of our present government, pessimistically stating that it was too good to last. Later on he discussed the attitude that America is taking in regard to the "League of Nations," and although we all did not agree with his arguments we had to admit that in a shrewd and artful manner, he succeeded in winning over the entire audience to his point of view.

His personality fascinated us; his ready wit and subtle humor compelled the audience to burst forth into peals of laughter but then immediately his mood changed without any warning, and we were unconsciously brought back to seriousness.

His eloquence held us spellbound, and any of us would have considered it part of our education to be able to speak to him personally. However we all returned to school much benefited by his talk.

A SUMMER IN LABRADOR

We were delightfully entertained one Sunday at Vespers by Miss Helen Fogg, a Rogers Hall graduate, who told of her varied experiences in Labrador this last summer. We were much amused by her description of the farewell party which was given her, at which the dancing lasted from seven-thirty in the evening until five-thirty in the morning, and also by her account of her attempts to impart some knowledge of the laws of cleanliness to her pupils and their parents. Miss Fogg took great pride in the fact that she had successfully cured several slight indispositions among the natives, until she discovered that they had much more faith in a "charm" which one of their members worked to a great degree of success. At the end of her talk we found that Miss Fogg had given us new insight into the lives of these fisher folk of the North.

NORCROSS TEAS

Once more the delightful Norcross Teas have begun, and what a thrill of anticipation the old girls had as well as the new girls—for the fame of those delectable teas has spread far and wide. Miss Mudge was once again the delightful hostess, accompanied by the girls of Norcross. Nineteen guests felt highly honored at being among the chosen few for the first tea.

STUDENT'S FRIENDSHIP FUND

A very interesting lecture was given on Sunday evening, November twenty-third by Professor Harlow of Smith College. He had done a great deal of war work among the students, both during the war and after, and consequently what he said about the "Student Friendship Fund" was very interesting and inspiring.

He spoke of the position of scholars now compared with what it was previous to the great World War. They were before that time considered only of the higher class and therefore it was not right that they should do any outside work or manual labor. Naturally, as the war made a condition of great poverty in every European country, especially Germany and France, these students were the poorest of all. It has been the ambition of every person, who has been interested in these young men and women, to make them disregard this former belief and at present practically all the students of Europe have outside occupations.

Professor Harlow said that he fully realized how everyone disliked to hear about the unpleasant conditions and terrible massacres of the war. However it is absolutely necessary to tell some instances to make people understand how horrible war is and to educate them against further trouble. The Student Friendship Association needs more money to supply these scholars with good living quarters and the proper books and supplies with which to work.

CAE PLAYS KAVA

Lowell, Mass.

Special dispatch to SPLINTERS.

An exciting game of hockey was played at Rogers Hall, Saturday, November 21, creating even greater enthusiasm than the Harvard-Yale classic at Cambridge. The contest was preceeded by a luncheon during which the clubs participated in the annual song competition.

The game was called at three o'clock. The lineup was as follows:

CAE		KAVA
Cleaveland (Capt.)	C. F.	Schaddelee
Swan, (J.)	R. I	Martin
Clapp	R. W.	Knapp (Capt.)
Foster	L. W.	Dorward
Page	C. H. B.	McLain
Ruggles	R. H. B.	Prichard
Carmichael	L. H. B.	Bailey (Hitchman)
Ball (Thomas)	R. F. B.	Atwell
Tremble	L. F. B.	Porter
Swan, V.	Goal	Pratt
Subs.		Subs.
Hawley		Evans
Ryan		Sprague
Shepard		Powell

Referee:

Miss Garland Johnson

Boston School Of Physical Education

Timekeepers: Tucker, Swan, M. Linesmen: Audette, Webb, Thomas, Goodyear. Scorekeepers: Reed, Moran. Goals: Cleaveland 3, Lins 1, Cae Total 4. Kava: Schaddelee 2, Martin 1, Kava Total 3. The teamwork and skillful playing of both teams was due in great part to the splendid coaching of Miss Dorothy Ball. A better game has never been witnessed at Rogers Hall.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"—DICKENS

Under the splendid supervision of Mrs. Tapp, our Dramatics teacher, the Dramatic Club presented as the Christmas play this year, Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Almost everyone is familiar with this play and knows just how the old man, Scrooge, played by *Mary Benger* was changed. A cross, ugly old man, hating Christmas in every way was finally converted to a pleasing person, who promised to honor Christmas in his heart and try to keep it all the year. Jacob Marley, a past business partner of Scrooge's was splendidly portrayed by *Constance Cleaveland*. Marley appeared to old Scrooge as a ghost and greatly troubled him. Scrooge's nephew, Fred, played by *Dorothea Helt* was always trying his best to cheer his uncle up and was hoping with all his heart, that Scrooge would change his ideas concerning Christmas. Now, Scrooge was so ugly to his faithful clerk and helper, Bob Cratchit, that he almost caused Bob to lose his situation. This special character was cleverly done by *Harriet Megathlin* and she made one feel sorry for poor Bob Cratchit. Tiny Tim, the crippled youngster of the Cratchit family was played by *Katherine Jenkins*. Old Scrooge, make him tremble with fear. The minor characters were: be spared and recover his health.

In a play of this nature, a little part of fun and laughter is needed. *Louise Crossley* who played the part of the messenger boy was greatly liked by Scrooge. He called him a delightful boy, a remarkable boy. In order to recall to Scrooge's mind his past life and happenings, The Ghost of Christmas Past appeared, acted by *Margaret Kip*, The Ghost of Christmas Present, played by *Laura Moran* and The Ghost of Christmas To Come, played by *Katherine Jenkins*. The scenes which these ghosts show to Scrooge, make him tremble with fear. The minor characters were: "Ali Baba," played by *Elinor Carmichael*, "Fezziwig," played by *Priscilla Ball*, "Robinson Crusoe," portrayed by *Catherine Russell*, Mrs. Bob Cratchit played by *Elinor Carmichael*. In the love scene, *Lucille Marks* took the part of The Girl and *Louise Crossley* of The Boy. *Natalie Gardner* successfully

played the part of Dick Wilkins. *Phoebe Lighton* took charge of the carols, which were sung during the scenes.

THE THANKSGIVING HOUSE PARTY

“Going home for Thanksgiving?”—It seemed as if everyone gave an affirmative answer. There were “hardly none” who replied with, “uh-huh, staying at school.” I’m sure that Mrs. Tapp would have appreciated the difference in the tone of voice used in the various answers. But wait! This was before the invitations were out. What invitations? Why, to the Thanksgiving house party at the Hall. We were all to be Miss Parsons guests from Wednesday noon until Thursday night. No longer were we staying at school,—now we were going to be at the house party. It was miraculous how it changed things. Everyone came from far and near (the House, Cottage, and Norcross) with bag and baggage (tooth brushes) and moved into the Hall—was it the Hall? I think it was, but the holiday spirit can work miracles.

Downtown Wednesday afternoon, movies Wednesday night! To Wellesley Thursday morning to see our own Miss Ball play hockey. And—back to the Thanksgiving dinner... What can one say about that? We are taught not to use adjectives, so we’ll just say that if we ever did have a better Thanksgiving dinner, we don’t remember the time.

When the others returned from their journeys expecting to see on our faces that envious expression, were they surprised? All of us seemed to be pitying them—too bad they had to leave, wasn’t it?

ANDOVER CONCERT AND DANCE

“May I have the seventh dance?” “Do you know whom you’re taking?”

Thus excitement rose preceeding the Andover concert, and reached its climax when three busses appeared on Saturday,

December the fifth, at four-thirty o'clock, and deposited at our door the combined musical clubs of Phillips-Andover Academy.

The concert given by these musical clubs was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended, selections being given by the Mandolin and Glee Clubs and by the orchestra.

After the reception when we met our partners we went to the Hall for dinner, during which time we became well acquainted.

Later we returned to the gymnasium for the dance of the evening, and all too soon the strains of "Good Night Ladies" warned us that we must bid adieu to our new friends. The latter showed their appreciation of the evening's entertainment by three lusty cheers. Then hearing the call of Mr. Eaton, who like Pied Piper summoned them by a whistle, they left us to our gossip and our dreams.

PADEREWSKI CONCERT

On the evening of December eighth the students of Rogers Hall attended a concert given by Ignace Paderewski. It was indeed a rare privilege to hear this artist, famed not only as a pianist but also as one of the greatest Polish statesmen.

The program was one consisting entirely of the compositions of Chopin, and contained many of the selections for which Paderewski is noted, such as the Sonata Op. 35, which contains the famous "Funeral March." His tone color, incisive rhythm, and complete artistry of interpretation mark him as one of the greatest musicians of all time.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

August 12th, Mildred Collins was married to Mr. James Kemp Fox at her home in Detroit, Michigan.

August 29th, Helen Kilborn, '22, was married to Mr. Donald Merrill Russell at her home in Portland, Maine. Ruth Kilborn was maid of honor. After October 15, the Russells will be at home at 74 Marbury Avenue, Oak Hill Plat, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

September 1st, Dorothy Decker was married to Mr. Kenneth Dickerson Miller at her home in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

September 9th, Ruth Allen was married to Mr. Will Crane Babbitt at her home in Alton Bay, New Hampshire. After November first they will be at home in Farmington, New Hampshire.

September 9th, Arlene Dowley was married to Mr. Roland Oliver Watson in Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts. After December first they will be at home in Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois.

September 12th Virginia Gittins, '22, was married to Mr. Austin Choate Eaton in Christ Episcopal Church in Green Bay, Wisconsin. After December first the Eatons will be at home at 82 Madison Avenue, Newtonville Mass.

September 12th, Elizabeth Gleason, '18, was married to Mr. F. Richard Hill at her home in Manchester, New Hampshire.

September 12, Lois Kroll, '25, was married to Mr. Colby Gordon Koch, in Evanston, Illinois.

September 19, Helen Shepard, '24, was married to Mr. Everett Gordon Bentley at Mt. Hor Presbyterian Church in Rochester, New York. Margaret Shepard, '26, was the maid of honor and Rachel Holt, '24, was one of the bridesmaids. A number of the old girls came on for Helen's wedding, including Mary Gray Wood. The Bentleys are now living at 140 E. 46th Street, New York City.

September 23rd, Jeannette Rodier, '17, was married to Mr. Edward Ralph Wiebenson at her home in Lakewood, Ohio.

September 26th, Charlotte Blight was married to Mr. Gordon Johnson Morrow at Lordship Manor, Stratford, Connecticut. After November fourth they will be at home at 112 Astoria Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

September 26th, Isabel Norton Goodrich was married to Mr. Frederick Bennett Cushman in Bennington, Vermont. After November first they will be at home at Undercliff, North Bennington, Vermont.

October 7th, Marion Willson, '18, was married to Mr. Ira Milliken Boothby, at her home in Lowell, Massachusetts.

October 17th, Dagmar Warn, was married to Mr. Richard John Silver at St. George's Episcopal Church in Flushing, New York, with a reception following at the League Building.

November 5th, Dorothy Wayland was married to Mr. Walton Craig Groce at her home in Brookline, Massachusetts. After December first they will be at home at 14 Prospect Place, New Haven, Connecticut.

November 12th, Helen Bell was married to Mr. Nicholas Rothermel in Reading, Pennsylvania. After January first they will be at home at 417 Walnut Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

November 14, Virginia Thompson, '19, was married to Mr. Leland Stanford McElwee at her home in Lowell. Polly Goodnow Gardner, '19, was the matron of honor. For this winter the McElwees will make their home in Lowell, at 684 Westford Street.

November 19, Demetria Fleishel, '23, was married to Mr. William Henderson Warren at the First Presbyterian Church in Jacksonville, Florida, with a reception following at her home. After January first, the Warrens will be at home at 302 Seventh Avenue, Tampa, Florida.

November 28th, Clarissa Nevins was married to Mr. Noel Van Hayes at Fairmont Congregational Church in Wichita, Kansas.

August 9th, Frances Taylor, '21, announced her engagement to Edmund Fible Martin of Orange, New Jersey. Since his

graduation from Stevens in 1922, Mr. Martin has been with the Bethlehem Steel Company.

In February a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Smith, (Helen Porter, '05) in Minneapolis.

May 12th, a son Morse, was borne to Mr. and Mrs. Everett F. Howarth, (Hilda Morse, '16) in Newton, Massachusetts.

June 1st, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Willson, (Marjorie Potter) in West Palm Beach, Florida.

July 13th, a son, David Thomas, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, Jr. (Doris Jones, '17) in Chicago.

August 1st, a son, Jay Stanton, was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Larmon (Katherine Steen, '14) in Cleveland.

August 20th, a son, Robert Lee, was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Manning, (Phyllis Moran, '23) in Bangor, Maine.

September 24th, a son, William Edwin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Shively, (Frances Pille) in Akron, Ohio.

October 24th, a son, John Sheldon, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Myers Showell, (Caroline Sheldon) in Riverton, New Jersey.

October 25th, a daughter, Dorothy Jane, was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Long, (Dorothy Beeler, '19) in Searsdale, New York.

October 27th. a son, Hadley Chamberlain, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Pihl, (Louise Grover '18) in Lowell, Mass.

November 6th, a daughter, Anne, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Richards, (Dorothy Stanton) in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Mary Kellogg Sherrill, '00, is spending the winter in California as her husband has a year's leave from M. I. T. while he is a Research Associate at California Tech. "We spent the summer in Victoria, B. C., and shall live in Pasadena so as to be near our new appointment. Next summer we may travel as far as New Zealand while Professor Sherrill and Dr. Noyes are revising 'Chemical Principles.' Working on the book is such a delightful excuse for travel far afield."

Florence Harrison, '02, completed her work as Secretary of the Minneapolis branch of the League of Women Voters and

has gone back to the National Staff as a field secretary. "This time Chicago will be my headquarters and my district will include Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and West Virginia. I hope to live at the Chicago College Club though it will be winter before I settle down, as at first I have to visit all sections of my district. Care of the Illinois League of Women Voters, 809 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, will always reach me. I spent my summer vacation on the Nipigon, the most famous fishing river in this country, in Ontario, east of Port Arthur. It is a wild and lovely place where my sister and I did much canoeing and bathing and nothing else except exclaim over the scenery. Nipigon Bay is as picturesque as Puget Sound with great cliffs and headlands of rock that remind one of the Hudson only on a larger scale."

Louise Hyde Mason, '04, has a niece by marriage in school this year and hopes to get back for a visit before June. "I want to show you my children for Patty is seven and about the liveliest child going! My young son was five in November and is a most adorable youngster, with such a comfortable disposition."

Carlotta Heath Moore, '11, writes that in the spring she and Dorothy Doster Cole, '10, met for the first time since leaving school. "Then I thought fifteen years would see us settled old folks but Dot looked quite as spry as she used to on the hockey field. Last winter at Atlantic City I met Mildred Daniels Blish and found out by accident that she too was an old R. H. girl."

Tracy L'Engle, '11, spent the spring and summer playing Lydia Languish in a revival of "The Rivals," and in helping direct several plays in the South. This winter Tracy is using her talents in a most interesting way in giving a program that includes negro dialect stories but stresses particularly the literary development of the Negro himself. In the school news will be found the account of Tracy's recital at school. "I have met with instant interest and enthusiasm so that I hope I shall be able to make a little contribution towards a better understanding of the Negro. In October I am to give a similar program at one of the meetings of the Women's University Club of New York

City and Edith Wynne Mathison has invited me to appear before her girls at the Bennett School, while in January I am to read before the Fine Arts Club of Atlanta. In November I have been engaged to direct the Community Plays of Jacksonville for a few months."

Hazelle Sleeper Taplin, '11, has moved from Philadelphia and she and her family are now living in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Hazel Coffin Brown, '16, has been having a busy fall as president of the Philadelphia Hockey Association. "Each year the work grows more strenuous as hockey increases in popularity. All our local private schools are members and this year I have organized five new Club teams in addition to the six Country Club teams we have had so long. Besides our regular two matches a week, we older, more experienced players have to help with the umpiring and do some free coaching. The coming over of the Irish Hockey Team entails more work to raise money for their expenses, find hospitality and entertainment not to mention the business end such as advertising, newspaper publicity, etc."

Margaret Wood, '16, has returned East and is spending the winter at her home in Brookline. "A California friend and I motored from Oakland to Marblehead. We went to Seattle, back to Portland, out the Columbia River Highway and eastward via the Yellowstone, Cody, Cheyenne and Chicago. It was a gorgeous trip."

Doris Jones Miller, '17, writes, "At first little Tommy was not very well but he is now thriving. Billy who is growing fast and trying so hard to talk, loves his baby brother and cannot understand why he isn't allowed to brush baby's hair with Daddy's clothesbrush, or give him a frantic ride around the nursery in his bassinette! I saw Julia Nye, '23, and Tuck Carr, '23, at the opening of the Drake Hotel and we had a little visit together."

Jeanette Rodier Wiebenson, '17, and her husband sailed for Europe for their honeymoon. "We expect to spend a month in England, about the same time in France then we want to go to Spain and Italy, and Ed wants to see what is going on in

Northern Africa. As yet we have made no plans as to our return but we shall live in Cleveland."

Helen Fogg, '20, is another one of the old girls who has told us at school of her summer's experience at one of Dr. Grenfell's missions on the Labrador coast. "L'Anse au Clair is an isolated settlement of ten houses perched on the edge of a hill with the sea in front and a wilderness behind and there I stayed as nurse, teacher, philosopher and friend! If only some of my friends at home could have seen me in a leaking school house with fifteen grinning little savages before me all so eager for school. After having had none for two years—they wanted me to start the very night I arrived. I'm not sure how much I taught them but at least I had them all washing their hands, taking cod liver oil, brushing their teeth and sleeping with open windows before I left. The people of L'Anse are all descendants of men who came from the Island of Jersey and Scotland, and I found many delightful characters among the fishermen. Every night they would come over to our kitchen to sing their endless chanteys to me and sometimes I could persuade one to do one of their 'step dances'! I had a delightful introduction to my work for I stayed over at Forteau for a fortnight on my way down with the permanent nurse at the mission station. One morning a glorious white schooner slipped into the harbor and dropped anchor. Miss Ferris thought it must be Dr. Grenfell, so we dashed to put up the flag at the mission whereupon the American flag went up their mast. As Dr. Grenfell flies the Union Jack we were completely puzzled for the fishermen insisted he was on board. We were rowed out to the Bowdoin and there found our chief going as far north as Rattle Harbour with MacMillan! We were shown all over the Bowdoin and later the party came ashore for tea and dinner at the Mission. My first entertainment there at L'Anse where I arrived by motor boat from Forteau was to be invited to supper on board a fishing schooner. I created quite a sensation when I came on in my rubber boots and oilskins with camera in hand. While waiting for supper to be cooked, I took pictures of the crew cleaning fish on the decks and I'm sure they will look not unlike the illus-

trations in *Treasure Island* and *Moby Dick*. After visiting the rear cabin where there were seven little holes in the wall for nine men to sleep in and the only means of ventilation the hatchway down which I had wedged myself with difficulty, I expect to reread my *Conrad* with a little more understanding henceforth."

Minnie Perry is still on the staff of the Family Welfare Society of Bridgeport and a devoted worker in this work which is just in its infancy. "I am rejoicing in the coming to Fairfield of Mildred Collins who has married my cousin. I was the first to introduce them to each other when Mildred visited me back in school days. Now they are living in an adorable apartment not far from my home so that we shall see much of each other."

Helen Orvis on her western trip to California stopped in Chicago to see Helen and Lesley Pope Cook, '21, and after her return she and Ellen Cloutman Jennings, '22, spent three weeks together.

Helen Wright has a new address, 865 Marietta Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. "Until February I attended the University of Wisconsin, but since then I have been at home. October first I expect to sail for Europe to spend a year traveling in a party of four."

Evelyn Dimeling, '24, spent the summer East visiting Eleanor Stearns, '23, Martha Cooper, '24, and Margaret Betts Duften, '19. "Now my parents are both away I have the responsibilities of housekeeper and looking out for my younger sister and brother."

Betty and Eleanor Stearns sailed for Europe in October for an extended trip with friends.

Helen Shepard, '24, during the early part of the summer was an officer at a girls reformatory near Philadelphia. "It was thoroughly fascinating work from an altruistic viewpoint and placed a new value on life."

Ruth Kilborn started her training in September at the Springfield Hospital in Springfield, Mass. "I love the work and find it very interesting. Although we have a lot of studying to do, the real practical nursing part makes up for all the hard

brain work. Of course we haven't done much work in the wards yet nor shall we until our probationers term is over and we are accepted."

Katherine Thayer, '25, made her debut at a tea this fall given at the Fortnightly Club in Chicago by her aunt. "I am having a gorgeous time for there are so many parties for the debutantes this year. I have been in the Service Club Musicale Comedy and am working hard for the Junior League. Ruth Lenfestey visited me for the week-end of the Chicago-Dartmouth football game and it was like being in Boston to have so many of the Dartmouth men present at the ball at the Drake. Ruth Farnham was with me for several week-ends early in the summer."

Gertrude Bird, '22, is living this winter at The Three Arts Club, 1300 North Dearborn St., Chicago. "I am at last trying to realize an ambition with my art work and am entering the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago. The work is most fascinating but very hard."

Arline Boone, '25, entered Sweet Briar College (Box 138 Sweet Briar, Virginia) this fall. "Up to a week ago we freshmen liked college but found it exceptionally hard because we were being hazed by the sophomores for three weeks. We had to wear aprons until three o'clock and then large wooden beads the rest of the day. Also we had to act for them, make their beds and do anything else we were asked. But that is over and we are settled now into the routine of the year's work."

Harriet Cushman, '24, is studying secretarial work at the Erskine School in Boston, (129 Beacon Street). Two days a week Harriet is entered also in art courses at one of the Boston Art Schools, thus giving her a very full schedule.

Elizabeth Essick, '22, is entering upon her senior year at Wells College. "I enjoy the very fine and frequent companionship between faculty and students in the social as well as the academic life, a condition that is more possible in the smaller college than in the larger one. This year the college curriculum has been revised and many new courses added while degrees are

now to be given in music and a new department in physical education is open."

Ruth Farnham, '25, passed all her Board examinations for Smith but decided she would enter Lake Erie College in Painesville, Ohio, for a year and then transfer to Smith as a sophomore without any examinations. Ruth has made the freshman Hockey Team.

LLL

Madeline Fox, '24, is enjoying her sophomore year at Skidmore College. Madeline was asked to come out for her class Hockey Team which she made and since then her team has won its games with both the freshmen and the seniors.

Margaret Fox, '21, is in her last year at the Normal College in Ypsilanti, Michigan. "I am so happy in the work and very anxious to get started professionally teaching my beloved art courses. Recently I visited Virginia Tutwiler Hoshor, '21, in New York. She has a hard time keeping watch of a remarkably active baby. I saw Katherine Auer also. She is doing case work and much interested in it. Katherine and another girl from Goucher have an adorable apartment which they have furnished themselves, where they enjoy housekeeping and entertaining their friends."

Mary Gittins, '25, is at 701 Rush Street, Chicago. "I am very fond of the work I am taking up and it seems to be getting more interesting each day. I have to observe in various Chicago kindergartens every Wednesday morning until Thanksgiving and from then until Easter I have to teach every morning so that I am getting a great deal of experience in teaching before starting out professionally. My brother-in-law has transferred his business to Florida and he and Virginia are going down by boat to Savannah and motoring from there to Jacksonville."

Dorothy Le Butt, '24, has entered the Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Ruth Lenfestey, '25, likewise is studying at the Chicago Art Institute this winter and writes enthusiastically of the work there. Ruth's address is Three Arts Club, 1300 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Grace MacDougall, '25, has entered the Montessori Training School in New York City. "The work is tremendously interesting and I love it more each day. In the morning we have observation classes and visit in turn all the Montessori Schools throughout the city. I have been in the Bowery for about a week and never have seen such filthy streets in all my life. I can't understand how any human being can live in such houses and yet the children from those homes are neat and very clean."

Mildred Mann, '24, has entered the Lesley School of Kindergarten Training in Cambridge but Susan returned to Wellesley for her sophomore year.

Carol Martin, '25, is living at Clinton House, one of the Freshmen dormitories at Wellesley. "College is just all that I have been waiting for and more! Besides Wellesley's beautiful surroundings, the general atmosphere is so wonderful and I cannot yet believe that I have a real part in all of it. I often meet Lillian Jones and Augusta Stanton when we talk over Rogers Hall news and the old girls from school here in college have been so kind about coming to see us."

Adrienne Louis, '25, is a Freshman at Vassar and is living in Main Hall. "Everyone is so lovely to us and college is worth even years and years of preparation."

Helen Melchers, '25, is "a full-fledged Co-ed in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor where I am enjoying my work so much."

Carol Robinson, '20, is studying at John Hopkins University and is working for her doctor's degree in Economics.

Alice Safford, '25, is a Freshman in Connecticut College. "College is still the best place on earth and it certainly was worth working for! I have made my class hockey team and we are proud of our record in defeating all the other classes in the inter-class competition." Alice has also made the Varsity Hockey Team.

Edwina Pratt, '25, is also a Freshman at Connecticut College.

Elinor MacBrayne, '24, gave a talk this fall, illustrated by pictures, on her trip to Europe before the Poughkeepsie

High School. She is one of the contributors to the new Vassar publication, "The Vagabond."

Helen Sherer, '24, has been studying in one of the business schools in Aurora, Illinois, but hopes to be able to enter either Chicago University or the University of Wisconsin as a special. "Next summer we expect to take a trip to China where my brother has gone with the General American Tank Car Corporation. Cecil Gray Johnston, has been north for a visit and I have seen Julia Nye, '23, and Elizabeth Ball, '23, several times this fall."

Shirley Flather, '25, received a campus assignment at Smith to the Chapin House. "As for college, it is certainly worth all the work and labor which one has to do to get in!"

Helen Underhill, '25, is in Baldwin House at Smith and Elizabeth Warren, '25, is in Hatfield House. Elizabeth came down for the Cae-Kava hockey game and Helen spent the same week-end at school but unfortunately classes prevented her from arriving in time for the game.

Florence Armstrong, '25, writes, "I am so disappointed to miss the hockey game but I had promised to help with a bridge party for the benefit of the Northfield League and also to show a dress in a fashion show at a charity ball here."

Marjorie Damon, '25, is at National Park Seminary. "It is an education in itself to be so near Washington and I'm enjoying our many trips into the city."

Rosamond Davol, '25, is studying dancing this winter and continuing her music.

Helen Babbitt, '25, is taking the course in secretarial training at the Katherine Gibbs School in Boston.

Nettie Ives, '25, is working this winter as assistant to one of the doctors in a clinic at Hartford Dispensary and also once a week assists in distributing library books to the employees of a factory.

Virginia Loewe, '25, has been substituting in the third and fourth grades in the Muskegon schools while awaiting a vacancy in the librarians' training course.

Mary Sponable, '25, writes, "I am a very busy person settling our house again. I have not decided as yet which is more work, Council meetings or housekeeping but I think I prefer the former! My brother has gone to Florida and I hope that Father and I may go down there later in the season."

Ruby Rogers has entered the course at the Culver Smith Kindergarten Training School in Hartford, Connecticut.

Betty Williamson is continuing her secretarial training at the Colonial School in Boston.

Doris Berrien has entered Sullins College in Virginia.

Patti Foos, '24, expects to sail from France in December and will be at home this winter at 748 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. "Last winter I spent in Paris with my aunt as I was attending the New York School of Fine and Applied Art in the Place des Voges. The charming old building was once a part of the royal palace of Henry IV and the big rooms are ideal for an art school. In June I went to Italy with Ruth Dillingham and her cousin but it was so warm and the cities so crowded with pilgrims that we did not try to go to Rome. Mother spent the rest of the summer with me out at Barbizon where she took painting lessons from a dear old man whose father had been one of the Barbizon school and I spent most of my time riding my hired bicycle. After Mother went I spent three weeks in London and now am settled in a French family until I sail."

Mary Hussey, '24, is still working in the Plymouth National Bank while Margaret, '19, is busy with Girl Scout work. "Last week we had a cooky day and Margaret had charge of the selling while I made cookies in the window of the Gas Company's office. We both had great fun and made over fifteen dollars for the Scout's fund."

Marie Harris, '21, has taken legally her step-father's name and is now to be addressed as Marie Claibourne Parsons. She is taking the extension course at Columbia this winter in Advanced French and secretarial correspondence.

The old girls will sympathize with Charlotte Jealous, who lost her mother this fall after a long illness. Charlotte and her father went to Bermuda in November for a few week's rest.

Lucy Prindle is at the Scudder School in New York this winter.

Dorothy Johnson Adams, '16, is living in Washington this winter at 1211 16th Street. "Porter is assisting the President of the National Aeronautic Association, Mr. Godfrey Cabot of Boston. When we were at the Pulitzer Air races in New York I saw Cora Robertson Bickham, '16, and she is planning to visit me during the winter."

Louise Hall, 25, has entered the Normal School in Keene, New Hampshire where she is specializing in English and Art training.

Rosalie Smith, '20, has been with the Legal Aid Society of Milwaukee for the past two years and finds the work most interesting. Last summer she visited Lucille Wentworth Aulis, '20, in Barbara, Wisconsin.

Rogers Hall has had an added enthusiasm for hockey this fall since Miss Dorothy Ball of the Physical Training department made the position of goal on the All-Boston Women's team for the inter-city games. Now very proudly we can claim one place on the All-American Team for Hazel Coffin Brown, '16, played left half back when the American team played against the visiting Irish team at Wellesley and helped to hold their score to 2-0. Hazel played the same position on the Philadelphia team which won the inter-city tourney for the fourth year in succession by defeating New York 12-0.

Una Libby Kaufman has her younger son at St. George's School in Newport Rhode Island and her daughter Una, is enjoying college in North Carolina.

Polly Dowden McKinley is very happily settled in her new home at 5844 Cabanne Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. "Our apartment is in the older section of the city with rows of trees and the houses set well back from the road. I am getting to be quite a cook, thanks to Miss Mudge's lessons! and I get plenty of practice for most of Lee's friends are hungry, unattached

males who are always dropping in for a meal and a game of bridge."

Miss Linthicum spent the summer in Summit, New Jersey, with her friend Miss Kihm and both took the summer course of Spanish at Rutgers College. "We had a splendid course and hope to keep on by ourselves reading a little every day until we can be with a teacher again. In September we took a two weeks' motor trip in Pennsylvania and New York so that I should be well rested for my work at Kent Place School."

With a sense of deep personal loss the girls of her class and other friends will learn of the death of Rachel Brown Loring, '16, on October 24th at the Samaritan Hospital in Troy, New York. Rachel lost her baby and though Dr. Brown was with her constantly she could not rally and died after an illness of thirteen weeks. As we linger over her name Rachel's sunny face seems to beam forth from the page and it is almost impossible to realize that never again shall we alumnae be moved to laughter by the gentle humor of her stories of her Italian proteges.

November 12th, Margaret Clarke was married to Mr. Waman Sanders Hassett at her home in Newton, Massachusetts.

November 25th, a daughter, Dorothy, was born to Mr. and Mrs. James B. Woodman (Ethel Everett, '02) in Franklin, N. H.

Mrs. Manuelian, whom the girls of 1923 remember better as Miss Deuvletian, has removed to Orlando, Florida and is living at 235 No. Rosalind Street.

Katherine Steen Larmon, '14, has removed with her family to Orrbrook, Pennsylvania and is living at the Margrace Apartments.

December 12th, the Philadelphia Branch of the Alumnae Association is to hold its annual luncheon with Miss Parsons as the guest of honor.

Dorothy Marden has entered the Ogontz School.

OUR FIRST PERMANENT ALUMNA TRUSTEE

Every member of the Alumnæ Association will read with great satisfaction that at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in October, Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, was elected a Trustee to fill the place made vacant by the death of her husband in March. She is the first Alumna to be selected for a permanent place on the Board and with Julia Stevens, '97, our Alumna Trustee, will effect a closer relation between the Trustees and the Alumnæ Association. We have been wishing for this closer connection between the two groups that have the welfare of the school at heart and let us show our appreciation by a speedy response to the letter soon to go out from the Association to its members.

Edith Rogers has been very busy all fall familiarizing herself with the problems and need of the Fifth Congressional District before she takes her seat when Congress convenes in December. She has been called upon to make speeches at meetings all over the district, preside at political gatherings such as Lowell's celebration of Armistice Day and was the guest of honor at a luncheon of the Massachusetts Republican Women's Club in Boston in October. Miss Parsons and Helen Hill, '99, attended the luncheon and among the ushers were Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, and Hannah Benton Graham.

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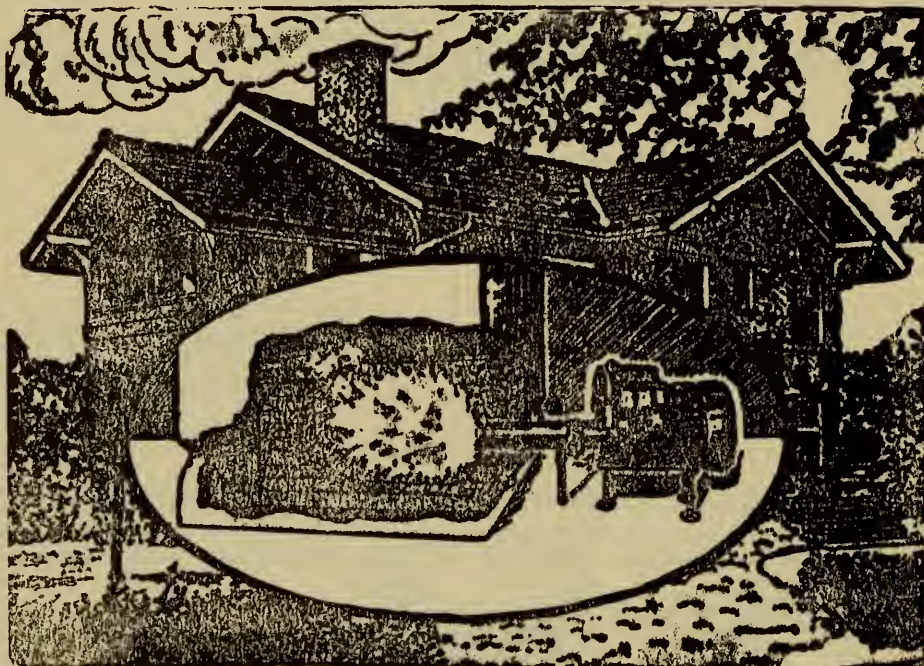
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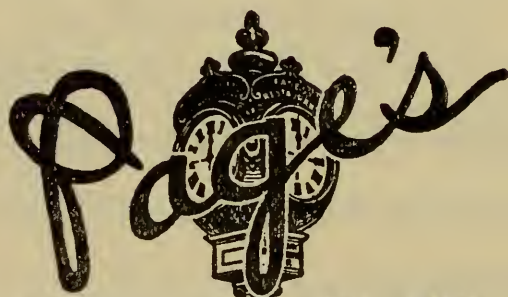
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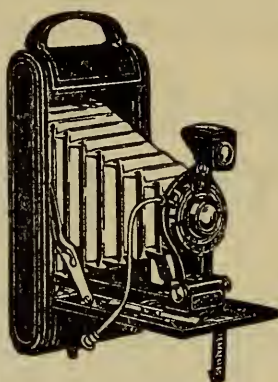
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Events During Winter Term at Rogers Hall
Alumnae News



VOL. 35

MARCH, 1926

No. 2

EDITORIAL

The topic of modern poetry or free verse seems to be to-day foremost in our list of discussions. Indeed the breaking away from set rules and forms has caused much agitation in literary circles, yet is it not a movement for the liberation and freedom of the mind, an aid to individuality, and an encouragement toward vividness yet exactness of the imagination?

I hear the statement—"there is no meter in modern poetry." Wordsworth says "that a very small part of the pleasure given by poetry depends upon the meter,"—but with this statement the writers of free verse disagree. Again I hear, "there is no meter and what have you done with your feet?" We have picked them up for they are as stumbling blocks and we are looking to a world of people whose minds are keen to the subtle underlying rhythm of free verse. For rhythm is the foundation of meter. Have our senses become dulled to rhythm and must we read only stereotyped poetry? Has this world become so blind that natural beauty cannot be derived from the simplicity of free verse?

Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of feeling and in order that the greatest freedom of the mind be attained the medium of expression of that feeling must not be bound to definite forms. Do not think for a moment that the immortal sonnets of Shakespeare, the blank verse of Milton, the odes of Keats, and the lyrics of Shelley are obsolete in the minds of free verse writers—for these works have been, are, and always will be the inspiration of every writer. Yet must our emotions be set down to regulated rules and can we not express ourselves freely without restraint? Certainly the spontaneous action of the mind is an aid towards individuality. Because free verse is a series of impressions the diction must be accurate yet vivid—the imagery of sufficient force so that the reader is enabled to perceive at once the poet's pattern.

Free verse, to the appreciative reader is not a mere jumble of words, but a new art. The permanence of that art may be a moot question, but this, readers, rests with you. Judge by your own reactions to the poem and not by reflection upon the judgment of others. Look well therefore, to the new poetry—receive it with an unprejudiced mind—then form your conclusions; for as Sir Joshua Reynolds has said, “an accurate taste in poetry is an acquired talent.”

PRISCILLA BALL.



THE RESURRECTION

The gray dusk deepened into night, a rising wind tore across the tops of the frail buildings and pounded against a huge skylight as high on the top of a building it lay—turning its face heavenward seeking inspiration,—an inspiration for the tired crumpled figure who sat with bowed head before an easel.

Slowly, the dejected form raised itself and gazed with burning eyes upon the bare canvas. A tortured sigh racked the artist's body and he paced the room until he came to a pause before the skylight. Above him the ragged clouds tossed and pitched on an ocean of darkness—a jagged streak tore the heavens asunder and dashed downwards as if to smite the earth. In utter weariness the painter threw himself upon his couch, in a vain endeavor to shut out the raging voices of the elements outside, and to rest his sorrows in the arms of sleep.

Dim shadows, gray lights, and mists slowly circling—somber and silent. A hazy veil parts, a cross appears surrounded by a halo of light. Now sorrowful voices, wailing and moaning “Christ is dead.” A tomb, white robes, and Mary on bended knees praying for Her son. A tired face, pallid, anguished—pierced hands and feet, a wounded side, torn head and weary brow. Darkness again, but out of this night two angels come in shining glory, the stone is rolled away and they enter into the tomb. A blinding flash rends the sky, and a multitude of heavenly host appear singing, “Christ Is Risen.”

The artist leaped from his couch, “Fah! And I was dreaming of the Resurrection—Fool! There is no Resurrection—yet how vivid and real—His hands—His side—Fool! There is no Resurrection.”

He turned on his heel and abruptly faced his easel. The canvas, still bare, mocked him and smote him. Outside the lightning flashed and danced across the sky, and the thunder rolled its challenge through the air. Once more the artist sought

his couch and release from worldly thoughts. Gaunt shadows filled the room, and the rain pattered madly upon the skylight.

Softly, then clearer, louder, now nearer, and singing voices filled the air. The heavens parted and a dazzling light flashed forth: "Christ is risen from the dead." A host of angels ascended bearing Christ from off the plain. His eyes turned heavenward and in His face there came an expression of that peace which passeth understanding, as He bent in benediction above the world.

The sun arose and sent its waking rays through the skylight into the artist's studio and flashed upon his figure as he sat with bowed head before his easel. Slowly he turned and gazed out over the roof-tops into the clear blue sky. And an expression as of one wakened to knowledge came into his upturned face, "There is a Resurrection."

Today, in the Louvre, there hangs a world-famous portrayal of "The Resurrection"—the work of an artist inspired overnight who gave to the world this tribute, this revelation of immortality.

PRISCILLA BALL.

THE FAIRY CUP

Daylight is slowly waning,
Deepening into night.
Crimson and bright vermilion
Changed to pink and white.

Slow across the glowing sky
Steals a purple veil,
Like a giant knight of fancy
Donning coat of mail.

And beside the fairy pool,
Bends a maiden fair—
Eager eyes and anxious lips
Gleaming red-gold hair.

For on May eve at twilight
Maiden who would fain,
Receive from elfin's fingers
Magic cup to drain,

Must go to the haunted pool—
Find the water-sprites,
Beg for the fairy chalice
Gleaming gold so bright.

Mirror-like the fairy pool—
Elves in sea-weed green,
Airy little fairy folk—
Dance about the queen.

“Pixies, elves and water-sprites
Come from fairy lair.
Bring me from the haunted pool
Magic cup so fair.”

Thus in voice both low and sweet
Calling water-sprite,
Begging for the chalice fair
Filled with fairy might.

Fairies dressed in rainbow mists,
Elves in suits of brown—
Water-sprites all shining green
Came from twilight town.

Fairies lifted high the cup,
Poised it in mid-air
Where it caught the last faint glow
From the sky so fair.

“Drink the single magic draft
From the cup ‘Elfland,’
Beauty, wealth, wisdom or love
Yours but to command.”

“Goblet of shining metal,
Grant me by thy power
That I may be the fairest,
Love to be my dower.”

As she turned to drain the cup,
A dog was lying
At her feet and sorely hurt—
The dog was dying.

Swift his head she lifted up,
Gave him fluid rare:
The magic cup then vanished
Back to fairies lair.

Gone is the deep green water,
Gone the cup from hand—
On bended knee before her
Prince of Fairyland.

ELINOR G. CARMICHAEL.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

From the window of a small cottage close by the road, she watched and waited, face pressed eagerly against the pane, her keen eyes trying to penetrate the heavy blackness of the night. The rain was pouring steadily down in torrents, the road was but mire and mud. Out of this darkness two figures came, a man, weary and dejected, as he dragged one foot after the other through the mire and mud, and a large dog slouching at the heels of the man, its head down, tail between its legs, a picture of utter misery and desolation. The two forlorn figures came nearer—she could see the rain beat relentlessly against them as they plodded onward. Just in front of the cottage, the man stopped in the middle of the road and looked dejectedly towards

the small home. In the misty ray of light from the window he seemed an epitome of despair as a tortured sigh racked his body. At last he turned, and, beckoning the dog to follow, continued on his way. Slowly the ponderous darkness swallowed the two as they trudged up the road and faded away into the murky gloom. The rain still poured down in torrents; the eager face in the window disappeared, the small piercing light from the cottage window went out—and all was darkness and gloom.

ELEANOR GOODYEAR.

REVELATION

It was a cold, dreary afternoon in November. Tom Lake, returning from his daily labor in the nearby woods, paused before his little, roughly built, log cabin. The cold autumn sun was rapidly sinking to rest behind the mountain peaks. The unbroken stillness of solitude was lulled on by the low murmur of a mountain stream as it merrily played its way down the steep mountain side. The sun, like a living ball of fire, slowly lowered itself below the horizon, leaving behind it an ocean of sapphire blue, specked with dashes of gold and ruby lights, which bathed the highest snow-capped peak in the rich mantle of sunset glow. In the distance could be heard the shrill cry of an eagle as she winged her way to her nest in the rocky cliffs on high.

“Why!” said Tom half aloud, “Today is the eleventh of November; just four years ago all the joy and faith in life was snatched from me by a careless twitch of the fingers, leaving nothing but darkness.”

He turned and entered his little lodge which consisted of two rooms, a living room, and kitchen.

The living room, showing culture and refinement, was particularly beautiful at this hour of the day when the softening lights of sunset poured through the wide windows. The last rays glowed upon the Persian rugs; touched with glimmering

fingers the twisted brass candlesticks over the fireplace and brought to life the quaint figures of the mosaic lamp upon the mahogany reading table. From the half shadows at the farther end of the room came the dull gleam of richly bound books and the faint outline of pictures,—pictures and books loved of a lifetime.

He entered the crudely constructed kitchen and busied himself with two large sacks which lay in a shapeless heap on the floor. These bags were the fruits of his semi-annual trip down to the village, which he had made the day before. Suddenly a peculiar scratching broke the crisp mountain stillness of night. Tom straightened and stood motionless, muscles tense and eyes alert with the look of a deer roused from its leafy bed by the approach of a hunter. The persistent scratching continued and Tom, after several minutes of hesitation, tip-toed quietly toward the door; on his face was a hard, determined expression. As he reached for the latch a low whine was heard, followed by excited barks. Tom slowly opened the door and was greeted by a sudden mass of fur which hurled itself like a cannon ball straight into his arms. He staggered back grasping frantically the back of a chair for support. Surprise and consternation darkened his face as he stared stupidly at his unexpected visitor. Tom passed his hand across his eyes as though unable to believe that he saw correctly; meanwhile his guest, who proved to be a large police dog, had advanced into the room and stood, head slightly cocked, ears perked and mouth half open, watching him with eyes that seemed fairly brimming with joy. The steady whack, whack of his heavy tail as it beat against the side of the half-open door, broke the stillness.

“Well!” said Tom, having recovered from the shock, “And who may I ask, are you, traveling around upon a mountain on a cold night like this? You seem to know me, but I am sorry to say I cannot return the compliment.”

The dog gave a few short barks and sat down, still gazing up into the man’s face as though afraid of losing sight of him.

“Hm! so you think you’ll stay a bit?” said Tom, half smiling. “Well, I hate to turn you out into the cold, friendless

night. Come here! Let's have a look at you; so you think you have seen me before?" He stroked the dog's head, thoughtfully; and after a few minutes said, "How about a bit of food, old man?" With that he turned abruptly and went toward the kitchen, followed slowly by his guest who busied himself by carefully sniffing about the room.

Later, that evening, when Tom had finished his simple repast and returned to the sitting room for his customary smoke, the dog now quite at home seated himself beside Tom's chair and, placing his front paws upon his knees, looked longingly up into his face as though desirous of telling him something.

Tom placed his hand, half-questioningly, saying, "Say! who the dickens are you anyway? I have never before seen a dog of your breeding so affectionate with strangers. Hello! what's this, a collar? Let's see if it will tell us your name. My God!" gasped Tom starting from his chair. "You—!" He staggered back against the table, his face had become deathly pale and he stared at the dog as though turned to stone. The dog watched him with a half puzzled expression as though trying to understand the sudden change in his host.

Several minutes passed during which neither man nor beast made a move; all was still. In the distance, borne on the crisp cold air of the evening came the far off mournful hoot of an owl as it whiled away the long hours of night.

Suddenly a sob burst from Tom's lips as he fell on his knees and hid his face in the thick fur of the dog's neck.

"Flash—Flash!" he cried, "where did you come from, how did you get here? Your master—Oh—God help me!" With that he buried his face in his arms. The dog sat still with a look of great wonderment upon his intelligent face. He gave a few low whines and put his paw on the man's arm.

The next morning, early, Flash left his old friend and disappeared along the narrow pass which lead down the mountain; but every evening he returned to the cabin where he remained with Tom until morning. The dog's actions puzzled and somewhat worried Tom. During the day he spent much time in deep

thought; but at nightfall in the companionship of the dog he became again a fun-loving boy.

Then one evening Flash failed to appear. Tom missed him, wondering at his absence. The days spun out their wearisome length and still the dog did not return—the dog whose companionship had become an unconscious part of his existence. The solitude of the long night was broken only by the soft wailing of the wind through the somber pines now plaintive and throbbing—searching—penetrating to the very heart of the lonely mountain. But the song of the wind to Tom's ever-listening ears, had lost its joyful sympathy and now it moaned hopelessly round the frail cabin door. Restlessly he paced the room, pausing now and then to listen for something—something calling him from beyond the frail walls. He rushed to the door, opening it wide as if to defy the unseen powers of night; but the shadows, lurking, sinister, forced him to retreat to the shelter of his cabin where he flung himself headlong upon his couch. Deep sobs racked his body, his nails cut deeply into his flesh and his clenched fists beat upon the hard pillow. Slowly the tide of anguish receded and his big frame gradually relaxed. He turned his spent face toward the dying embers and his despairing eyes recalled the past—the past which he was now living again—even in the solitude which had only so short a time before seemed a refuge.

The next morning just as Tom was about to enter the woods for his daily labor of wood chopping, he heard an excited bark and turning around saw Flash streaking along the path toward him.

“Well, old boy! you haven't forgotten me, have you?” cried Tom stroking the head of the great dog who had placed both front paws upon his chest and stood looking up into his face as though asking forgiveness for not returning sooner.

“What kept you? These past nights have been hellish, never knew it was so still and lonesome on this mountain before.”

The approach of foot steps caused him to look up and see coming toward him, the slight figure of a girl. He stepped

back a few paces, over his face was cast a sudden masked expression.

"I do hope I am not intruding," said the girl. "Flash has been so determined and anxious to come up here that I decided out of curiosity to see what it was that attracted him. You must have been friends before."

"Yes!" said Tom shortly and turning his head began to study the landscape; his face had grown deathly pale.

The girl stared fixedly at him for a minute, then stepping back in surprise cried, "Oh! you—you look so much like someone I have seen before!"

Tom wheeled around and striding toward her said, "I think you have—

"Oh! I know!" she burst out excitedly, "Thomas Lake—but he died—and yet—Flash acts so strangely that—"

At the mention of his name Tom started and drew back, his body growing suddenly tense while his face became hard and expressionless; with dangerously flashing eyes he snarled, "Sorry you had to climb way up here just to find that out; better not try it again, too dangerous," with that he turned sharply and disappeared into the nearby woods.

"Well!" exclaimed the girl in surprise, "aren't we hospitable this morning? Just for that I SHALL try it again and soon too. Needn't think you are going to dispose of me so easily."

The dog stood still, looking first at the girl and then toward the place where Tom had disappeared; once or twice he made a move as though he wished to follow, but was ordered back by his young mistress.

"Come Flash!" said the girl, "we shall try again." She started to retrace her steps when her quick roving glance fell upon the little cabin. She stopped, then started on only to stop again saying half aloud, "I wonder what it is like inside." The curiosity was too great and after a pause she walked cautiously up to the door and peered intently into the cabin, then slowly retraced her steps down the mountain side.

Every day for a week, Louise Marlow climbed the mountain accompanied by Flash to the little cabin only to find it vacant

and no trace of its owner; but one day as Louise drew near she saw Tom come out of the lodge and start toward the woods. "Mr. Lake!" she called hastening her steps, "please wait a minute, I do so wish to talk with you. It is really very important—about father."

Tom stopped. "Well—out with it; suppose you want to file papers demanding my arrest."

"No no!" cried Louise, "that is what I wish to explain if you will only let me." She stopped speaking held by his expression which had changed from resentment to the grimness of despair; for during the war, Louise's father and Tom had become very good friends and although Tom was quite a few years younger than Captain Marlow, the two had been almost inseparable.

One night the order for "over the top" was given. Tom and Captain Marlow were among the first over, Captain Marlow keeping constantly in front of Tom. The ceaseless roar of the mighty guns as they boomed forth their decree of death, made speaking impossible. All was dark except for the occasional flashes of the deadly shells as they burst carrying home their message of horror. Out beyond Captain Marlow a human figure was seen crawling slowly toward them. Tom raised his gun and fired just as the explosion of a shell near by threw him violently forward; in the second of consciousness before he was thrown to the ground, he saw his captain stagger as if shot, on his face was the ghastly mark of death. When Tom regained consciousness in a field hospital he learned that Captain Marlow had been removed to another hospital and was thought to be dead. He lay quiet a minute then with eyes shining like two living coals of fire glowing in the fast cooling ashes of a hearth, "Jack! Jack! where are you? I—my God! he is gone! Murdered! shot down like a dog and it was I Tom Lake, who did it. Jack! Jack! I didn't mean to. I—oh God! don't keep him, I didn't kill him—my gun slipped! Oh—I see it all, the hush of death, the groans of the wounded and dying, the smell of battle, a white face, the old twisted smile, blood streaming down his face and it was I"—and he sank once more into a stupor and re-

mained so for two weeks. When he was discharged from the hospital all was blank in his mind except the one great horror: he had killed his best friend. His chief desire was to get away, to forget and never again see the face of any man or woman.

"Mr. Lake, we have searched far and wide for you and if it hadn't been for Flash, I fear we should still be looking. Father did not die and it was not you who shot him. He was struck by a flying bit of shrapnel from the shell and although crippled he is still able to be about. He sends you his greetings and wishes that for old times sake you would at least come and talk with him of the happy days which you two spent together.

The gray mists rolled off the mountain top and the sun's golden rays brought a ruddish glow to Tom's pallid cheeks. As the light of the world flashed upon him it rekindled a warmth and joy within his soul. His stern set features relaxed, his hardened mouth curled into a smile and he flung his arms wide in a gesture of release.

Turning with a look of ineffable peace in his eyes, he clasped her hand warmly in his and slowly they followed Flash down the path which lead away from the past.

HARRIET L. MEGATHLIN.

CHARLES LAMB—AN APPRECIATION

Charles Lamb interests us not alone as the writer, but as the man,—the man, with his charming personality and humor, struggling always so cheerfully and undauntedly against misfortune. It was seldom that life led him into its easy paths, and yet, never was there a person to whom life meant as much. From the crowd of humanity, with its trials and its joys, Lamb derived his own happiness. He loved the world and all its people.

This humane spirit of his is reflected throughout all his work. Lamb's style is undoubtedly old-fashioned, but it is not old-fashioned in a way that could ever tire us, but in a quaint,

charming way. His style is as refreshing as a bit of old lavender among the elegancies of several of his contemporaries. He writes simply, clearly and with an appeal to the hearts of all his readers.

Lamb's "Essays of Elia" are said to be, of all his works, the most characteristic of the man; and from these essays we might choose "Dream Children" and a "Chapter on Ears" as showing the two different sides of his nature: Lamb, the dreamer, full of pathos and music, and Lamb, the jester, with his whimsical humor.

Although he wrote poetry, such as "Old Familiar Faces," Lamb could never be called a real poet. His prose reaches at times a height of beauty and music that is almost poetry, but Lamb is essentially an essayist. He attempted newspaper work and literary criticisms, but it was his essays which won him fame, and which today endear the man to us.

It might be interesting to compare Lamb with the first of our great English essayists, Joseph Addison. These two men have a great deal in common, and yet they are widely separated in many characteristics. Addison is considered a famous essayist, and yet never could he have hoped to reach the plane that was Lamb's. Addison was the creator of the delightful essay, and Lamb the perfecter.

The Spectator essays have none among their number which could compare with the "Dissertation on a Roast Pig." Addison did, in no way, possess the sense of humor that belongs to "Lamb, the jester." However, the character of "Sir Roger" might easily be attributed to Lamb. "Sir Roger" typifies all the kindliness and gentleness of Lamb's nature. On the other hand, we could never attribute even the gentlest of satire to Lamb, and on occasions we find that quality in Addison.

The prose style of the two men is somewhat alike as to the effect, differing, however, in the fundamentals of subject matter. To the superficial observer there would seem to be similarity as to the phases of life discussed by these men. We have already mentioned the character of "Sir Roger," but there are still further points of comparison. In the essays of both

men we find a discussion of humorous character types, and popular superstitions, such as witches. Addison has described the members of the Spectator club, making them live for us. In Lamb's "Old Bencher's of the Inner Temple," the men are depicted with equal reality, but with keener observation and a more sympathetic understanding of life. The seeming parallels have but a surface likeness.

Addison could never have written such an essay as "Dream Children." There is a beautiful, poetic side of Lamb which formed no part of Addison's character. Addison, with Lamb, delighted in the study of humanity, but to Lamb alone came the sight of the deeper, more aesthetic side of life. Addison's work lacks entirely that very definite something which Lamb's imagination gives to his essays.

When we consider Lamb's life retrospectively, and realize how little of life's material happiness was his lot, it is not hard to understand that beneath the veneer of his humor we find Lamb, the philosopher.

At first glance it would be hard, perhaps, to find underneath the absurdities of the "Dissertation on a Roast Pig" any sort of philosophy. There, as in his whimsical, charming letters to his sister Mary, the man is conquering the sorrow, the tragedy of his life by the force of humor.

Yet, he never wrote merely to amuse his readers. The essay on "South Sea House" shows Lamb as a thinker and a dreamer. To his eyes the South Sea house represented something more than a big building teeming with worldly interests. The old philosophy that money does not bring happiness is voiced in "Old China." That Lamb treats his theories on the sanity of true genius, immortality, and imagination, with a degree of humor does not make them any the less a reflection of deep thought.

And so we end, with the realization that in Charles Lamb we find the embodiment of all that is best and most admirable in life. A man who was a philosopher, a humorist, a delightful companion, and a beloved writer with the soul of a poet.

CONSTANCE CLEVELAND.

AN AWAKENING

Engulfing wave on wave of darkness rolls
From off my soul. Through which I plunge only
To find myself sinking in deep lonely solitude.
The hushed night sound dimly tolls
Its farewell knell. The surging midnight waves
Of oblivion cling to me unsubdued.
The earthly sounds of day have been renewed.
My spirit takes the trail which morning paves.
The vague half troubled thoughts of day and strife
All tremble weakly on the crest of consciousness,
Each seeking mastery of the half numbed brain.
Into the piercing brightness of this life,
Where blissful dreams are hid in new awareness,
Then we awake—to find the dreams remain.

MILLICENT ATWELL.

REMINISCENSES

I am old now. I have been standing sentinel here for many years. Ages ago when I was very young I often bewailed the fact that I was a gate-post. "What romance or adventure can come into the life of a mere log of wood standing eternally on the same spot," was my only thought. To be sure my predecessor—a most uncouth creature with his bark still on—had told me very interesting stories of the life which had gone on in the lowly log cabin which had formerly stood on that spot, of battles with red-skins lurking behind the trees of the surrounding forest, of the hardy pioneers of New England. Besides I was very proud of my beautiful white coat and the stately colonial house over which I stood guard, but I was most dubious over the prospect of my life which I felt could be nothing but dull. How little

I realized what was before me! From the very first I always had something to interest me. There was one winter when the family all went South. It was pretty lonely but even then I had the red squirrels to keep me company, to say nothing of the many sparrows who came to talk with me while they picked up the seeds the old oak tree dropped. That was the first winter the little fir tree was here and I had all I could do to keep her cheered up. Some of the drifts which came right up to my chin nearly buried her and I'll tell you the wind wasn't any too warm when it came sweeping down through. Well, as I was saying, from the very beginning there was excitement. First came the Revolution. Old John Robinson who built this house was a loyal Colonist and many a time have I heard whispered conversations which might have changed the aspect of the whole war if revealed, and I stood in terror while a band of Tories were about to search the house where a wounded patriot spy lay in hiding. Once I witnessed the heart breaking scene of the youngest son being carried home from the war—dead. Many times have I shared secrets with young lovers, many times seen sorrowful leave-takings and joyous returns. After the Revolution it was quieter for a time and my company then were grave-faced men who had a new nation on their shoulders and sadfaced women in grey who could not forget those terrible years of war. But as time went on and people began to return to their accustomed habits of life, there returned also the old gaiety. Ah, the joyous crowds which I admitted! The governor's great ball seems as but yesterday. It was in honor of Ethan Allan and his Green Mountain Boys and all the beauty and gallantry of the countryside was represented. How the merry strains of the fiddle warmed my heart! Every nerve seemed to vibrate when Ethan Allan himself escorted the belle of the evening, Sally Fay, up the walk and through my very arms. As they were hurrying up the path Sally's tiny wisp of a lace handkerchief fell to the ground. They stopped right beside me. How I admired the proud tilt of Sally's head, every perfect strand of powdered wave falling into two curls which glistened on her white shoulder! Ethan Allan bent over and with a courtly bow kissed the

bit of lace and returned it to its owner. How well I remember the becoming blush which spread in profusion over her cheeks and the laughing thanks, and how I thrilled at the satiny caress of billowing skirts as they moved on! Patriots always, our family took part in the war of 1812; but it was the Civil War which once again upset my peace. The dull beat of the drum called forth hundreds at its grim command and my ears resounded with the heavy tramp, tramp of feet as the blue ranks marched away in the cause of humanity. When they returned victorious, but fewer in number, older, and more silent, I thought I would settle down into a peaceful old age, but even then I had some more excitement and sorrow in store for me. Of the five loyal sons who went to France in 1916 only three returned and they had a firm determination in their expressions which was foreign to the gay little lads who had played marbles and searched for horse chestnuts in the past. Now I am nothing but a very old gate-post with most of my paint off, guarding the portal of a weather beaten colonial house bearing the sign "Antiques." But what memories I have—of happy brides welcomed, of little children climbing about me, of long ago parties, and of five generations of men and women taking a vital part in the affairs of their country!

LAURA V. MERRILL.

DESCRIPTIONS

WINTER

A wide expanse of powdery whiteness, a glitter of encrusted diamonds, sun like a burnished golden coin laid on a background of a searing, blinding blue, and trees robed in garments of spun glass with glowing pendants hanging in clusters from their upraised arms. From the crystalline depths of the world comes a sound of dripping, dropping, dripping, as the relentless sun pierces the very heart of winter.

DEBORAH TRULL.

TREES AND LEAVES

Trees immovable, apparently unimpressible. Trees gently swaying, and undulating with ceaseless movement, leaves fluttering down, grey, green, silent leaves. Trees whipped to quick action by a strong rain-beckoning breeze, leaves swirling, swishing. Trees torn madly by an undeterrable wind, leaves dancing in a frenzy.

ELIZABETH HITCHMAN

THAT EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Friday afternoon, in a very contented frame of mind—for it was Friday afternoon and I was on my way home from school with nothing to worry about until Monday. It was snowing softly; just the right kind of snow for skiing, and although the sky was gray, my spirits were quite bright and I was thoroughly enjoying life.

My contentment soon fled, however, when I was brought back to earth by the realization of the fact that the grammar schools of the city were being dismissed. A crowd of shrieking children dashed from the doors of the school I was about to pass, and surrounded me. Snowballs began to fly. A slide on the sidewalk proved a great attraction for the girls.

The jingle of the bells on a passing sleigh attracted several of the boys who called to their slower friends to hurry.

A little fellow who was about to have his face washed in snow, escaped when the cry rang out, "Fight! Fight!"

I began to breathe easier for the crowd now gathered around the young pugilists and left me free to walk without stepping on any of them. It seems, however, that everyone was not interested in the fight, for a group of little Greek girls collected in back of me; much to my disgust they were going in my direction.

The noise of their merry chatter was exceedingly annoying to me because, for no reason at all, I was sure they were talking about me. I began to be self-conscious. A few words, followed

by chuckles;—more words—more chuckles. I felt my color changing rapidly as the chuckling changed first to giggling and finally to laughter.

I could have borne anything just then but that laughter. It sent cold chills up and down my vertebrae. Something was the matter with me. Was there a hole in my stocking or had I dropped anything? On second thought, though, I decided that anything so trivial would scarcely provoke such an outburst of mirth from a group of strange children. Even the passers-by seemed amused.

Suddenly all conversation ceased. Now, what had happened? What could possibly have caused the lull in the conversation that had flowed forth so glibly but a moment or two before? Oh, those beastly children! Why hadn't they followed someone else? If their laughter had been hard to bear, their silence was tenfold harder. I could hear the distant click-click of the buckles on their overshoes and it annoyed me. I walked for what seemed like hours until I could endure the strain no longer. I must think of a pretense for turning around. Oh! A street-car! What a happy thought! I turned and could have screamed with rage, for there—directly in back of me, strutting in my very footsteps—were five Greek children imitating my every move.

DOROTHY B. MIGNAULT.

THE POOL

Glistening blue and gleaming bright it lies
Untroubled by the thundering ocean's roar—
A pool, chipped by a cloud from off the skies,
Serene it rests upon the changeless shore.
A fairy world, content with its own dreams,
Far from the bustle and the age-old strife;
Shell rimmed, a thing apart from earth it seems,
It mirrors heaven and lives its own calm life.

MILLICENT ATWELL.

IN THE SUN AND IN THE SHADE

IN THE SUN

The purple mountains raise their arms to the rosy sky,
The tall dark pines throw patterns on the sparkling snows,
And the lazy clouds go drifting slowly by
To the song o' the wind a humming through the trees.

AND

IN THE SHADE

The cold gray mountains raise their arms to the sullen sky,
The somber pines lend darkness to the lifeless snows,
And the hopeless sky clings to the earth to hear
The dirge of the wind a moaning through the trees.

PRISCILLA BALL.

AND A VOICE CALLED——

And a voice called and said unto him:

“My son, thou livest but once; go, and may thy career be great.” And the young man listened and heard the voice but in what way to interpret the words spoken, he knew not. He gazed about him and beheld many men and women running hither and yon like unto ants, each intent upon his own work. And the youth was anxious to join them and he felt within his breast an eagerness to be off, to commence upon his career, but he was ignorant of the way, and all were so intent upon themselves with gaze turned inward that no guide could he find.

“I shall study them all,” he said, “and when I have found a man whose career is great I shall attempt to become like unto him.” So he set off upon his way.

And first he did meet an aged man, bent, and gray, in shabby black garments, and the old sire spake unto the youth saying:

“Praise be to God, live to do His teachings, follow me, son, and abide in happy humbleness.”

But the youth did scoff and went upon his way.

Night drew nigh and the young man was weary and he had no place to lay his head, but a lamp gleamed in a cottage and he seeking warmth and rest was encouraged and did approach the dwelling, knocked and begged shelter. The farmer's wife did answer his call and bid him enter and when he had told those there assembled his quest, they all did welcome him, especially the good farmer who said, “Come my son, abide with us all thy days.” And they proceeded to make merry and called the neighbors even from afar to join them. But the youth watched their several simple dances nor did he mingle amongst them. He saw not the homely beauty of their life for his eyes were blind and he sneered at their rustic merriment.

“Hadst these slaves to the soil careers?” he questioned, nor wouldst he hear the voice answer, “Yes.” For he did on the morrow bid them all good-day and thanks for their kindness unto him.

And on the same day he did come to a great city and in that city was a marvellous palace where did dwell a great merchant, possessing much gold. So wealthy was this man that no estimate could be made of his fortune. And the youth beheld the palace and did notice how that all the people round about did reverence this man, and the youth saw all the wonderful things which the rich may possess and he said,

“This man truly has accomplished a career; would that I may liken myself unto him.” And so he proceeded and from that moment became a hoarding miser.

And so as he did journey further upon his way he did watch the road ever, nor could he look up to behold the glory of the sunrise, nor might he feel the comfort of evening for his heart was set. Neither would he change his ambition, but ever was collecting gold and silver and always did endeavor to amass much riches. Hard was his way for he had become greedy and like one insane did stumble on seeking ever more gold.

And one day as the youth, now since grown a man, did plod along beneath his load already grown heavy with his savings, he did meet a beautiful maiden who smiled at him. And love came to the man's heart and he did wish to wed this virgin, yet she was dowerless, and his ideal was of gold, and so he passed even her whom he loved by and continued his same way.

And youth became an old man, blind, for his eyes could see nothing save the glitter of gold; lame and deformed, his back nigh broken from the weight of his treasured hoarding; and one day the shadow of death did seek him out and the man did know that his last hour had come and he was sore afraid. He beseeched God for help, calling on Him and saying,

"Save me, great master." And the voice questioned, asking, "What have you done upon earth that I may comfort you in heaven?"

And the man had naught to offer save a heap of filthy metal.

DOROTHEA HELT.

AMERICA IS A QUEER COUNTRY

A merry-looking youngster about seventeen sat alone in the little breakfast alcove. There was a sophisticated curl to her lips which was a decided contrast to the childishness of the dancing blue eyes. Her blonde hair was bobbed very short and curled tightly. Her smile was friendly as a girl of about her own age placed a steaming cup of coffee before her. The second girl was quite different, but also quite as attractive. Her dark brown hair was bobbed, too, but worn long and straight, though it was soft with a faint suggestion of a wave about her face. Her eyes were serious. A simple pink house dress and white apron made a difference in position immediately apparent.

"Mother and Dad won't be down for about an hour, Marie. Won't you eat with me? Please do. I hate eating alone."

Marjorie rather prided herself upon the informality of her attitude toward the maid. Marie was from a refined family and had had three years of high school education. Because of this

and the similarity of their ages, a sort of friendship had sprung up between them—that is, just about the house. Quite frequently when it was known that Marie was anxious to go out in the evening, Marjorie would say briskly, “Clear out, I’ll do these dishes. It won’t hurt me a bit, you know. And you want plenty of time to dress for Jim or Tom or whoever it is to-night.”

She was quite sure none of her friends would be so considerate and it gave her a very noble feeling. Also, to be sure, she knew full well that she would not be permitted to go out on a school night and that, moreover, if her services were not volunteered, they would be requested by her mother. Mrs. Thompson had often regretted that she had never had a care about the home in her own girlhood. Much as she would like to have seen this only daughter, of whom she was so fond, enjoying herself from morning until night, she thought how hard it had been for her, when she had married a man for a time unable to give her the things she had taken for granted before, and resolved that Marjorie should not be spoiled. But, when clubs and bridge claimed her attention, she failed to look deeply enough into the matter. When the fitful spells of interest overtook her, Marjorie was ready with what she called “the sweet, simple, and girlish behavior” which was most deceiving. As many parents do, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson believed that they had succeeded in keeping their daughter an unspoiled child.

As she had done many times before, Marie accepted willingly the invitation to breakfast with Marjorie. They chatted away gaily for a few minutes, but Marjorie never gave herself a large margin of time. Glancing at her watch, she jumped up hastily. Soon the motor in the car was racing. A second later it flew out of the driveway.

On either side of the main halls of the high school were lockers just large enough to hold the wraps and books of two people. Around these centered the every-day social life of the school. When one wanted to see friends, at their lockers they were most likely to be found. “See you at my locker” was an over-worked phrase.

Arriving at school, Marjorie wasted no time in getting to the third floor. Her crowd had arrived and already Betty, her partner, had the locker open. A fascinating thing it was—books and paper, pens and pencils, were jumbled together; but, at one side in perfect order, were powder, rouge, lip-stick, and comb. On the inner side of the door hung a mirror. She began immediately to apply that degree of school-girl complexion not permitted by her unsuspecting mother, unembarrassed by those passing in the hall and seemingly paying no attention to them.

“Oh Marj. I love this lip-stick. May I use some?”

“Marjorie angel, this is the best powder. You don’t mind if I help myself, do you?”

In her friends, too, deficiencies in home training were apparent. It was in her own case, however, more to be deplored because she had naturally a greater strength of character which served to make her their unquestioned leader.

Once she glanced up from her locker long enough to give an indifferent “Hi Ya Bob” in response to the friendly “Hi Ya Marj” of a tall, good looking lad who passed. How could one know that in spite of concentrating her attention on whitening her saucy little nose, she had seen him coming and had had the exact measure of indifference ready?

“Oh! Isn’t he wonderful, Marj?”

“Aren’t you wild about him?”

“I think he is crazy about you.”

“Um—hasn’t asked me for any dates yet.”

“Oh well, he will. Give him time.”

“Wasn’t he marvelous in the games last fall?”

“’Member those forward passes?”

“And that touchdown in the Tech game and—Wouldn’t you know that bell would ring?”

“Betty, wait a minute,” said Marjorie hurrying down the hall after her companion. “Will you notice Bob in history and tell me if he watches me more when I’m quiet, or when I’m fooling? You know he sits back of me, so I can’t tell. I wish I sat where I could see him.”

"Use the mirror in your compact. But I know now when he watches you most—when you're fooling with Chuck."

Henceforth, at the beginning of class, a dainty compact was opened and placed against the books at such an angle that a glance in the mirror revealed the cold, gray eyes, the dark wavy hair, and what Marjorie interpreted as the admiring and approving smile of the much-discussed Bob. She laughed and talked with Chuck to the extent that he was sent from class three times in a week.

On Friday he remarked, "Marj, will you please be just a bit quiet? You know very well if I get kicked to-day, it'll be for good—and what my old man wouldn't do to me wouldn't be worth mentioning!"

"Oh, well, if you're the type who can't take a calling down, I can't be bothered. Maybe we'd better call off the date for to-morrow night. Papa might not like to have the little boy go to a public dance."

"Aw come on now, Marj, don't get funny!"

"Charles, can you or can you not answer my question?" Mr. Evans tone was stern.

"You don't even know it. Ha! ha!" teased Betty.

A little ripple of amusement went over the class. Taking advantage of it Bob prompted from the back row, "The causes of the war, Chuck." And when silence fell again Charles gave them and gave them well. Betty had completely missed the disgust in Bob's tones when he prompted.

History wasn't the only thing Marjorie liked about school. In fact she even preferred physics laboratory work. Needless to say, Bob was in that class, too. The term before when he had not been there, her ability in setting up apparatus had been excellent. Perhaps the experiments growing more difficult as time progressed might account for her becoming absolutely unable to get any apparatus together correctly. Well, most girls are stupid about electricity and such subjects. After many pleading glances from Marjorie, Bob pointed out her mistake in a manner plainly saying,

"You see there is really nothing to it."

Marjorie looked on with admiring eyes. When he had finished she always said, "Thanks so much, Bob. You've saved my life, really! I'd sure flunk this course in a hurry if you didn't help me out."

When Marjorie met Betty at the locker after school, the subject of conversation was again Bob.

"I can't understand why he doesn't ask you for a date," said Betty. "I'm positive that he is crazy about you. Why, he watches you every minute, and you say yourself he does all your lab work. Well, I'm in penalty session this afternoon, so I'll have to leave you. You and Chuck are going to the new dance hall with the gang to-morrow night, aren't you?"

"Yes, he made me so mad this morning I thought I wouldn't go; but then I happened to think that Bob might drop in, so I changed my mind. See you there. Don't let your mother know I'm going though, 'cause she might tell mine. Bye!"

Marjorie never failed to put a long time on dressing to go out in the evening, but Saturday night, thoughts of seeing Bob made her double it. Much to Mrs. Thompson's distress, Charles was forced to wait no few minutes. When at length Marjorie came down stairs, she was wearing her coat, so that her mother did not see that she was dressed more than she would have been for a picture show.

The new public dance hall was drawing a large group of the high school people. Most of the parents objected to public dances but the motto of the crowd was, "What they don't know won't hurt 'em." Movies made a good excuse for getting out. Fortunately the hall was conducted in a much better way than the average place of its kind, so the matter was not serious.

The little group agreed that the music was excellent and were enjoying themselves hugely, Marjorie, perhaps, most of all. They had not been there very long when, between dances, Betty said breathlessly to her friends,

"Look! There's Bob. Isn't that girl he is with adorable! I wonder who she is."

Marjorie lost no time in looking, but remarked that she saw nothing at all attractive about the girl.

“Why don’t you get Chuck to have them join our gang?”

She turned to follow the suggestion when Betty grasped her arm, “Look!”

Bob and his companion had been joined by another couple. They had quite evidently all come together, and—the new girl was Marie! Marjorie was speechless. The music started, and with uncomprehending eyes, she watched Bob dance off with her.

“Now why in the world—” she was thinking when Chuck interrupted.

“Are you dancing, Marj?”

“Oh, I suppose so,” she snapped, “but I’ll tell you one thing, I wish you’d learn now. If you think it is any fun for me just to walk around the floor, you’ve got the wrong idea.”

Poor Charles tried to remember what he could have said in the course of the evening to put his temperamental young lady in such a humor. At the end of that dance Betty indicated that she had something to say to Marjorie and the two girls departed to the dressing room.

“I just passed Bob and Marie and heard him ask her to go to a movie next Wednesday. I can’t understand why—”

“Who can? Never mind why. But thanks for the information. It’s more important to me than you think.” Marjorie smiled ruefully—“Let’s go back,” she added.

Dancing began again.

“This is the worst orchestra I’ve ever heard; I can’t stand it any longer, let’s go to Keith’s, or a movie, or anything.”

Though Charles was entirely mystified by the sudden contradiction of her former statements concerning the music, he was quite willing to do whatever Marjorie wished. They left immediately.

The days which followed were trying ones. Marjorie was cross and childish, and Mrs. Thompson’s attention was centered perforce upon her. A proposed visit to the doctor was laughed at. The perplexed mother continued to worry because her daughter was not her usual sunny self. At length in exasperation Mr. Thompson pointed out that Marjorie’s appetite was in no

way impaired and that she was quite equal to driving the car from the time school was out until dinner. By Wednesday night they had decided it was high time to stop humoring her.

"Marie is very anxious to get away early this evening. Please take it upon yourself to do these dishes."

"I have things to do myself. Let Marie do her own work." Marjorie was forgetting to be cautious.

"Please do as I ask."

"And neglect my studies?"

"Marjorie, do as your mother requested," put in Mr. Thompson.

This of course, was final. She set to work rather noisily. Mr. Thompson stepped to the door of the kitchen with a warning—"Less noise and more work."

Inwardly raging, she quieted down. So Marie was going out with Bob. She glanced into a mirror. Even when she was angry, that bright, alert quality remained in her eyes, and curls were prettier than straight locks and—the door bell rang. She heard Marie come down stairs and go out and heard a car drive away. She had gone with Bob.

"Well," she thought, "one meets queer people in these public high schools, and America is a queer country."

MIRIAM KELLAM.

THE MAIL

A mob of crowding girls all surging toward a definite point. Taller girls in front of me—I cannot see. Someone asks me a question, I do not know what I answer. Talking seems so useless now. My hands cling together in an agony of suspense. If I only knew! Why couldn't the people in front of me walk faster? I have an overwhelming desire to push everyone aside and run. As I approach the fatal spot my excitement increases until I feel I must do something. I scream desperately in a high, unfamiliar voice, "Is there any for me?"

No one even turns to look at me, all are pressing forward. Smothered exclamations fill the air. My heart stops beating—then a great happiness fills me. The whole atmosphere is changed, I feel an enveloping sense of friendliness toward everyone. A struggle forward to get my reward—there is a letter in my box!!

MILLCENT ATWELL.

THE MOON MAIDEN

Everywhere the blackest darkness save for the rays pouring forth from an orange moon. Absolute silence, profound calm and then the soft plaintive strains of a guitar are heard, first faint but gradually growing more distinct. A man's clear tenor breaks the air and Harlequin enters from somewhere, singing, and strumming, and now in the light of the moon we see him, such an exquisite Harlequin in rich purple. His song is sweet and as he plays, his gaze never wanders from the sky. A soprano voice, ringing as a bell, joins his, and lo, there perched in the orange crescent is a delicate, silvery, wisp of a girl. She bends far over the side of the moon and stretches her arms to Harlequin imploring him to join her there and she sings as though her heart were breaking—breaking. He is quiet now and his glances are full of longing.

How beautiful she is, her white shoulders gleaming in the moonlight and her glowing eyes shining through tears. She is a heavenly child of another world and cannot join her mortal lover nor in any way may he reach her.

The wind whispers a sad music through the trees and the pines sigh, a sigh of futile hope, like the notes of a distant violin. The man on earth disappears.

The stars come tripping out, a gay company. To-night all the milky-way children are twinkling about their idol on the moon. These brilliant star children wear brandy-new starched petticoats which stick out in five points and make them look most delightful. It is an exceedingly happy evening in the

sky. The grown-up stars, the planets, have soft gossamer costumes of shimmering pale colors. They laugh and talk together, just as people should on a June eve, but even their merry dimples cannot laugh away the sorrow of dear Columbine.

All night she lay dreaming in the comforting curve of the moon and a soothing breeze gently blew away the tears from her cheeks, but nothing could relieve her sadness. For that night before any of the stars had come out, this dainty immortal girl had given her heart to a mortal and he had tossed her his. Her heart was upon the earth, with her Harlequin, where she longed to be. All to her was bitter and gray. The night which once had seemed so short now became long, cruelly long. She was glad when chanticler's clarion announced the first gleam of daybreak and she knew that in sleep she might rest her aching soul.

The next night was intensely cold for June and such a forceful wind was blowing that not even the North Star appeared. Tremendous gusts whirled the clouds and the moon could not withstand its power, but went sailing perilously low. It swayed, it rocked and it was lashed on, then with a jerk it stopped. The moon tip had become entangled in the tallest pine tree!

The shock for a moment frightened Columbine and then the situation inspired a courageous idea. Her wild moon ride this evening as she soared through the sky had excited her. She felt uplifted, daring, and now with the moon attached to the tree she was in contact with the ground. She reached over, her fingers touched the prickly needles, then they felt the firm rough bark of the trunk. Without permitting herself to think, forcing back the realization that she was forfeiting her immortality, she slipped from the moon, down the tree and stood for the first time on the hard earth. Her immortality was gone. The ground chilled her feet; shadows lurked menacingly, everywhere she felt alien forces. But she would not let the tears come. Throwing back her head, tossing her arms in the air, she fled frantically forward. On and on she ran in a mad dance until she came to a crystal pool nearby which a nightingale was singing, and here she knew that she would receive her reward.

She was certain the immortality of love was greater. From the purple darkness came her lover dashing to her.

He caught her in his arms. Her cold lips quivered and suddenly she knew that this happiness could not endure, that she was of another world. Immortal love was the divine gift of the gods to the world people, and was not for this moon maiden. But Harlequin uncomprehending, gazed at her beauty and was supremely happy.

As they stood beside the scintillating pool the wind became mellow, the lucid air was musical, and just as the first lambent rays of dawn tinted the sky, from her lover's arms Columbine faded slowly, slowly, until she seemed a part of those sparkling waters. Brilliant day shone over all, but Harlequin's song was silent, his guitar forever mute.

DOROTHEA HELT.





THE FUZZY-WUZZY TALE

(Apologies to Kipling's "Just So Stories.")

This, O Best Beloved, is a story of the dim and dreamy times. In the very middle of those times there lived two little woolly bunny-rabbits. They were soft, and they were white, these bunny-rabbits, with big, bewildered blue eyes, and funny little fluffy knobs of fur for tails just as if they had sat quite by accident on a little downy cloud-child that had strayed away from its mother in the sky. They lived inside the very loveliest garden, among cool, friendly flowers that smelt most sentimental, and they ate green, dewy leaves and things and were the happiest, contentedest woolly bunny-rabbits you ever did see.

Then Easter came in those dim and dreamy times and in the lovely garden, Fuzzy and Wuzzy, for those were the names of the little woolly bunnies, Beloved of Mine, were terrifiel'y busy! From five before breakfast, 'way until ten before dinner-time, they hippity-hopped around among the flowers hunting for eggs: they were the whitest, softest bunny-rabbits and they filled oh, so many baskets full!

This, Best Beloved, ends the first part of the tale.

Then one 'specially spic and span morning they got out their little round pudgy pots of paint to color the eggs all sorts of pretty colors, and they were so busy, were Fuzzy and Wuzzy. "Delightful doin's," Fuzzy called it, but that was just his funny, woolly way of saying things. They painted, and painted, and painted and there were rose-colored eggs, and eggs of the

most bu'ful bluey-green, such pretty, pretty colors and so 'sclusively speckled and sprottled and spottled.

But you know, Beloved, the sandman loves little soft white bunny-rabbits just almost as much as he does you, and so along about eleven after breakfast he came creeping, peeping in among the friendly flowers, and he saw that Fuzzy rabbit's head was nodding and his eyes were blinking, 'cause he had worked so hard coloring the Easter eggs. Gently, carefully, he put a little fine, white grain of sleepy sand on each of Fuzzy's tired eyelids, and then he turned and slunk silently, stealthily away among the coolness of the flowers.

Presently Fuzzy began to have that deliciously drowsy, frowsy feeling, and so he went to sleep. And Wuzzy, who just wasn't the dreamy kind of a bunny-rabbit, painted on all by his lonesome, and he painted lovely lavender eggs, and dainty, pale green eggs, but best of all Wuzzy loved to paint rose-colored eggs. How he did love that soft, pinky-rose color! He loved it so much that he tried to paint a pansy, which is, O Best Beloved, a bunny's favorite flower, but somehow that didn't seem quite right. So then he found a little dandelion, a grown-up dandelion, all feathery and fluffy, and that looked so fetching all rose-colored, that Wuzzy had a big, bubbly idea. How 'scuciatingly silly and 'sclusively sweet Fuzzy's little fluffy, furry tail would look painted rose-color. Now you see, Beloved of mine, all that was quite all right, but Fuzzy was sleeping on his puff-ball tail and so Wuzzy dipped his brush, which was really a downy, 'dorable pussy-willow, into the little pudgy pot of rose-colored paint, and then, oh, so cautiously, and oh, so carefully, he put a tiny daub of the pretty, pretty paint on each of Fuzzy's dreaming eyelids.

That was such a naughty thing to do, Best Beloved, but it was so much fun that Wuzzy felt all bubbly and chuckly inside. Soft, sleeping Fuzzy did look so terribly 'tractive, just as if two little rose petals had come to kiss his eyes closed, and had rested there caressingly.

Presently Fuzzy wandered back from the land of bewitching bunny dreams, and when he opened up his eyes the garden, the

sunshine, everything was covered with a soft rosy mist. He screamed like anything and jumped up and hippity-hopped as fast as his little legs would take him over to the calm, cool, crystal-clear pool, all set about with feathery ferns and fairy flowers, that the bunnies used for a looking glass. Very excited, and greatly astonished he saw that his big, bewildered blue eyes that had been so beautifully blue, were pinkish rose! The bunny-heart flew to the bunny-mouth. What had happened? and what, oh what could he do? He dipped his paws in the warm, wet water and with all his might he rubbed his lovely pink eyes, because, you know, Beloved of mine, they were lovely, ever and ever so much more lovely with Fuzzy's soft, woolly-whiteness, than just plain blue eyes could ever be.

All this time Wuzzy had been sitting on his hind legs trying so very hard to look worried but he just couldn't help smiling a smile that ran all the way around his face two times, and before he knew it, the silliest, funniest little chuckly, chortly noise hopped right out.

Fuzzy looked up with a hurt look in his eyes, "Oh Wuzz, sompenperfliaw—" here his voice trailed off for Wuzzy was simply splitting his saucy sides, and then Fuzzy knew the terrible truth, "You did it, you—you cat-rabbit"—and that, Beloved, I wouldn't repeat if I were you because it is a naughty word in bunny language—but Fuzzy was mad, madder than any bunny had ever been then, since, or henceforward.

So up he jumped, and off he ran after Wuzzy as fast as his four little legs would go.

And this, O Beloved of Mine, ends the second part of the tale.

Wuzzy ran through the rose beds, he ran through the pansy pots, he ran through the hollyhocks, he ran till his front legs ached.

He had to!

Still followed Fuzzy, ears flopping, tail bobbing, feet hopping, never gaining, never losing.

He had to!

Still ran Wuzzy, naughty, naughty Wuzzy. He ran through the prickly pines, he ran through the humpty hedges; he ran

through the long grass; he ran through the short grass; he ran till his hind legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Fuzzy, frantic, frazzled Fuzzy, and still he would be running to this day, only the most terrifiel'y terrible thing happened. In the middle of a path, the rain had left a big muddle puddle, and it was all ugly-mugy brown, and, Beloved, poor wispy, worn out Wuzzy stubbed his little toe on a pesky pebble and—kerflop! splash! and little woolly, white Wuzzy rabbit was in the very middle of the ugly-mugy, muddle puddle.

And Fuzzy came puffing up behind, very much excited, and very much out of breath, and he tried to catch poor Wuzzy; but all he could get hold of was Wuzzy's little, fluffy tail.

All this, you see, Best Beloved, was most exciting, but when Fuzzy pulled Wuzzy out of the muddle puddle it was pathetic. Soft white, blue-eyed Wuzzy-rabbit was all tannish-brownish, every single, solitary spec' of him, his long, wavy ears, his tummy, even his eyes were brown, everything 'cept his little furry tail. Fuzzy had held on to that little puff-ball of white fur so very hard, that the ugly-mugy, muddle puddle hadn't even touched it the teeniest, tiniest bit.

And so, Beloved of Mine, that is the end of *that* tale, and ever since that day all the rabbits you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, are either precisely like funny Fuzzy with pink eyes and white fur, or else pre-xactly like woolly Wuzzy with brown eyes and brown fur and a little white fuzzy-wuzzy cotton tail.

CONSTANCE CLEAVELAND.



QUATRAIN

Summon me not to the festive spread,
 Silence the telephone bell to-night,
 Muffle the footsteps over my head,
 Sonnets and quatrains I have to write.

Hand me Roget's Thesaurus,
 Give me that Webster fat,
 My brains are turning porous,
 I don't know where I'm at.
 A quatrain's a boresome measure,
 A sonnet's an awful pest.
 Simple prose is what I treasure,
 Let teachers have the rest.

ELINOR G. CARMICHAEL.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Five year old Betty was "being talked to seriously" by mother on the subject of picking up playthings. She sat very still, her eyes looking straight ahead, her lips shut tightly, her hands folded in her lap. Suddenly her eyes widened, brightened, her lips parted, curved into a smile. She tossed her head and giggled:

"Oh, Mother! The kitten just opened its mouth and it has such a funny little tongue."

MIRIAM KELLAM.

As I look down on the appealing little face with its frame of rumpled brown hair, I realized that I had been a perfect brute to laugh. His expressions had been ridiculously funny, but he had come to me in all seriousness, and I certainly should have contained myself. After all he was only a baby, and his big brown eyes, at first puzzled, now looked up at me reproach-

fully while two great tears rolled down his pudgy red cheeks. He was doing his best to hold his ground, but for all that his little dimpled chin quivered pathetically. He was still standing with his feet set firmly apart, his hands thrust into the pockets of his first tweed trousers, and with his soft mouth drooping when, his attitude changed swiftly from a swagger into dejection. I would have given anything to have snatched him up and kissed him. But before I could move he had fled. Doubtless so that I should not witness the complete downfall of his manly dignity. A minute later I heard two doors slam and knew that he had sought the fastness of his playroom, there to assuage his hurt as best as he could with toys, which might be dumb, but at least were not heartless.

MARY ELIZABETH HOUSTON.

Mary and I were calmly eating a late breakfast last Wednesday morning when Billy tottered happily into the room. No one can resist his funny smile and in a few minutes he was squirming joyously in Mary's lap, his pudgy fingers grasping aimlessly about for any food within reach.

The door opened softly and Aunt Becky's black shining face, topped with spikey pigtails appeared. Billy's arms ceased waving, one chubby hand remained outstretched just a few inches from a temptingly round biscuit. The round dimpled legs ceased kicking and dangled lifelessly from Mary's lap. His blue eyes opened wider and wider and his lifted brows dropped in an angry frown. When Aunt Becky appeared he had ceased his constant chatter, and his mouth was still open a bit, waiting to complete the baby sentence that had been so rudely interrupted.

But the inactivity was not for long. His eyebrows resumed their normal position and the twinkle which always foretold mischief of some sort appeared in each angelic blue eye. His wee button of a nose screwed up and deep dimples appeared in each cheek. The tiny mouth puckered into a smile and a chuckling gurgle came from somewhere in the depths of his

small person. One quick lunge and he was off on two unsteady fat legs, Aunt Becky rheumatically following him, and the usual morning race which preceded Billy's nap was on.

MILLCENT ATWELL.

A FAIRY STORY

The fireflies had set their lamps alight and twinkling in the grass, and a cloud of the tiniest, daintiest things came from every side of the fairy forest which was steeped in misty light.

Swaying to and fro moved by the tiniest zephyr, Thimbelina, the queen, sat in the heart of a rose and all around in every flower and tilting on every blade of grass were all the fairies gathered around this queen. Thistledown, the fairy princess, was clinging to a half blown rose fairer even than this lovely flower. Everywhere was the shimmer of rainbow mists and gossamer lace, and shining suits of fairy mail. But listen—the queen is speaking, her voice is like the clear tones of a silver bell tinkling across the woody dell, “Ulva the second knight, has also returned, unsuccessful. I want a new drink which will cure every ill. It must lift the drooping spirit, heal the wounded heart, bring happiness and bid the tears depart. It must make the young grow younger and the old no longer old; it must make the poor contented and the rich forget their gold. Sir Edyrn, go, search in every woodland dell by every wandering stream, and you will find in the Garden of Immortal Flowers, herbs to make the mead.” Turning she bade him away and walked across the tiny golden bridge into her palace of pearl.

Thistledown paused a moment, for she was happy because her hand in marriage was promised to the successful knight. Because Sir Ulver and Sir Uther were eldest, they went first; they were ugly and cross. Edyrn, was handsome, and so kind that he must really succeed. She climbed to the stars up a pale moonbeam and plucked a tiny star and gave it to her fairy lover, “If you keep this star untarnished by righting every wrong you must succeed.” He kissed her dainty hand and she was gone.

There was a clanking of armor as the knight donned his fairy mail. "Come Fairy-foot and Sparkle-eyes," he called, in soft mellow tones, his fairy steeds the zephyrs from their stalls in the west wind's stable. As he sailed over the forest the breath of the woods grew strangely sweet. Emerging from the shadows, like a fair Undine, into the moonlight that streamed in a silver mist on the terrace below him walked a lady. "Oh Knight at Arms, come help me for I am in a sad plight." He reined in his fairy steed and was wafted to earth. She was the spirit of the moon, she sadly told our knight. "The cruel Duke Ulva, when on his journey through these woods, courted me and carried me to earth, and left me here alone with no way to return to my home." She looked pleadingly at Edyrn and he mounted her before him and they were swiftly borne upward.

"Lady Moon, could you tell me where the golden gate of the immortal garden is, for I seek it?"

"I could not tell you where, but here is a key which will unlock it when you find it." And the moon fled away.

The fair little star glistened on his chest and far away in the palace the princess prayed for him.

"Down Fairy-foot and Sparkle-eyes, for we will rest a while," he stepped from the breeze for he was hungry. He ate honey which was hidden in the blossoms, and drank drops of dew which were sparkling on the grasses, and he rested a while, cuddled up in the bell of a lily while the breezes stirred about him.

Stepping gaily from his lovely bed he saw the little elfman with a cruel spider's web caught in his sunny hair, "Oh, little Elfman, that was never meant for you," said Edryn laughingly as he tugged at the binding sheen; but before he could undo it the big black spider came lumbering back, "Who's been at my web, who?" And he knotted for a fight. The poor little elf trembled but Edyrn grasped the jewelled hilt of his sword and sent it right through the spider's cruel heart, and then cut the web.

"Poor little frightened Fay, next time you see a spider's web, don't meddle, for 'tis dangerous."

The grateful little elf replied, "When Ulva and Uther passed they ignored my cry for help, so I could not give to them the little hammer of gold without which, one cannot enter the Garden Gate." And the elf soon vanished.

Edyrn's heart was still pure as the pale light of the little star, which was even brighter than ever.

Falling half-way between heaven and earth was a star-dust brook cataract, a mere feathery spray fluttering in the breeze. Near this water-fall was a lovely nymph in a dress of gold and little diamond shoes, yet she was not singing or dancing but weeping bitterly.

"Fair nymph, why do you weep on so fair a night? You should be dancing merrily."

"Because my heart is broken. A cruel dragon lives below and gobbles up my little drops of water. Two knights passed but did not stop," and she sobbed bitterly.

Edyrn drew his sword and pulled down the visor on his helmet and clanked down to the cavern below. The dragon spit fire at him, but his mail had been wrought by magic hands; and also over his heart the star kept harm away. So with one mighty thrust he plunged the sword into the dragon's heart. The dragon's cruel form vanished and where it had lain was the golden gate. He fitted the key in the lock, knocked with the hammer, and the door was opened. Before him was a riot of color and in the center of the garden was the fountain of Happiness. He filled the fairy cauldron and picked the precious herbs and plants. Mounted upon his faithful breezes once more, happy and care-free, he was blown back by the awakening wind. As he came near to the fairy palace he blew clear silvery notes from his bugle to herald his approach. Out of the warm green heart of the earth came the fairy folk. They put the cauldron to boil and Edryn dropped in first, Heartsease to lift the drooping spirit and heal the wounded heart. Little Johnny-jump-up to bring happiness and bid the tears depart. Surely lovely pale May-bloom would make the young grow younger. The scarlet and yellow everlasting, the old no longer

old. For the rich and poor what could bring contentment more quickly than the little green joy-weed.

The princess was happy, for the star was bright and the next full moon she would wed Sir Edyrn with all the glitter and shine of a fairy ceremony. All the fairy folk revelled and danced until the first pink rays of the sun chased them away from the weary world.

If you seek the road to Fairyland,
Wait until the yellow moon
Makes a path like golden sand
Over the weary world at night,
Then ride upon a gentle breeze.
Along the tops of the tallest trees
Is the road to fairyland, so bright.

ELINOR CARMICHAEL.

DAWN

In the dim quiet hush of a summer's dawn
The painter sleeps quietly—
His head is bowed, as the world lies still
And waits, in expectancy.
Even the wind has hushed its breath,
The birds are still in the trees—
But then a lift of the artist's hand
A tiny movement—and the gentlest breeze
Has wakened the world from its soft repose—
For the smallest stroke of daylight's brush has tipped a cloud
with rose!

EMILY HUSSEY.

M. K. ON SKIIS

It was her first attempt on skiis and she was hoping that it would not be her last. Having been told by her instructor that in order to make a perfect descent it was necessary to bend the body forward—forward her body went, leaving her

long coon coat to fall loosely from her shoulders. She took a short step—her eyes fairly popped from her head, she grew pale instantly and her mouth automatically “flew” open in supreme terror. Her woolen clad hands vainly gripped at the air for support as she bumped and jogged down the incline. After the momentary fright was over her lips lost their rigidity and a smile played about her mouth; her eyes changed from their frightened stare into a bright happy look, and her arms took a more graceful pose. This lasted until her right foot took a peculiar little turn, as right feet are very liable to do when placed in uncertain skis, and sent her into a kindly old snow bank about half way down the hill. When she emerged from the snow her face was aglow with pleasure but a determined little twist of her mouth told that she was going to conquer that hill before she left it.

J. HELEN SPRAGUE.

THE THIRD FLOOR MYSTERY

The ceaseless drip, drip of the rain outside, a monotonous gibbering whisper as the Roommate strove to correct her French pronunciation without disturbing my wanderings with Aeneas in the land of the Trojans, the occasional scamper of the pet mouse as he flitted about in search of his evening meal, and the rustling sound of pages being turned rapidly in the pursuit of an elusive verb. Absolute silence in the corridor.

Into this peaceful scene stalked the element of fear—mystery—tragedy. Far above in the region of the practice-rooms, a door slammed. Doors often slam, but this time it was a slam with a sinister meaning. A loud jarring sound, and then silence, all-enveloping. Oh, well, possibly the wind was playing tricks, so back to Troy again.

All unsuspecting we sat, each engrossed in our tasks, with golden locks pushed artistically behind our ears, when suddenly, and simultaneously both pairs of ears visibly pricked upwards, slowly two heads raised themselves and two pairs of eyes grew wide with wonder. From somewhere over our heads came a

blood-chilling moan, then silence. Another moan, accompanied by a shuffling sound. As though impelled by a common thought, the Roommate and I rose, gathered our bath-robcs around us, and stood poised for flight, with our hearts somewhere in the vicinity of our Comfy slippers. Again that horrible moan and again that deathly stillness. Only the rain dripped unendingly, and the radiator clanked mournfully. We ventured to draw sighs of relief in unison. It was over; someone was trying to be funny, that was all.

“Well, how about some more studying?”

“Want an apple?—OH-h-h-h!”

We clutched each other with clammy fingers. The moans had begun again, redoubled in strength, going on and rising to a crescendo, only to fall into a mere gabbling mutter, like a feverish child. Was it murder or suicide? What was the tragedy being enacted above us? The question was writ large upon our staring faces. Hand in hand we crept softly out of the room and down the hall to the foot of the stairs, while burning questions seared their way through our numbed brains.

Had any one been despondent or in poor health?

Had someone's relatives disowned them?

Oh, what *did* make people commit murder or suicide anyway?

What would a knife do that had been used to cut birthday cake?

Did people die of taking aspirin? All along the corridor doors opened and white faces made considerably whiter by a generous application of cold cream, appeared around corners and mouths opened in horror as the moans sent chilling echoes wafting down the stairs.

The Roommate and I, intrepid souls, ascended the stairs slowly, stopping on each step to clutch each other and to swallow quite inexplicable lumps in our throats. As we reached the top of the stairs, we could see from afar the gathering of the clans as the occupants of the third floor came speeding, eyes wide, mouths open even as were ours, kimonos flying along under full sail. We fairly had to put our hands over our ears as the

horrible cries burst upon us in all their intensity. We stood in whispered consultation outside the door of the practice-room. Suppose it were a member of the faculty? Would she care to commit suicide in public as it were? Finally a valiant damsel with her face the tint of her lavender negligee, remarked that the voice did not resemble that of a teacher, and she was going in anyway. With a deep breath she shut her eyes and flung the door open, the rest of us, crowding in behind her, expecting to see we knew not what. It would be gruesome anyway, and something to tell our grand-children about when they begged for an exciting tale.

We saw—a young lady dutifully reciting Kipling's "Boots" in preparation for her next day's lesson in Voice-training.

DEBORAH TRULL.

SUPPLICATION

Great God, I ask thee not to take away
The pain within my humble contrite heart,
But give me grace to bear it day by day:
To take upon myself the greater part.
That I may live—others to show the way
Along Life's rugged path so high and steep,
That I a kindly word to all may say
As on I sail o'er Life's engulfing deep.
Help me to show a steadfast faith in those
Who seem to doubt this feeble heart of mine,
That I no sign of doubt may ever give,
And round my soul may friendship closer twine.
Through all my life may I to others give
The best I have, as long as I shall live.

PRISCILLA BALL.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF ROGERS HALL
STUDENT COUNCIL—WINTER TERM

President Margaret Shepard
Secretary and Treasurer Mariam Lins

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Mary Benger	Margaret Kip
Katherine Prichard	Mary Bailey
Margaret Swan	Deborah Grubb
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ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Hockey Edith Knapp
Basketball Helen McLain
Baseball Lovinia Porter
Swimming Mary Bailey
Tennis Leona Schaddelee

CAE CLUB

President Virginia Ruggles
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ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Hockey Constance Cleaveland
Basketball..... Dorothy Tremble
Baseball Elinor Carmichael
Swimming Priscilla Ball
Tennis Mary Page

EVENTS DURING WINTER TERM

COLLEGE CLUB PLAY

On Saturday evening December twelfth, the history classes attended a play, "The First Lady of the Land," given by the College Club of Lowell in the High School Auditorium. The play centered around the careers of Aaron Burr and James Madison, rivals for the hand of Dolly Todd. It was interesting to see those people who before had been but characters in our history book brought so vividly to life. The colonial costumes pleased us also.

Between the acts we were entertained by the High School Orchestra and the College Club Glee Club.

Eleven o'clock found us on a special car returning to school, tired, but thankful for this opportunity to see a well known play.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Our annual party given the night before we leave for Christmas vacation was an unqualified success this year. It is at this party that we entertain our young friends with the unpronounceable names, from the International Institute, with games, music, presents and most highly appreciated of all, a Santa Claus. No one in school will deny that this party is easily as pleasant and amusing for us as it seems to be for our guests.

HALL PARTY

The first Saturday after the Christmas holidays, the Hall brightened our post-vacation blues by a most informal party. A thrilling drama was enacted with Helen McLain as the awe-inspiring villain and Eleanor Williams as the much-tired heroine

who was rescued by the gallant hero, alias Mary Benger. Several other talented inhabitants of the Hall contributed their skill toward the entertainment, the dancing of Priscilla Ball, and Virginia Kern, was particularly enjoyed. Hot dogs and ginger ale were consumed with relish, and the party proclaimed an immediate success.

MRS. BARR

On the first Sunday of this term we had the good fortune to be entertained at vespers by Mrs. Helen Edlefson Barr, a former Rogers Hall girl, class of 1910. Mrs. Barr gave a song recital and accompanied herself on the piano. We all enjoyed her informal manner and were delighted to find that negro spirituals were her favorites as well as ours. She also sang some French and German selections, a German "Spinning Song" being particularly vivacious. We hope that Mrs. Barr will visit us again.

MADAME MARIA KURENKO

On the evening of January, the fourteenth, soon after we had all returned to school from the Christmas holidays, a recital was given in the Auditorium by Maria Kurenko, soprano and Evon Belonssoff, 'cellist.

Only those who were taking voice lessons and those musically interested attended.

The program was exceedingly long but the numbers selected by the two artists were all almost typically Russian. Madame Kurenko having a high soprano voice, carried the top notes very well—in fact her interpretation of one selection could even be compared to Galli-Curci's rendition. This, without a doubt is an honor sought for by many struggling vocalists.

Indeed, the whole concert was very enjoyable, making the first of the "Moses Greeley Parker" concerts a success.

NORCROSS PARTIES

On Saturday evening, January sixteenth, all the bridge playing members of the Hall were invited to a party at Norcross. Miss Mudge, assisted by the girls of Norcross, was the hostess for the delightful affair. After three rounds of bridge had been enjoyed the prizes were distributed, the lucky winners being Catherine Russell and Virginia Kern. The happy evening drew to a close after the refreshments, for which Norcross is justly famed, had been served.

Sunday evening, Miss Mudge and the Norcross girls again entertained. This time a delightful supper was given for the residents of the Hall who had not attended the bridge party.

DR. BLACK'S LECTURE

We were not, perhaps, overly enthusiastic at the prospect of Dr. Black's lecture. He sounded uninteresting, but what a delightful surprise he proved to be. Even now we find it difficult to detach our thoughts from his charming personality to speak of his talk on Robert Louis Stevenson.

Dr. Black was deliciously informal. His talk was brightened with a great many interesting personal anecdotes gleaned from his close association with Stevenson at the University of Edinburgh.

Dr. Black's life has been spent in circles that are far from those of the ordinary man. His has been the privilege to meet and know, writers, scholars, and many of the famous men of the higher literary circles.

It is hard to decide just what it was, whether the talk itself, or the fascinating Scotch accent, or simply Dr. Black's over abundance of charm, that made us feel so elated when he shook hands with us.

Having become so involved in Dr. Black we have inexcusably neglected to say that on this memorable evening we were the

guests of the College Club of Lowell. It might be truly said that we are their debtors for one of the pleasantest evenings of this winter term.

MRS. GILSON'S LECTURE ON CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

One of Mrs. Gilson's most interesting lectures was that on her trip through Czecho-Slovakia. This was the first time that colored slides were used, and they helped us to picture more vividly the unique towers and fascinating costumes of the people. The pictures showed the new architecture of the buildings, and the houses that were decorated by carvings and gaily painted designs.

Mrs. Gilson explained the history of that far off country and caused us to realize its growing importance in the world of today.

FENWAY COURT

Rogers Hall, because of its proximity to Boston, has the advantage of being able to visit places of historical and artistic value. The trip to Mrs. Gardner's home, commonly called Fenway Court, was of great interest, especially to those studying art.

Mrs. Gardner did perhaps the greatest thing a woman of her position could have done, by leaving to the public an interesting and educational institution. Collecting rare and beautiful objects from all parts of the world, she brought them to Boston and placed them in her home, which is in reality a museum. Each room contains furniture from a different European country, and some are given over entirely to paintings and tapestry work.

The court with its flowers, and the rare and beautiful examples of Renaissance art, leave one with a true knowledge and appreciation of all art.

KAVA-CAE MOVIE PARTY

January twenty-third was excitedly looked forward to by the whole school. At last the anticipated time arrived and immediately after luncheon everyone bustled into their wraps and boarded the street car. Each Cae was being gallantly escorted to the movies by a Kava.

At the Strand many of the day scholars joined our ranks and we all trooped laughingly in, to start the hunt in the dark for our reserved seats. We laughed through the comedy; thrilled, sorrowed, rejoiced, and flicked imaginary whips with Douglas Fairbanks as "Don Q." The afternoon drew to a close with the appearance of the "World News," and after much debating we started back to Rogers Hall.

CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

"CARMEN"

On January the 27th a number of the girls had the privilege of hearing "Carmen" sung by the Chicago Opera Company at the Boston Opera House. Mary Garden in her portrayal of *Carmen* thrilled the hearts of all eager listeners. This opera is the first of a series which Rogers Hall girls will have the opportunity of hearing and we are now looking forward to the next performance of the Chicago Opera Company.

"THE MASKED BALL"

On January thirtieth Rogers Hall broke all precedents and attended the evening performance of the "Masked Ball." The cast included five stars, Charles Marshall, Titta Ruffo, Rosa Raisa, Cyrena Van Gordon, and Clara Shear. The audience received with pleasure these singers whose voices surely justified their world fame. This light and colorful opera was splendidly presented by the Chicago Opera Company.

"LOHENGRIN"

On February third, several girls had the opportunity of hearing Richard Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin," at the Boston

Opera House. The leading roles were sung by Alga Farrai, Augusta Senska, Farrest Samont, and Georges Baklanoff. The greatness of Wagner is especially shown in the imaginative beauty and rhythm of the justly famous "Swan Song" and "Wedding March."

"SAMSON AND DELILAH"

On February the sixth a small group went into the Saturday matinee of "Samson and Delilah" and thoroughly enjoyed its presentation by the Chicago Opera Company. The baritone voice of Mr. Charles Marshall in the role of Samson thrilled us all and we especially liked the second act which was a long duet between Mr. Marshall and Miss D'Alvarey who superbly sang the part of Delilah. We all hope that we shall have an opportunity of hearing this company again next year.

THE NEWER EDUCATION

One afternoon some of us were greatly privileged to attend an open meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association of the Belvidere School. The speaker was Mr. Eugene Smith, the principal of the Brookline Country Day School, and one of the foremost figures in the movement for the development of model schools. Mr. Smith's subject was "The Newer Education," which he enlarged upon in a very interesting manner. He told of the experiments in teaching tried in his own school, and expressed the hope that in the future, the present-day methods of teaching would be abandoned, and that more opportunity would be given the child to develop his originality both in school and at home.

THE WORLD FLIGHT

Incredulous, we listen to the reveries of our grandmothers on the very first days of the "horseless carriage," but our turn will come eventually. Someday we are going to gather our grandchildren at our feet, sit back with folded hands and recount to their wondering ears the story of that remarkable time when we saw in person an aviator who had been one of the first men to circle completely the globe.

If they are polite grandchildren they will hear us to the end, indulgently, but they will never be able to understand the degree of importance we of this age have attached to that single daring venture of our own countrymen.

Lieutenant John Harding, a member of this splendid group, lectured one Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium. He took us, by means of motion pictures along the entire course of the flight; from the time they left California, across oceans, treacherous mountains, deserts, and several continents, until at last, after months of hardship and thrilling experiences, they again reached American territory. He recounted many incidents when the lives of members of their group were endangered; and too, he told us of unusual events which to the unaccustomed American eye seemed vastly amusing.

Even if Lieutenant Harding's lecture seemed a bit stereotyped, the pictures were interesting, and his speaking voice proved to be more than diverting. But, after all, our interest was held, not so much by the lecture as by the fact that before us stood one of that courageous group of men who risked their all in making a brilliant page for American history.

THE M. I. T. CONCERT

After months of anxiety and toil we have at last reached the shining heights. We are seniors at Rogers Hall, something long waited for and greeted with wonder now it has really become an accepted fact.

It seemed like a dream to find ourselves standing in the receiving line in the drawing room. How many times we had been among those that stood apart and gazed on with a mixed feeling of admiration and longing; and now we found ourselves among the selected few.

All of which was the thrill of a life-time, made even more intense when we went in to dinner and found ourselves seated at long tables apart from the others, a veritable gathering of all that is sagacious and dignified at Rogers Hall. There could be found no glint of disappointment or disillusionment in this culmination of scholastic attainment.

As a reward for our virtue we were the guests of Miss Parsons at the concert of the combined musical clubs of Technology. The concert was altogether delightful. The music was good, particularly that of the banjo club, and the effect was certainly heightened by the clever antics of the men.

All in all we considered that this, our first social appearance, was a most decided success. Our spirits were only slightly dampened by the fact that we could not stay to dance—for after all we were only seniors!!!



CAE VS. KAVA AGAIN

Rogers Hall saw its second great athletic event on Saturday, the sixth of March. This time it was to the call of the basketball that Cae and Kava responded. At luncheon a time honored custom was observed when the two clubs faced each other from opposite ends of the dining room, lustily giving cheer for cheer and song for song. Two-thirty brought these cheering sections to the gym, Kavas on the stage, Caes in the balcony, keyed up to spur on to victory their chosen teams. Never has a cleaner or finer game been played at this school, and the results of many

weeks of hard practice were evident in the quick passes and excellent team work. The score was 24-17 in favor of the Cae Club, and the line-up was as follows:

CAE		KAVA
P. Ball	Jumping Center	F. Audette
D. Tremble (Capt.)	Side Center	E. Knapp
C. Cleaveland	Right Forward	M. Bailey
V. Ruggles	Left Forward	L. Schaddelee
M. E. Houston	Right Guard	H. Sprague
E. Foster	Left Guard	H. McLain (Capt.)

SUBS

E. Carmichael	M. Andrew
E. Goodyear	M. Evans
D. Mignault	P. Lighton
M. Shepard	J. Webb
E. Carmichael substituting for V. Ruggles.	

Time Keepers: M. Swan, D. Martin

Score Keepers: V. Rogers, L. Marks

Referee: Reba Fitch, Boston School of Physical Education.



THE VALENTINE PARTY

On entering the dining room February thirteenth everyone was delighted to find cheerful red candles and hearts at all the tables, and very much astonished to find pencils and paper at their places. They "simply couldn't imagine" what they were for, and some girls nearly "lost their minds" trying to solve the puzzle. The suspense was over and the mystery discovered when a cup containing each girl's name was passed. Each girl drew a slip and was confronted with the problem of writing a valentine to the girl whose name it bore, and with such astonishing results! New and unsuspected genius was discovered as well as some truly remarkable schemes in versification.

Immediately after dinner everyone went to the gym to dance (and Charleston) to the delightful strains of an orchestra. Some of the more practically inclined members, abetted by their success at dinner, continued to compose poetry about their various partners. After everyone had laughed, danced, and eaten as much as possible they went to their rooms—the old girls regretting that it would be their last valentine party at Rogers Hall, and the new girls eagerly looking forward to the party next year.

COLONIAL PARTY

On the evening of February twentieth, Rogers Hall was transported to Revolutionary days, when a Colonial party was given in the gym. At eight o'clock gentlemen in powdered wigs and gentlemen with bobbed hair appeared with be-ruffled ladies, whose coiffures were also a trifle shaky, but whose beauty patches, fichus and flowered skirts left nothing to be desired.

A one-act play, "Washington's First Defeat," was presented with great success. Priscilla Ball was an admirable *George Washington*, Millicent Atwell, an adorable *Lucy Grymes*, and Eleanor Williams took the part of *Camellia*, a maid whose very presence in one's home would be a joy. After the play, the

charming Colonial maidens and their escorts marched and counter-marched with the utmost precision, paced the stately minuet with infinite grace, and trod a gay measure of the "Portland Fancy." After this the guests devoted themselves to the dances of the twentieth century, and refreshed themselves with twentieth century food.

RECITALS BY MISS PETERSON AND MESSRS HELLER AND NICCOLI

Several musicals have been given on Sunday afternoons for the teachers, students and friends of Rogers Hall by Miss Margaret Peterson, soprano, Alessandro Niccoli, violinist, and William C. Heller, pianist.

Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Heller gave the principal numbers on the program and were admirably assisted by Miss Peterson with her own groups of songs which she presented in a pleasing soprano voice. Needless to say, these recitals have been much enjoyed and we are looking forward to more recitals in the future.

INTERVALE

Snow—sparkling snow—and in the distance white-topped mountains. What beauty! What freedom! Gone from our minds was the monotony of that long, chocolate-barred train trip, relieved only by the timely arrival of luncheon and Mr. Bassett, the never-to-be-forgotten Mr. Bassett. Gone the even dimmer remembrance of school routine. Remained only—knickered freaks with laundry bags for suitcases and hearts attuned to anything under the general heading "good time". Followed—a sleigh-taxi, a warm welcome, and welcome warmth—act of staking and restaking claims in various of the Bellvues rooms—and then each to her favorite—skiis—sleds—skates—snowshoes. Followed—food—and abundance of food with much choice and generally all chosen. Companions in our joy—the Boston School of Physical Education, like us, unable to resist

the "call of the wild". Jolly girls—and clever stunts in the evening. Later a further response to the "call" by moonlight—and at length—bed.

Morning in the mountains—morning and Mr. Bassett holding up before our eyes all yesterdays riches, to which he added the lure of a mountain climb. Some came—some went—some stayed—but all were happy—boisterously happy. Afternoon—an added thrill—skii-joring. Oh, pity on you, poor Stay-at-homes! and you—whoever you are—who have not tried the business of skii-joring! nor known the comfort of returning, tired and wet, to warmth and dry clothes. Time—cruel Time picked us up then, and rushed us on unfeelingly. We were brought too soon to our second evening—another clear, cold night, during which we sleighed to a movie house, with peanuts—tired bodies but by no means tired tongues. The ride home, and 'neath a silver moon—with the dim beauty of the mountains in the distance—voices—raised in songs—echoing through the trees—and then—the warm room again—a fire—dancing—bridge—and at length, bed.

Sunday—"your choice of all we have to offer" cried Interval—and we certainly squeezed each minute full to the overflowing of its "sixty seconds distance run"! But—the villain Time—regardless, "waited for no man"—or girl. We were hurried on into our farewells all too soon. How could we leave the mountains—the white snow—the toboggans—and best of hosts, the Bassetts? Time shrugged his shoulders, and promised—a nice long drowsy trip home—and he bundled us into our sleigh-taxi—amid prodigious sorrow—our spirits exhilarated—undaunted—brought to our lips a song, sad in its truth

"We've reached the end of vacation,
We'll soon be leaving the station;
Then back to civilization
The train will take us there!"

CAPTAIN DONALD McMILLAN

On the evening of March eighth a group of Rogers Hall girls had the privilege of hearing Captain Donald McMillan lec-

ture on his most recent Arctic expedition, undertaken last spring.

He explained several theories put forth by various scientists at different times. He then proceeded to explain what he himself, had found there, and to dispel any doubts in our minds as to what the North Pole really is. His lecture was made vivid by the use of moving pictures which showed us his trip from beginning to end. In this way we received a clear conception of the conditions with which they had to contend. We were shown the two ships, the "Perry", a steel ship, which carried the aeroplanes, and his own boat, the "Bowdoin", a more sturdy but smaller vessel.

We soon found ourselves in more northern waters with icebergs surrounding us, larger than we had ever imagined. Captain McMillan explained that they were not of salt water as we had thought, but that they were composed of compressed snow flakes that had accumulated, for centuries. It interested us to see how the "Bowdoin" cracked an enormous ice cake weighing several hundred tons and pushed its way on through.

He gave a very interesting account of the appearance and habits of the Eskimos, and by the illustrations we saw that they were a very primitive people. We were fascinated by the pictures of the small, woolly Eskimos puppies, and the wide-eyed smiling children.

While we were shown the areoplanes used, Captain McMillan stated that he experimented with these planes and was now fully convinced that the one engine machine would never be able to reach the pole, and that dirigibles, when perfected, would be the only aircrafts to be successful in that flight.

PAINT AND POWDER SHOW

On Monday afternoon, March the eighth, the Student Council, President of the Senior Class and Editor of Splinters, at the invitation of Miss Parsons attended the annual Paint and Powder Show given by the Paint and Powder Club of Lowell for the benefit of the O'Leary Home. The performance was indeed varied and foremost in importance to us was the act con-

sisting of old-fashioned dances—Miss Sarah Hobson being one of the graceful dancers. The Paint and Powder Club is to be congratulated for the originality, talent and success with which their performance was presented.

“THE SEVEN LAST WORDS”

Sunday evening, March the fourteenth, forty members of the Rogers Hall Choral Society assisted the combined choirs of Saint Anne's in the presentation of “The Seven Last Words” a sacred cantata by Dubois. Miss Margaret O. Peterson of the Rogers Hall faculty was the soprano soloist and charmed all with her high clear voice. We are now looking forward to the concerts which are to be given by the Choral Society in the future.

FRITZ KREISLER

On Friday evening March the nineteenth, we had the privilege of hearing Fritz Kreisler. His program was indeed varied ranging from Krentzer's Sonata of Beethoven to more modern selections. He also presented in his third group many selections of his own composition and arrangement. We were more than fortunate to hear Carl Lamson, accompanist, add his usual touch of genius to the efforts of the master violinist for none other of his profession seems quite so able as he to express and accompany as such and lend so much character and enjoyability to it. Beside the fact of Kreisler's flawless technique he has also become endeared to the world because of the depth of personality expressed in his playing.

REPERTORY THEATRE

Shakespeare's comedy “Much Ado About Nothing” proved very entertaining to the college-preparatory girls when it was presented by the Henry Jewett Players at the Repertory Theatre in Boston. The humor of the play itself is undoubted and was well interpreted by this versatile company. Henry Jewett, as Benedick, Eve Walsh Hall as Beatrice and Peg Entwistle, as the

lovely Hero gave to the play a depth which readers of the play have rarely found. The immortal Dogberry with his intelligent imbecility proved again Shakespeare's power as a humorist.

On another Saturday, eight girls from Mrs. Tapp's voice-training classes at her invitation, attended an informal reading at the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word, which proved to be very entertaining. In the afternoon, the group went on to the Repertory Theatre to see Galsworth's "Loyalties." The theatre itself received much praise, as the newest and most artistic requirements of the modern theatre are well carried out in its construction. The play was intensely interesting, well acted and the plot most absorbing. Afterwards, the opportunity was given for a visit behind the scenes where rooms for the accommodation of the actors and actresses and many stage-devices could be seen. The end of the day found us much the wiser as to the artistic and realistic side of the theatre.

PLAYS PRESENTED BY THE DRAMATIC CLASSES

We wish to make mention of the three plays which are to be presented by the Dramatic classes on the evening of March twenty-fourth. They are, "The Land of Hearts Desire," "Mrs. Pat and the Law," and "Mannequin and Minnequin." The characters have been cast as follows:

"THE LAND OF HEARTS DESIRE"

Maurteen Bruin, a peasant	Dorothy Mignault
Shawn Bruin, his son	Constance Cleaveland
Father Heart, a priest	Margaret Kip
Bridget Bruin, Maurteen's wife	Elinor Carmichael
Marie Bruin, their daughter-in-law	Harriet Megathlin
A Fairy	Dorothea Helt

"MRS. PAT AND THE LAW"

Pat	Laura Moran
Mrs. Pat	Mary Benger
Jimmy, their son	Virginia Stuart
Miss Carroll	Lucille Marks
John Bing	Helen McLain

“MANNEQUIN AND MINNEQUIN”

Mannequin	Natalie Gardner
Minnequin	Mary Elizabeth Houston

We are looking forward with much interest to the presentation of these plays and a review of them will appear in the next Splinters.

LECTURE BY MARGARET SLATTERY

The modern girl, what she is, and her obligations to the new world of the next fifty years, was the theme of an address by Margaret Slattery on Friday evening, March twelfth, in the Lowell Auditorium. Miss Slattery briefly outlined the accomplishments of “her day”, then pointed out a few of the possible attainments for the new day. The modern girl, according to this famous authority, has three outstanding characteristics, which will enable her to fulfill her destiny: physical courage, mental determination, and spiritual being. Her views were the occasion of much controversy among the Rogers Hall girls.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

August 25th, a daughter, Mary Adele, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owens (Anges Tibbets '10) in Portland, Maine.

January 30th, Dorothy Rawson was married to Melvin Hawkes Watkins in Portland, Maine. They will be at home at 26 Woodford Street, Portland, Maine.

January 30th, Flora Dingwall, '23, was married to William Alexander Harsh in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They will be at home at 391 South Summit Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

February 13th, Aileen Lawrence was married to Herbert Suffern Ogden in Short Hills, New Jersey.

February 16th, Margaret Liggett was married to J. MacGregor Willetts of Highland Park in St. Chrysostom's Church, Chicago.

February 1st, Helen Lewis announced her engagement to Glenn Edmund Fargo.

February 1st, Lillian Andrew announced her engagement to Thomas Barraclough.

February 16th, Katherine Smith, '23, announced her engagement to William John O'Brien of Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. O'Brien is president of the Seminole Lumber Company. Katherine has set the date of the wedding for April twenty-first.

February 24th, Dorothy Sebastian, '21, announced her engagement to G. Carlton Hill of Chicago. Mr. Hill is a graduate of the University of Michigan and a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. Dorothy plans to be married in June.

February 27th, Betty Fisk, '21, announced her engagement to Donald Brand of Wheeling, West Virginia. Mr. Brand is a graduate of the Linsley Military Academy of Wheeling and now holds a position with the treasury department of West Virginia. The wedding will take place in the middle of June.

January 17th, a daughter, Barbara, was born to Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. Jones, (Barbara Brown, '13) in Lowell.

January 26th, a son, David Nichols, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hayden, (Virginia Jennison).

February 4th, a daughter, Gwendoln, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith, (Marjorie Coulthurst, '19) in Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Paul, '94, writes: "Why go to Florida? Some people would consider the question answered by the appearance of the world about Sherborn yet to others it has seemed very beautiful in its extra heavy blanket this February. Most of the time we have had guests at the farm as we are not shut off from the outside world very long but our neighbors only a mile away at the top of the lane have to come down on snowshoes with a toboggan to get supplies."

Dorothy Ellingwood McLane, '04, recently issued a most attractive booklet about her new camp "Grey Rocks" at the head of Newfound Lake at East Hebron, New Hampshire. Dorothy has had a number of years experience at head of the Sargent Camp for junior girls at Peterborough and this summer will conduct her own camp for girls of six to eighteen years. Her address for the winter is Goffstown, New Hampshire.

Ruth Lowell Youngs writes: "As soon as it is possible to get a house in Orons we intend to move there, for the longer my husband is treasurer at the University of Maine the more there seems for me to do. . . . Maine is finding a great deal of trouble with the coal question and I for one have turned to soft coal, but it is the worst sort of fuel for a hot-air furnace and we have found the dirt most trying so that we all look forward to the resumption of hard coal mining."

Eleanor Bell Stuart, '14, has sold her home in Lowell and she and her husband went to California in March where they expect to make their home henceforth.

Katherine Jennison Dunton, '16, has moved from Shawsheen Village to Winchester, Massachusetts, where she and her family have taken a house at 130 Forest Street. "But I still retain the presidency of the Shawsheen Women's Club so make frequent trips back for committee meetings."

Joan Buckminster Martindale with her mother and sister sailed recently on the Mauretania for Naples and the Mediterranean Cruise.

Helen Obenaus Lawrence, '20, spent the month of March at her old home in Albany. "After April first I shall have a new address for we have bought an adorable house in Westfield, New Jersey. Recently my husband, baby and I spent a happy day with Virginia Tutwiler Hoshor, '21, and her family. Our new home is 760 Fair Acres Avenue, Westfield."

Katherine Wilson, '23, writes: "I am just back from a trip to New York to buy my trousseaux and to see Jack off for he is taking his mother on a West Indies Cruise as she has been ill all winter. I am going to be married at home so that necessarily the wedding will be a small one."

Harriet Wilson, '24, is spending the winter in Florida and at present her address is Hotel Broward, Fort Lauderdale. "All last winter I worked in the children's room at the Muskegon Library while the rest of my family enjoyed themselves in the South but this winter I couldn't resist the temptation so that I resigned my position. Virginia Loewe, '25, was elected immediately to my place. . . . We spent a month in Biloxi, Mississippi and now we are visiting my sister who was married at Christmas time. Yesterday we went to Coral Gables for the day and lunched at the widely advertised Venetian Pool where Paul Whiteman plays, and tea-danced at the Miami Biltmore. Afterwards we went to the Golf and Country Club at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, where I got a great thrill out of meeting and conversing with Elsie Janis. She is as sweet to talk to as she is clever. . . . I saw my first horse race recently at the Miami Jockey Club and, dare I confess it? had beginner's luck in first betting lesson! While I was in Biloxi I met Barbara Ball, '22, who stayed for only a day after bringing her grandmother down before she returned to her college work. When we return in April we shall have a new address in Muskegon, 453 Webster Avenue, the same house but streets have been renumbered recently."

Dorothy Sebastian, '21, writes: "Our trip last summer was wonderful and Europe was all that I ever anticipated. England was my favorite, perhaps because we went there last and I was so tired of stammering the few words I knew of French and German! . . . We have been in California since Thanksgiving.

We visited my sister first in Hollywood but in January came to the Desert Inn at Palm Springs. The town is an attractive place on the desert and surrounded by mountains. I love it and I have decided that there are many places in the United States more beautiful than Switzerland. There are many interesting people staying here, John Galsworthy, William McAdoo and Mr. Crane, our ex-minister to China. . . . I ride horse-back every morning and in the afternoon just sit in the sun and read or sew while at night we get ten hours sleep. Mother and I have both greatly benefitted by our stay but I shall not be sorry when we start for home April first."

Dorothy Le Butt writes: "I was very busy practicing for my piano lesson when the Alumnae Bulletin arrived but I forgot everything until I had read it straight through! For it did seem so good to read about so many friends. I do enjoy the work at the Conservatory for all that it keeps me so busy and I hope the end of the year will show a corresponding degree of improvement."

Helen Faber is in the New York City Library. "At first I was moved from branch to branch but at last I have succeeded in getting where I want to be, in the main library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. I am now in Room 100 doing cataloging and I actually have to use a typewriter fairly often though I had never seen one at close range before! Being a librarian has its disadvantages for I have to leave home at seven-thirty and not return till nearly twelve hours later but I do enjoy the work."

Elizabeth Warren, '25, writes from Smith that in addition to her regular Freshman work she is taking a brief typewriting course at the Northampton Commercial College two nights a week.

Carol Martin, '25, has the honor of being chosen Freshman Tree Day Mistress at Wellesley this year.

Una Libby Kaufman and her son have organized the Double L Bar Company, Incorporated of Ishawooa, Wyoming which operates the Double L Bar Ranch as a vacation place and manages Horseback Pack Trips for groups of girls or boys as well as Big Game Hunting trips in season. Una with her family has been

spending her summer holidays for several years in sharing in similar trips so that they start their new company with a firm foundation of experience. The girls' section will leave New York July twenty-ninth and return September seventh.

Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, has been one of the busiest of the Alumnae since Christmas for as president of the Paint and Powder Club of Lowell this year she had charge of the annual revue given March eighth. She and Olive had two of the dances and Ellen Burke Daniloﬀ had the solo dance in *The Flame*. Participating in the various old-fashioned dances were a large group of the old girls and Rogers Hall husbands while Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, was in the playlet "*Low Bridge*."

March 1st, a son, Blanchard Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard Pratt (Laura Pearson, '14).

Esther Perham, '24, has been chosen as one of the Sophomore ushers for the Junior Prom in the Women's department of Brown University. This honor is conferred only upon students who have maintained a high standard of scholarship.

We are glad to report that the Freshmen at Smith, Vassar and Wellesley have come through the ordeal of mid-years successfully with the required number of hours of credit work.

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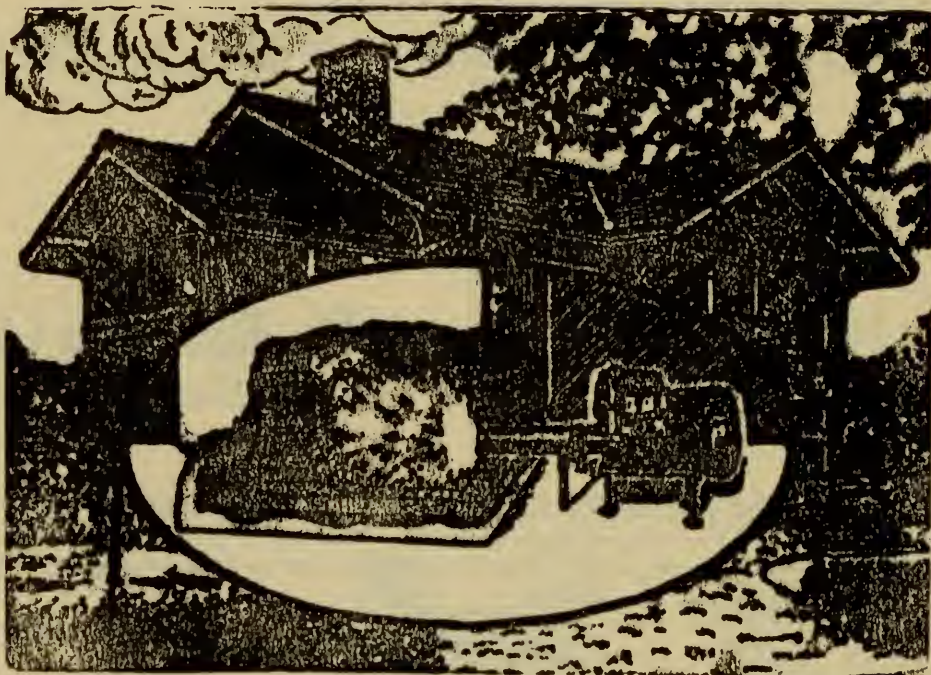
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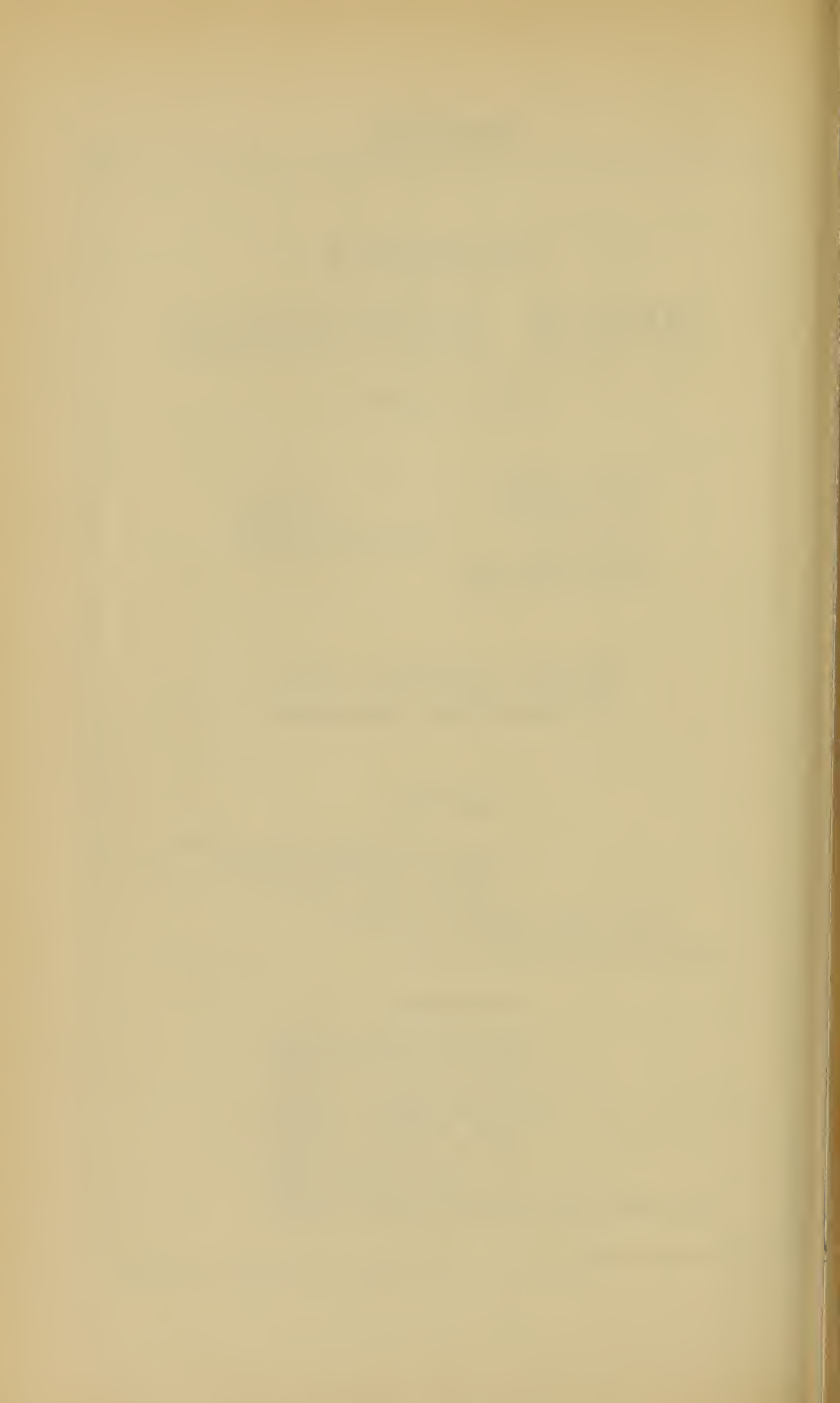
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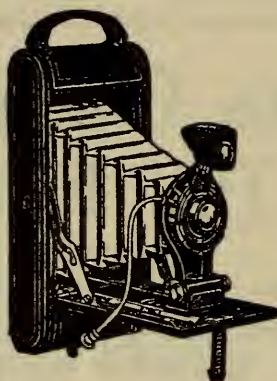
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Senior Section

School News

Alumnae Department



VOL. 35

JUNE, 1926

No. 3

AROUND THE CLOCK IN EUROPE

ROME

1-2 P. M.

Rome seems to be a good place to begin our twelve hours in Europe for we have here the seat of the ancient civilization which has influenced the entire world. One o'clock in the afternoon and Rome is in silence. There is a cloudless sky pierced by the burning rays of the sun; glaring pavements are unbearable and except from sheer necessity no person ventures forth. The staircase of Trinità de' Monti is an impossibility, the squares of the city are like furnaces. How the sun blazes in through every arch of the Coliseum; it would be death to cross the vast amphitheatre,—not a breath of air stirs within this mighty ruin. The Pantheon is alone unchanged for no heat however intense can penetrate that stupendous pile of masonry. As we go from ruin to ruin and square to square, we find that the spirit of Rome's antiquity permeates the very atmosphere at this deserted hour.

FLORENCE

2-3 P. M.

Florence presents no such picture of sadness and desolation as does Rome, but a most peaceful aspect. The deep, blue Arno steals noiselessly to the sea between the picturesque hills which are dotted with lovely villas, orchards and vineyards. This city is alive with memories of the Middle Ages, great dull stone palaces with their heavily barred windows are indeed impregnable, some of them seem hewn out of solid rock rather than the result of masons' labors. Beyond the shade of the Cascine a full military band fills the air with martial music, which brings crowding in upon the mind pictures of the strife of middle ages when Florence was the light of the world. The winding Arno with its nearby towers and domes and bridges of Florence seem to belong to a celestial vision rather than an earthly reality.

DEAUVILLE

3-4 P. M.

There is a long promenade overlooking the white sands of the beach which stretches out into an immense crescent bay of blue water. Everywhere is color in the gorgeous gardens, in the blue sky, in the deep hued, ever changing sea and in the clear white that apparently sears it when the wave crest breaks. Color, motion and soft strains of music stealing across the beach. The open air tables are filling fast, and the veranda and saloons of the ponderous hotel begin to hum with the advent of the afternoon idlers. On the terraces, the kiosks attract great groups of loiterers as do the attractive shops spread along the fashionable boulevard. The roaring surf has flung a glittering carpet upon the beach and the hotels and casino are at once the scene of activity.

LONDON

4-5 P. M.

Tea time and we find the *beau monde* gaily attired, out in search of a new tea house. Under this impetus the full tide of existence and humanity flows rapidly on in eager anticipation

of this happy hour. As we walk in and out between the tables of that most charming Al Fresco tea house, "The Ring Tea-House," we hear fragments of conversation and thus by merely catching the fly ends, we may learn a few of the things which London has in store for us. The music is very soft and low for tea hour is the time for intimate conversations and discussions and the hour which shows the difference between the English and the American; the Englishman who leisurely spends an hour over his tea while the American must hastily return only in time to dress for dinner.

INTERLAKEN

5-6 P. M.

Interlaken in the heart of Switzerland where the majestic Jungfrau raises her snow-covered head to the skies, is a spot of wondrous beauty. The horse races are going on, the chief event of the season on a race course of unequalled beauty in full view of the Jungfrau. We meet at every step faces we have seen before in Paris, London, in Vienna or Berlin. What a variety of types among the holiday makers who are walking and talking, discussing and slandering, hating or loving, seeking out or avoiding each other—groups from every country and nation are mingled here. Before us we have sleek, slender-footed, well-groomed horses pawing the ground, impatient to be off. They are ridden by jockeys in brilliant jackets and caps. Now the Swiss Cavalry comes on the field to give a hurdling exhibition. Soon people begin walking toward this Kursaal for delightful tea, music and dancing, the hour is gone.

TORQUAY

6-7 P. M.

Devon at twilight with the tide quietly ebbing away and the sky tinted with cool shades of rose and green. The palms and tropical plants stirred by the gentle breezes add much to the luxuriance of foliage. On the great beach, white against the red cliffs, are the sand artists, a thoroughly English institution. Modeled and carved in the moistened sand are castles,

animals, and human figures, some of them perfectly done but lasting only until the tide comes in. The walk is thronged with exquisitely gowned women and well-dressed men, for Devon is a mecca for society. Out in the harbor a red-sailed fishing boat flashes in and out between the grim warships. Darkness falls and people disperse to prepare for evening amusement.

AIX-LES-BAINS

7-8 P. M.

Sunset hour at Aix-les-Bains,—the lake is taking on the most delicate tints, steel gray and rose shot with faint blue. As we gaze, the colored light on the rocks changes and dies away. Then a white mist spreads slowly along the opposite shore of the lake, hiding the pretty smiling bays crowded with villas. As the sun sinks one no longer sees anything but a thin ray of light which makes one think of a brook of gold running in the middle of a field of roses. A few timid little stars come trembling to take their places as eyes of the night.

MUNICH

8-9 P. M.

The gloomy stone gates of the old city are lighted with thousands of tiny lights and across the dark parks are strung multi-colored lanterns casting weird shadows. The whole city has taken on a festival appearance for the annual Wagnerian celebration is beginning. The opera house appears to have renewed its youth under the spell of laughter and gaiety which pervades it. There we find a brilliant and charming gathering with representatives from nearly every country in the world. The gay dresses of the stunning worldlings who are walking in the foyer contrast strikingly with the dark columns and walls of the age old opera house. But the confusion is over and the first notes of the opera comes forth as silence reigns supreme.

CONWAY

9-10 P. M.

A silver ribbon of clear water winding its way to join the sea—a stately ruin on the hillside like a flower growing out

from a mass of dark leaves. All about are massive trees casting fantastic shadows across the narrow, twisting paths. The ruined arches are bathed in a silvery light which brings to life its broken statues. The old bridge, with its high towers and great chains like a draw-bridge of yore, seems in the light of the moon, cast from solid silver. Romance certainly lives once again at Conway castle at nine o'clock on a summer evening.

GENEVA

10-11 P. M.

The center of social life is the Kursaal or Casino and in the evening toward ten o'clock we find "tout le monde" assembled there. It presents a fascinating picture of cosmopolitan life with all its contrasts of type and toilette in the dazzling framework of the fairy-like illuminations. We hear fascinating bits of conversation from the evening gossipers gathered there. Outside, the great mountains in the light of the moon show unfamiliar summits and assume fantastic forms. Little boats are seen leaving the shore, quietly gliding out into the mystery of solitude and darkness. In the wake of the boats the stars are dancing like wild fire on the point of every wave. On the quay, too, couples are sauntering and talking in low voices as they disappear down the long vista into a quiet path. Sweet sounds of a Strauss waltz come from the Casino but soon all sounds are hushed for everyone goes to bed early in Geneva.

PARIS

11-12 P. M.

Theatres and café-concerts have emptied their audiences into a never ending stream on the boulevards and squares of Paris. The boulevards are gay, gleaming, brimming and confusing; sidewalk cafés are overflowing with gaily dressed people and the cabarets are filled with noisy revellers. If one would drive, there are cool-scented, dewy retreats beckoning one on; if one would dine, beautiful restaurants in dimly lighted gardens entreat one; Paris is a veritable land of heart's desire at any hour of day or night but particularly at the midnight hours when pleasure is king.

SPLINTERS

VENICE

MIDNIGHT

The last stroke of twelve has sounded from the great bell of St. Marks. Stars are sparkling everywhere in profusion, sown broadcast like flying dust of diamonds. The moon is like a magic mirror hung on a wall of sapphire inlaid with gold. We hear soft melodies, the sound of tinkling mandolins, and even the low tolling of a bell, from all parts of Venice. The scene of activity has changed from the canal to the Piazza with its mysterious shadows cast by lights about St. Marks and the tall Campanile like a silver shaft of light. And the cafés are crowded with the merry makers. Soon the light, laughter, and music die away and all is still. Our twelve happy hours have passed, twelve fleeting hours.

ELINOR CARMICHAEL.

THE OCEAN

An ever-changing
Never-ceasing roar,
Crescendo—diminuendo—
Crescendo once more,
Until its blue serenity
As shattered by a shoal—
Surging, groping, ever-striving
To attain its goal.
With a perseverance
Unsurpassed by man
It stretches far its fingertips,
Draws back and starts again.
We would not seek the answer
To that eternal desire,
For is it not the mystery
Which sets our souls on fire?

KATHARINE PRICHARD.

THE PROPHECY OF THAHN

Scene—A long, high, elaborately decorated room in which twelve men are seated at a long, narrow table. They are all beautifully clothed in bright colored jeweled garments. At the back of the stage is a high Gothic arch, through which a long avenue shaded by trees and a garden may be seen. At one end of the room, on a high dais, rests the ornate figure of a god. The King, seated in a tall, carved chair at the end of the table opposite the god speaks—

The King—Shall we call for the Guards to-morrow?

General (seated on the King's right dressed in a red uniform facing the audience)—Your Majesty, conditions in the country are uncertain.

King—What do you mean?

Court Minister (farther down the table)—There is no truth in that story. Let us have our siege.

King—General Akmos, what is the story?

General—It is rumored that they are possessed of great wealth, that they are stronger, and that their army exceeds ours.

One of the Ministers—Our army is stronger, have we not made great sacrifices to Thahn?

Minister—Your majesty, our spies returned from Oxara yesterday, they have carefully examined the country. King Drax, although still fearing us for our attack on their borderline, has not assembled a large army.

King—Let us call forth the guards and prepare for the attack.

General—Your Majesty, the people know of this rumor, they will not be in favor of the attack.

King—Am I to be ruled by my subjects?

Court Minister—We must make this siege to show who is ruler.

King—I shall call forth the guards. (He beckons to a sentry, writes on a parchment and dismisses him with it.)

King (To ministers who are silent)—We must all make sacrifices to Thahn in order that our campaign may be successful. Let each give what he values most. Perhaps there will be some sign from Thahn.

General—A sign—from Thahn?

Minister—Let us each sacrifice some valuable possession, and pray to Thahn for success.

King—To propitiate the god Thahn and win Oxara!

(The men file solemnly by the figure, the King goes first leaving his crown at its feet, the others, each pausing before the statue to pray, leaving rings, necklaces and gold. They pass slowly out and there is silence. A small boy and a girl appear in the archway, hesitate, and then come in, the boy pulling the girl by one hand.)

Boy—Don't be afraid—they have all gone. Did you ever see such pretty clothes? When I am a man I shall wear clothes like that. I—

Girl—I am afraid—we may do harm—we—

Boy—Look! look! (He picks up the crown and places it on his head, then darts back to the table.) I shall sit here where the King sat, (seating himself) and you may sit here (indicating the chair on his right into which the girl slowly climbs). We shall have guards and beautiful shiny garments—shouldn't you like that?

Girl—I should like that—the lovely glistening coats—

Boy—We shall have so many crowns that every little boy in the country may have one to play with.

Girl—And every little girl shall have a shining coat to wear.

Boy—The rugs are so soft and warm and the ceiling so high—I should like to live here always.

Girl—See, there are pictures on it—a—King—(both are staring at the ceiling)

Boy—This chair is sharp—it has points on it—(he slides down and approaches the statue of Thahn)

Boy—See, come here, so many pretty rings and necklaces to play with—I am going to put them into my pockets.

Girl—I should rather play in the garden—it is nicer.

Boy—You're afraid! (He is stuffing the jewels into his pockets—from one of which he pulls a broken toy soldier, which falls on the floor at the feet of the girl.)

Girl—You have broken the soldier—

Boy—These are much nicer to play with—the paint is coming off the—

Girl—Hark! Someone is coming! (She scampers away. The boy hesitates uncertainly, stuffs the last jewels into his pocket and follows the girl)

(The guards enter and stand solemnly at attention as the King, the General, and the Court Ministers enter)

The King—Let us send for the Captain of the guards. He—
(The King pauses in astonishment before the statue of Thahn—and the others come quickly forward)

King—The gifts are gone—Thahn has accepted our sacrifices.

Ministers—Thahn has taken the sacrifices—the gifts are gone.

General—(stepping quickly forward to pick up the broken soldier). What is this—Your Majesty? (he offers the toy to the King)

King—A soldier—clothed in red—battered and broken.

General—It is a sign.

Ministers—A sign—a sign from Thahn.

King—It is broken—we must not attempt the siege. (He hurries to the table and again writes—giving the parchment to a guard.) I have canceled my orders—we shall not call forth the guards. My subjects were right. Thahn has told me I should believe them.

General—We should have lost our armies, if Thahn had not sent us this sign!

King—Let there be feasting and sacrifices for Thahn. Let Thahn be praised.

MILLCENT ATWELL.

“Many a one thinks to pass as a genius by wearing the mask of Temperament.”

MIRIAM KELLAM.

A SUMMER EVENING

Venus hangs low in the purple west;
The south winds sweep over the alder crest.

From out of the darkness is sounded a prayer,
The hermit thrush is hidden somewhere.

The whip-poor-will calls from the slope of the hill;
The winds in the pines are whispering still.

Over the swamps the fireflies glide
To the gentle tune of the ebbing tide.

SALLY FAULKNER.

IMITATIONS

IN THE STYLE OF GALSWORTHY

Winter—winter and a cold wind blew across the river. The sun cast unmerciful streaks across the blinding snows and he passed his hand across his eyes. Winter—spring—he heard the drip, drip, of the fast melting crystal ice—hurried it sounded—“if winter comes, can spring be far behind?” He would stop now, and rest his weary body. There by the river in the hut, he would rest, looking out over the purple valleys into the land beyond—just for a moment—then he would go on. The world was beautiful and new life was coming from under a frozen earth—everything new, fresh, starting all over again. There in the distance came the shrill cry of an eagle but he did not stir. Drip—drip—the snow melting in the sun splashed across his face, as two big tear drops, but he smiled—and the ice in the river slowly moved outward and onward to the open sea.

PRISCILLA BALL.

IN THE STYLE OF CONRAD

An enthralling silence seemed to brood over the entire world. Motion, of the blue waters, waters so blue as to appear almost black, but without the harsh brilliancy of black, was so slight as to be almost imperceptible. Just a slow, indefinite flutter across the still, dark surfaces. The blue-purple sky joined the sea at the horizon, which seemed to encircle the whole universe, to be lost in a gradual blending of sky and water. A tiny moon, resting like a curled golden leaf upon a deep pool, floated motionless in the dark sky. Stars seemed to be leaning closer to the sea, as if vainly attempting to unify the earth. A huge, vague cloud floated slowly over the curled leaf of the moon. With its passing from sight, the stars seemed to draw themselves farther away, the heavens became more remote and a thing distinct from the sea. A heavy silence thickly spread, and filled the vast gulf between the sea and the sky.

MILLCENT ATWELL.

IN THE STYLE OF TENNYSON

Poet of pure and flawless workmanship,
Whose self-restraint and patience did endure
Until the height Perfection did procure
For him deep praise from every lip.
Who on his utmost yearnings fixed his grasp;
And had prophetic vision to declare
That life is fair to those who only dare
To cling to one ideal and never slip.
A spirit who has gained immortality—
Whose gift to mankind will forever last.
Who taught a perfect love for his country,
Maintained the best traditions of the past.
Whose constant trust of the great God of Love
Gained highest inspiration from above.

ELINOR CARMICHAEL.

IN THE STYLE OF HARDY

The clear blue celestial sky above spread over the distant, purple mountain. The clouds were bathed in the colors of the dying sun, now purple, now pink and now white. The mountains reflected these colors on the earth below and the grass and trees took a beautiful somber hue. Gradually the very air seemed to catch on fire and the cool breeze caught it up and carried it on. In the distance a form slowly rose. It seemed weak and yet how could it be with the earth a festival of colors and heaven even more beautiful. The form tottered—it was a man. He clutched the air for support but finding no help he slowly raised his hands to God and sank lifeless to the cold ground—the sun was gone.

J. HELEN SPRAGUE.

IN THE STYLE OF WALPOLE

“Gran’ma, will you really an’ truly put this block in your quilt?”

“Oh, yes, indeedy.”

The very little girl looked with pride upon the crumpled squares of deep purple and red cloth which she was sewing together with long clumsy stitches. She was six years old and just now looked very small sitting in gran’father’s big rocker with her little legs sticking out straight. It was one of the two chairs with great high backs which were always kept by the coal-stove. One was covered with a soft, red cloth and the other with green. Plush, Gran’ma said it was. The little girl was tired of sewing and her eyes traveled around the familiar room very quickly. It was dark and cold looking back of her. The parlor beyond the heavy red curtains must be very cold indeed. But it was warm near the huge stove with its many red eyes, its shiny body, and its long black pipe which went right through the ceiling to that mysterious land of upstairs. Gran’father with his hat on sat in one of the kitchen chairs, his feet up on the stove. He was very, very old and knew about everything in the world. He always read a funny little book which told when it was going to rain and when the moon would

be big and round with a face in it. Gran'ma was sitting in her green chair sewing little squares, too. She had bright eyes like beads and many, many wrinkles in her face. Sometimes she had rows of nice white teeth and sometimes she didn't have any at all. She knew a great deal about the world but not so much as Gran'father.

"Land sakes, child! It's 'most dinner time an' you better be gettin' home as fast as those little legs kin carry you."

"I'll come again," said the little girl, wriggling out of the big red chair.

MIRIAM KELLAM.

A SAND DUNE

A tall, yellow mound of shadowed sands
Points toward a bright tranquil sky.
Topped with dark clusters of green, it stands
A prey for all winds—since years gone by.
At its foot is a mass of blighted trees
Half buried in dust. But beyond, the view
Of a glorious stretch of open seas
Flashes with silver and with blue.

EMILY HUSSEY.

A FAMILY DINNER

Dinner was almost over. The sun was vainly trying to shoot a few dying rays into the dining-room; not being successful it slowly gave up all attempts and sank into the west. This was the cause of a heated discussion at the table.

"Mother, I don't see why I can't go out and play; it isn't dark yet."

"How many times have I told you that you can't go outside after dinner?"

"Well, John's out and so are Jean and Lester, but you won't let me go."

"That doesn't make any difference—you can't always do what they do."

"Well Jean can go—why can't I?"

"Jean is just twice as old as you are—when you're her age you can go out too. That settles it, don't say anymore!"

"Mother, pardon the interruption, but how about that dress?"

"Jean, you keep still, I was talking to Father."

"Aw go on, you've talked too much already."

"Mother, make her keep quiet, she's got enough dresses already. I need one myself!"

"Both of you keep quiet, we can't eat any meal in peace."

There was silence for a few minutes. Suddenly Jean's eyes happened to meet Peggy's.

"Mother, make Jean stop looking at me, she's always making faces."

"I was not, if you hadn't been looking at me, you wouldn't have seen anything!"

"Mother, make her stop!"

"Both of you stop it, Jean you ought to know better, what do you expect from an eight-year-old child?"

"She's nothing but a big baby."

"I am not, you think you're smart, just cuz you're a little older than I am. And you always blame everything on me. You treat me like a dog. Some day I'll run away and never come back, then you'll be sorry!"

"Pipe down—here's one that wouldn't be sorry."

"Now you stop it, I can say what I want to when I want to and it's none of your business, besides I can do what I want to—this is a free country!"

"What do you know about it?"

"It says so in my geography."

"Say, if you know so much, why don't you teach school?"

"There's the door-bell—if it's your beau I betcha I'll tell him a few things while you're dressing."

JEAN PETERSON.

THE EVENING WIND

The sun sinks low beyond the western hills,
 Bright colors stream across the dark'ning sky,
 And now the evening wind comes o'er the fields
 And drifts across the meadows with a sigh.

Twilight and starlight, then the evening wind,
 Returning from a trip beyond the sea,
 Have you in eastern gardens ever strayed
 And thus brought tales of wonder home to me?

Perhaps you've lingered over Egypt's towers,
 And whispered to the guardian of the sands;
 Received the benediction of the Nile
 Then sped away o'er other foreign lands.

Or maybe as your pace grew tired and slow
 You marked historic ruins on the Rhine.
 Or have you tarried over forests dark
 And breathed a lullaby to the tallest pine?

Oh wind that greets me like a wand'ring friend,
 Pervaded with a fragrance from the east—
 Just come to rouse in me sweet memories,
 And dreams of love and romance from the west.

ELINOR CARMICHAEL.

“No credit is returned for unused Talent.”

DOROTHEA HELT.



AT ROGERS HALL

JUST A DAY IN THE WEEK

Br-ring! I leap vehemently on the floor, simultaneously calling the wrath of the gods to descend in their full force upon bells that ring. I rush about in madness and even as I do it occurs to me how utterly inconsiderate and unrefined it is of bells to ring. I reach the conclusion that the heavenly Paradise will without doubt contain only silent bells amidst its choirs of angels, at precisely the same moment that my tooth-brush sends out its call to my sturdy molars. The restricted divinity of bells having been thus determined, further study into the etiquette, manners, and habits of these implements is disturbed by a sleep-thickened voice saying, "They're going in!" That call—inevitable—unresistable! To it came girls, girls, girls,—all in a hurry and all in my way. The tragic thought of tardiness—and its penalty! I *must* be on time—oh dear! Have they sat down yet? I hasten my footsteps, completing my toilet "en route"—Ah! I am here at last! I trip on an untied shoe lace and sink into my chair gasping for breath.

Breakfast. A process of awakening and an unconscious possession of one's soul—temporary however; for, as my coffee burns my throat the thought of last night's tired feeling and unfinished work draws me like a magnet. I rush from the dining room.

To do one's work—to tidy one's room. Deeds each duly requiring long hours and twenty minutes left! "A game of catch? Come show your spirit!" How ragged that feeble spirit will be! Another bell— Too near on time. It is not proper to be prompt so early in the morning. Something must be done about those bells. They shove, they push, they drive me on from class to study, to music, to class— Am I here? or there? What, luncheon already? But I am hungry. Mail—mail—will luncheon never cease?

Thank goodness I was on time for breakfast—no mail—oh well there really was no desire for it. A meeting? and I haven't half prepared my first class.

Two-thirty is here and work is over for a while, that is to say—*study*. A more strenuous task awaits—baseball—there, hit that one—heavens, the ball is coming right for my head. I remember that boy who was killed—but we're only on the field long enough to get fully, completely and entirely fatigued when swimming summons us. No time to get in comfortably. The arduous procedure of wetting one's fair form requires all of the speeding seconds not consumed in an attempt to exhaust one so that one drowns from lack of interest.

A bell for study hour. Arousing a still deeper feeling of weakness—of utter inability to go on at last—I fear the time has come when it is no longer possible for my physical being to be regulated by a bell. I am a mere feeble shell of a machine lacking ignition—but then—it goads me, challenges me, brings me up short and I rise wearily—to study—a bath and dinner—a frantic half hour of dodging tennis balls and I am again fortified for my evening session. Studies—studies—studies. Will they never reach an end?

But with a joy in my heart I hear the clicking of glasses on a tray with milk and crackers to sustain me—I am strong once more—happily, heartily strong. A small flicker of the indomitable youth in my soul flares up in revolt—even as my tired body touches the bed. It is almost with relief that I hear that last warning—Br-ring!

KATHARINE PRICHARD.

THE STUDY HALL PROCTOR

Some of us are blessed with ability to make others mind, and some of us are not. One in particular is the type that desires absolute silence in the room. She sits in her dignified position like one who is waiting should worse come to worse. Her short boyish bobbed hair is severely drawn over her ears so as to allow all sounds to penetrate. Her horned rimmed glasses are brought down to a saucy tilt on the tip of her tiny nose. Her brown eyes peer over the top of her glasses as her “schoolma’m” expression searches the room for an occa-

sional whisper. She raises her hand and lightly touches the bell with her pencil. She evidently is not satisfied for her lips take a tight expression and her eyes radiate sternness from every curve. She lays the pencil down and her hand is brought into contact with the bell. She settles back with an air of one who has performed a very important task and once more scans the silent room—all is quiet.

J. HELEN SPRAGUE.

STUDY HALL

Silence—the ticking of the clock heard in the stillness—heads bent over volumes—rustle of a turning page—violent erasing of some disastrous mistake—a smothered laugh from the far corner of the room. The atmosphere changes—a daring voice raised—“Oh! do you really think so, why—” the alert eyes of the cruel councilor sweep the room with a freezing glance. Quiet again—the sociable scratch of a pen as it races with the seconds—the thud of a falling book—voices that cannot be controlled—“And I said to him that—” Abrupt silence—everyone is lost in deep thought—the councilor’s wrath is rising—a mutual sigh is heard—creaking of the chair as one tries to find a comfortable position. All eyes towards the door—someone is coming in—a telegram—a worried look comes over the various faces—could it be for me! An uneasy feeling stirs the room—restlessness—the hands seem to amble over the face of the clock—amo—amas—why doesn’t the time go—amat—ten more minutes—one decides not to work any more—starts looking around—only to find others have the same idea. Eyes stray to the windows—spring—flowers—the new grass and green trees—thoughts wander far from Caesar and his Gallic Wars—scenes change—new faces appear—a red dress glistening with rhinestones—why didn’t that letter come yesterday—should I let my hair grow or cut it again—what’s that? The bell— Oh! yes, French class next—and the world goes on.

MARGARET KIP.

SKETCH

Slowly she walks down the aisle. Her face is paled by lack of sleep. She seems to be saying, "Oh, why must I do it? It means so much and I just know that I shall forget the lines." She finally reaches the front and turns to the sea of faces. Her staring eyes and blushing cheeks belie the forced composure of her smile. A frantic look—her lips move but there is no sound. The hand that is holding the notes comes up only to be pushed resolutely down. At length those longed for words are remembered. She speaks a full three minutes and with an audible gasp of relief, she almost runs back to her seat.

She is a member of Miss Parsons' Current Topics Class.

FAYETTA AUDETTE.

ROGERS HALL ON SATURDAY MORNING AT PAGE'S

Fur coats, leather coats, old coats, new coats, scarfs, felt hats—bundles, boxes and more bundles.

The scrape of chairs on a tiled floor, and "My room-mate been in here yet? I left her at the Bon Marché about an hour ago. Tell her I'll meet her at—" "Club sandwich and a fudge ice-cream puff. You'll have to lend me —" "I got the most adorable shoes, only paid—yes, with pecans please." "My dear, that hat will be stunning with— I think I said butter-scotch and almonds didn't I?"

"Oaklands car is here!"

Dire confusion and—

"I haven't paid yet!—take these boxes, will you, quick, before I drop 'em!"

A whirl of revolving doors and last visions of struggling damsels.

"Hold that car—oh, wait for—!"

DEBORAH TRULL.

"A soft road makes walking hard."

PRISCILLA BALL.

WHISTLER HOUSE

On Worthen Street, Lowell, in a prim, trim, Puritan faced old New England house, James McNeil Whistler, prominent artist, obtained his first glimpse of the world. On the left of this unimposing musty-colored house, a very beautiful Lombardy poplar stands guard. Upon entering this dingy dwelling we are struck with the simplicity of its furnishings. There is scarcely any paint on the uncarpeted floors or straight, simple, colonial staircase. Against the background of faded blue paper hangs David Neal's, another one of Lowell's artists, most celebrated painting, that of Mary Stuart's first meeting with Rizzir. The room at the right is dedicated to the memory of James B. Francis, second chief engineer of the Locks and Canals system of Lowell. Above the dark old fashioned grate hangs a large portrait of Mr. Francis, and at either side of the mantel piece is a small picture of Whistler done by himself. Most important of this collection is the fine copy of the well known portrait of the artist's mother. The original of this hangs in the Luxembourg at Paris. A number of fascinating etchings, one of Chelsea, some few of English docks, and several people, attract the attention of a visitor.

The house itself is not very prepossessing. The paper and furnishings are not copied from the original but it seems as though it never could have been a very attractive home. Its fine collection of pictures redeems it from being commonplace, and its associations make it a worth while place to visit.

The famous Whistler was the son of Major George W. Whistler, first chief engineer of the Locks and Canals of Lowell. He was especially noted for his beautiful picture of his mother, his exquisite etchings of the Thames river and for his splendid representations of the glories of night. It seems strange that such a genius and so great a lover of the beauties of this world should have come from an early environment of prosaic plainness.

FRANCES B. CARMICHAEL.

JUNE

Roving over hill and dale,
 Skipping blithely down the vale,
Never ceasing, never tiring,
 Tiptoe fairies down the trail.

The soaring birds in azure blue,
 Darting, sailing, wing their way,
Eddying, drifting, suddenly shifting
 Till the end of the sunny day.

The trees sway ever gently,
 Fleecy clouds drift to the tune
Of eternal gayness—
 'Tis the mystic month of June.

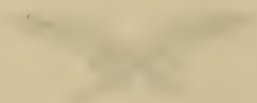
JANET WEBB.



Senior Section



1846





MILLCENT ATWELL, Middletown, Connecticut—"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind." Kava Club, Sub Hockey Team '24, Hockey Team '25, Pageant '25, "Splinters" Board '25, '26, Prom Committee '26, "Sherwood" '26.

MARY W. BAILEY, Berlin, New Hampshire—"Laugh and be fat." Kava Club, Council '25, '26, Hockey Team '25, Sub Baseball Team '25, Swimming Team '25, Pageant '25, Athletic Committee '26, Basket-ball Team '26, Baseball Team '26, Sub Swimming Team '26, Sub Tennis Team '26, French Club '26, Glee Club '26, Prom Committee '26, "Sherwood" '26.



PRISCILLA BALL, Athol, Massachusetts—"The pen is the tongue of the mind." Cae Club, Council '25, '26, Dramatic Club '25, Glee Club '25, Sub Basket-ball Team '25, Hockey Team '25, Swimming Team '25, '26 Captain, Athletic Committee '26, Basket-ball Team '26, Baseball Team '26, Sub Tennis Team '26, Editor-in-Chief of "Splinters" '26, President of Literary Club '26, "R. H." '26.



CAROLINE L. BOURNE, Pontiac, Rhode Island—"A good name is better than precious ointment." Kava Club, Pageant '25, Council '26, "Sherwood" '26.



ELINOR CARMICHAEL, Lowell, Massachusetts—"We meet thee like a pleasant thought." Cae Club, Hockey Team '25, Council '25, Prom Committee '25, Dramatic Club '25, '26, Pageant '25, Athletic Committee '26, Sub Basket-ball Team '26, Sub Base-ball Team '26, "Sherwood" '26.



CONSTANCE CLEAVELAND, Ionia, Michigan—"Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul." Cae Club, Hockey Team '22, '23, '25, Hockey Team Captain '25, Baseball Team '23, '26, Basket-ball Team Captain '24, Basket-ball Team '23, '24, '26, Athletic Committee '24, '26, Sub Swimming Team '26, Sub Tennis Team '26, Song Leader '24, '26, Senior Play '23, Dramatic Club '26, "Sherwood" '26, President of French Club '26, Council '24, '25, Advertising and Literary Board of "Splinters" '24, '26, Honorable Mention for R. H. '23, "R. H." '26, Athletic Medal '26.



MARY DORWARD, Worcester, Massachusetts—"We use great plainness of speech." Kava Club, Council '25, Hockey '25, Sub Tennis Team '25, Pageant '25, Base-ball Team '25, '26, Glee Club, '26, French Club '26, French Play '26, "Sherwood" '26, Tennis Team '26.



MARGARET J. EVANS, Youngstown, Ohio—"Happy am I; from care I am free." Kava Club, Sub Hockey Team '25, Prom Committee '25, Council '25, '26, Pageant '25, Dramatic Club '25, Sub Basket-ball Team '25, '26. Literary Club '26, "Sherwood" '26.



FLORENCE GANSON, Petersham, Massachusetts—"There are souls that dwell apart like stars." Kava Club, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, Glee Club '26, "Sherwood" '26.



ALYCE HALL, Winthrop, Massachusetts—"Infinite riches in a little room." Cae Club, Glee Club '25, '26, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, Operetta '25, Literary Club '26, Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.



NANCY HAWLEY, Lowell, Massachusetts—"When looks were fond and words were few." Cae Club, Pageant, '25, Sub Hockey Team '25, "Sherwood" '26.



DOROTHEA HELT, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts—"A sunbeam on a winter's day." Cae Club, Dramatic Club '25, '26, Pageant '25, Glee Club '26, Literary Club '26, "Splinters" Literary Board '26, Chairman Prom Committee '26, "Sherwood" '26.



ELIZABETH HITCHMAN, Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania—"She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with." Kava Club, "Splinters" Board '24, '25, '26, Glee Club '24, '25, '26, Sub Hockey Team '24, Pageant '24, '25, Secretary and Treasurer of Council '25, Council '25, Hockey Team '25, French Club '26.



MARY ELIZABETH HOUSTON, Larchmont, New York—"Joy rises up in me like a summer's morn." Cae Club, Basket-ball '26, Base-ball '26, Sub Swimming Team '26, Sub Tennis Team '26, "Sherwood" '26.



KATHRYN JENKINS, Newtonville, Massachusetts—"The hearing ear and the seeing eye." Cae Club, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, Glee Club '25, '26, Literary Club '26, "Sherwood" '26.



EDITH KNAPP, Lowell, Massachusetts—"All the world loveth a lover." Kava Club, Swimming Team '23, '24, '25, '26, Base-ball Team '24, '25, '26, Basket-ball Team '24, '26, Hockey Team '24, '26 Captain, Tennis Team '24, '26, Council '24, '25, '26, Secretary and Treasurer of Council '26, Pageant '25, Mandolin Club '23, '24, Athletic Committee, Honorable Mention for R. H. '24, "R. H." '26.

MARIAM LINS, Fremont, Ohio—"Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear." Cae Club, Hockey Team '25, Glee Club '26, Council '26, Secretary and Treasurer of Council '26, Prom Committee '26 "Sherwood" '26.



DORIS MARTIN, Woodbridge, New Jersey—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness." Kava Club, Hockey Team '24, Swimming Team '25, '26, Hockey Team '25, Sub Base-ball Team '26, Pageant '25, French Club, Sherwood '26, Underhill Honor '26.



HELEN McLAIN, Massilon, Ohio—"Show us how divine a thing a woman may be made." Kava Club, Hockey Team '24, '25, Sub Basketball Team '25, Sub Swimming Team '25, Athletic Committee '26, Basket-ball Team '26, Captain, Swimming Team '26, Glee Club '25, '26, Dramatic Club '25, '26, Pageant '25, Council '25, French Club '26, Literary Club '26, Prom Committee '26, "Sherwood" '26.

HARRIET L. MEGATHLIN, Hyan-nis, Massachusetts—"Naught so sweet as melancholy." Kava Club, French Club '26, Glee Club '26, Dramatic Club '26, "Sherwood" '26.



LOVINIA PORTER, Niagara Falls, New York—"None but herself can be her parallel." Kava Club, President of Senior Class '26, Song Leader '23, '24, '25, '26, Senior Play '23, Glee Club '23, '24, '25, '26, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, President of Undergraduate Committee '25, Hockey Team '25, Athletic Committee '26, "Sherwood" '26.



KATHARINE PRICHARD, Lynn, Massachusetts—"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." Kava Club, President of Kava Club '26, Kava Cheer Leader '24, '25. Hockey Team '24, '25, Swimming Team '23, '24, '25, '26, Captain, Base-ball Team and Captain '26, Sub Tennis Team '26, Mandolin Club '22, '23, Glee Club '23, '24, Senior Operetta '24, Dramatic Club '25, French Club Secretary '26, "Splinters" Board '24, '25, '26, Council '25, '26, "R. H." '26, Underhill Honor '26.

VIRGINIA RUGGLES, Kingston, Pennsylvania—"Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Cae Club, President of Cae Club '26, Hockey '24, '25, Basket-ball Team '25, '26, Sub Base-ball Team '25, Sub Swimming Team '25, Tennis Team '25, '26, Base-ball Team and Captain '26, Swimming Team '26, Council '25, '26, Operetta '25, Glee Club '25, Pageant '25, French Club Treasurer '26, "R. H." '26.



MARGARET SHEPARD, Rochester, New York—"To beguile many, and be beguiled by one." Cae Club, President of Council '25, '26, Council '25, '26, Sub Hockey Team '25, Pageant '25, Glee Club, '26, French Club '26, Sub Basket-ball '26, "Sherwood" '26.



HELEN VIRGINIA STUART, Okmulgee, Oklahoma—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye may die." Cae Club, Hockey Team '24, Council '25, '26, Pageant '25, Glee Club '26, Cheer Leader '26. Dramatic Club '26, "Sherwood" '26.

MARGARET SWAN, Amsterdam, New York—"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone." Cae Club, Pageant '25, Council '26, Literary Club '26.



DOROTHY TREMBLE, New York City, New York—"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit." Cae Club, Secretary and Treasurer of Cae Club '26, Athletic Committee '24, '25, '26, Sub Hockey Team '23, Hockey Team '24, '25, Sub Basketball Team '25, Base-ball Team '24, '26, Basket-ball Team '26, Captain, Tennis Team '26, Glee Club '23, '24, '25, '26, Dramatic Club '23, '24, '25, Senior Operetta '23, Pageant '24, '25, French Club '26, Advertising Board of "Splinters" '26, "Sherwood" '26, "R. H." '26.



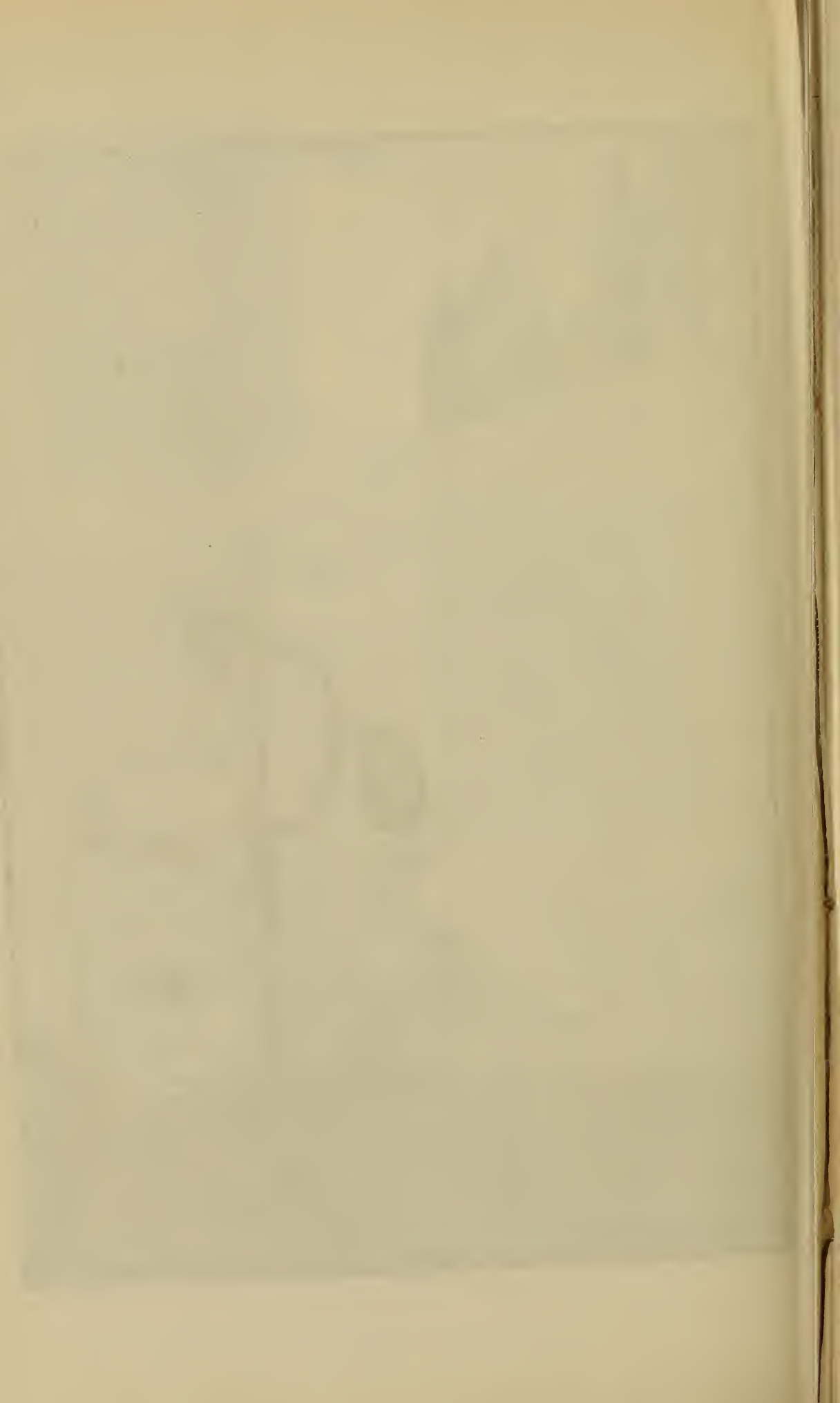
DEBORAH TRULL, Woburn, Massachusetts—"What comes from this quarter, set it down as so much gain." Cae Club, Vice-President of Senior Class '26, "Splinters" Board '25, '26, Council '25, '26, President of Council '26, French Club '26, Sherwood '26.

ELIZABETH T. TUCKER, Evanston, Illinois—"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." Kava Club, Pageant '25, Dramatic Club '25, Glee Club '25, '26, Secretary and Treasurer of Kava Club '26, Business Manager and Treasurer of "Splinters" '26, Typist for "Splinters" '26, "Sherwood" '26.



ELEANOR WILLIAMS, Danvers, Massachusetts—"The secret to success is constancy to purpose." Kava Club, Pageant '25, French Club '26, Glee Club '26.





JAIL RECORD

<i>Name</i>	<i>Sentenced for</i>	<i>Years</i>
Millicent Atwell	Being Artistic	2
Mary Bailey	Being Noisy	2
Priscilla Ball	Literary Ability	2
Caroline Bourne	Being Taciturn	3
Elinor Carmichael	Knowledge	2
Constance Cleaveland	Athletic Ability	2/3
Mary Dorward	Frankness	2
Margaret Evans	Dieting	2
Florence Ganson	Conscientiousness	2
Alyce Hall	Keeping Up in Literature	2
Nancy Hawley	Day Dreaming	4
Dorothea Helt	Being Cheerful	2
Elizabeth Hitchman	Loving the School	3
Mary Elizabeth Houston	Graduating in One Year	1
Kathryn Jenkins	Telephone Calls	2
Edith Knapp	Taking Days Off	5
Mariam Lins	Boosting Freemont	3
Doris Martin	Having Good Posture	2
Helen McLain	Eating	2
Harriet Megathlin	Graduating in One Year	1
Lovinia Porter	Advertising Shredded Wheat	4
Katharine Prichard	Being Versatile	5
Virginia Ruggles	Being a Good Sport	2
Margaret Shepard	Being Sweet	2
Virginia Stuart	Prom Trotting	3
Margaret Swan	Being Quiet	2
Dorothy Tremble	Being Reserved	4
Deborah Trull	Doing Math.	3
Elizabeth Tucker	Being on Every Food Committee	2
Eleanor Williams	Getting to College	2

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Millicent Atwell	Being an Amazon?
Mary Bailey	Being Underweight?
Priscilla Ball	Sewing?
Caroline Bourne	Leading Cheers?
Elinor Carmichael	Flunking Out?
Constance Cleaveland	In a Sanitarium?
Mary Dorward	High Jumping?
Margaret Evans	Not Getting Her "Specials"?
Florence Ganson	With a Boyish Bob?
Alyce Hall	On a Farm?
Nancy Hawley	In a Hurry?
Dorothea Helt	Being Athletic?
Elizabeth Hitchman	Being a Physical Director?
Mary Elizabeth Houston	Without Her Laugh?
Kathryn Jenkins ...	Meeting someone that she does not know?
Edith Knapp	Not Being in Love With———?
Mariam Lins	Using Two Syllable Words?
Doris Martin	Being Untidy?
Helen McLain	With Red Hair?
Harriet Megathlin	Noisy?
Lovinia Porter	Without Algernon, Abner and Xavia?
Katharine Prichard	Being her Age?
Virginia Ruggles	Without a Friend?
Margaret Shepard	Being an Orator?
Virginia Stuart	Being on Time?
Margaret Swan	Being Cross?
Dorothy Tremble	Being in Love?
Deborah Trull	Winning an R. H.?
Elizabeth Tucker	Without a Marcel?
Eleanor Williams	Being a Diplomat?

SENIOR ELECTIONS

The Best Looking	Elizabeth Hitchman
The Neatest	Doris Martin
The Best All Around Girl.....	Katharine Prichard
The Best Athlete	Virginia Ruggles
The Most Modest	Florence Ganson
The Most Talented	Priscilla Ball
The Hardest to Rattle	Deborah Trull
The Most Eccentric	Mariam Lins
The Wittiest	Lovinia Porter
The Best Natured	Margaret Shepard
The Most Capable	Elizabeth Tucker
The Most Prominent	Lovinia Porter
The Most Respected	Deborah Trull
The Most Original	Millicent Atwell
The Least Appreciated	Millicent Atwell
The Greatest Wire Puller	Alyce Hall
The Best Student	Katharine Prichard
The Most Useful	Elizabeth Tucker
The Laziest	Elizabeth Hitchman
The Biggest Bluffer in Class	Priscilla Ball
The Windiest	Mary Bailey
The Most Versatile	Elinor Carmichael
The Brightest	Katharine Prichard
The Most Promising	Deborah Trull
The Greatest Jollier	Lovinia Porter
The Best Dressed	Priscilla Ball
The Most Popular	Lovinia Porter
Done the Most for the School.....	Lovinia Porter
The Best Manners	Doris Martin
What Rogers Hall Needs Most	Privileges
The Best Dancer	Virginia Stuart
The Biggest Eater	Helen McLain
The Noisiest	Mary Elizabeth Houston
The Best Influence	Deborah Trull
The Class Baby	Katharine Prichard
The Best Figure	Helen McLain

SENIOR SONG

(To the Tune of "Moon Am Shinin'.")

"Hearts are tuned with sorrow,
Eyes are filled with tears,
For we leave tomorrow,
Friends we've loved for years.
As the days go by
We will e'er recall,
Joys and cares that lie
Here in Rogers Hall.
We are singing a farewell song to you,
With it bringing love and honor true.
Carry on this trust from friend to friend:
Cherish Rogers Hall until the end.

CLASS PROPHECY—1926

It is Founder's Day at Rogers Hall in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-six. Among the returning alumnae, we find the efficient Miss Hall of Johns Hopkins University, secretary of her class—now holding its tenth reunion here at the school. It is through Miss Hall that we obtain the news of our absent friends, for, although she has been far-removed from these neighborhoods, she has dutifully kept in touch with each and every one of us. We are so delighted that she and Miss Stuart, a fellow student and class-mate, should choose this opportunity for doing research work among the Cambridge buildings, else we fear the pleasure of their intellectual society would have been deprived us. Even now, as the events are about to commence we see an eager group around them inquiring for old friends. Mary Dorward (who is, by the way, the authoress of that new and interesting novel, "The Education of Our Children") is among the first to inquire, questioning the whereabouts of Mary Bailey and Elizabeth Tucker, both conspicuous by their absence. Alyce,

although following the contestants with eager eyes, (for who was more devoted to sport?) extends their regrets and adds that they both are exceedingly happy and prosperous, making quite a success of their Trapeze Act with Barnum and Bailey in the summer and Keith's Circuit in the winter. Standing beside Dutchie Dorward is Edie Knapp who has been keeping house for her mother since her divorce—and with her is Miss Pease' successor, Elizabeth Hitchman, now well established in our school faculty and such an enthusiastic guide to our young people in their study of Latin Prose.

Speaking of studies we are certainly disappointed to find that our Vice-President is unable to present her new religious views to us in their most favorable lights. Deborah has acquired thousands of followers and is erecting a stone church in South Woburn where she intends to preach. Little did we realize what great oaks our acorns would become! Look at our President herself—a world wide concert singer now giving pleasure to thousands of Czecho-Slavs as she tours the continent escorted by her accompanist and class-mate Heinie McLain. And dear old Mariam Lins, mayoress of Fremont and running for governor of Ohio! How busy Marg Shepard and her husband are campaigning for her!

But our reunion's census is brought to a temporary break while we take our places in the dear old dining room, to eat the traditional Field Day luncheon of lobster salad and ice cream. During luncheon Eleanor Williams and her assistant Ruth St. Denis came in, rather breathless—Eleanor's engagements have kept her so busy that she almost forgot her promise to pitch for the Alumnae in the Baseball Game. Ellie brings with her a letter from Ginny Ruggles to the effect that she has six classes today and finds it absolutely impossible to get out, even for a minute. Ginny, I am proud to say, is now the only living rival of Fanny Farmer and simply adores her work which reminded Allie Hall of several letters she had not read us.

There is one from Pat Ball happily married in Hollywood to a moving picture director and making exceedingly successful pictures, as often as the spirit moves her. Allie had writ-

ten to her inquiring for Thea Helt to which Pat gives us the startling answer that Thea is devoting herself assiduously to Social Service work in South Boston, but is so busy and interested that she prefers not to give us her address. Another from Libby Houston who has remained in Paris all these years and has rather successfully proven to them that America at least knows how to laugh. And one from Margaret Swan a kindergarten teacher in New York, who says she has seen both Flossie Ganson and Doris Martin recently. Flossie—fortunate girl, is now receiving several million a year, merely for sitting one afternoon a week in a museum; famous as the only living specimen of the human race with long hair; while Doris has been winning trophy after trophy in all the horse races throughout New Jersey. She is the champion Steeple Chaser of the State and it is all due to her College education. Our girls have gone far—far! And last of all a steamer letter from Elinor Carmichael in the act of conducting one of her sight seeing tours through Europe. She says she has run across two of our old class-mates, during recent travels in England, she met Peg Evans, secretary to the Dean at Oxford; and in Switzerland—who should her air mail carrier prove to be but Harriet Megathlin. Harriet by the way has won several medals through her skillful handling of her aircraft and we are righteously proud of her. And, oh, but of course you all know that Caroline Bourne and Nancy Hawley are conducting air expeditions to the South Pole—and such a fine trip it is too! (I took it myself—in my younger days.)

But we have dilly-dallied too long with our coffee and those of us who have not lived around these parts are anxious to see the apartments in the old Fort-Hill Park, the interior of which Dot Tremble decorated. Dot has just returned from a business trip to Florida but we know nothing of its import as she is, as usual, modest. The rooms are charming and we are so much pleased with the one she did especially for our Kipper, right on the street side of the house, always an advantage and so well-equipped for a sewing room. Kip you know, does all the girls dresses—and is really quite an expert seamstress. And too, Dicky Atwell's room—poor Dicky how

she's changed! A typical pudgy dowager with an insignificant much adored poodle! Every morning Dicky climbs to the top of Fort Hill with that poodle. Just to try to keep her figure down! But Connie—where is Connie! Some one asks and it seems that Connie is so busy on her ranch out in the west that she never has time to write any of us. I had a letter several months ago just full of love for the Open Spaces and God's Great Out-of-Doors. The ranch is run entirely by Camp Fire Girls and Connie says it's just like one big house party! And so the tenth anniversary of 1926 brings to light achievements, unguessed and even as we wonder in awe we must recall that deep within they are our same old Class-Mates.

KATHARINE PRICHARD (*Deceased*).

UNDERGRADUATE SONG TO THE SENIORS

Oh, you Senior Girls,
The time has come,
Time for us to say good-bye.
We shall always miss you,
Senior girls, so to-day we'll
Sing a song good-bye for—
Just a little song girls, for memory,
Just a few words of farewell.
And when the years roll by
And new friends you all will meet,
Just think once again of Rogers Hall,
Then all's complete.
Think of those old girls
You once left behind,
And of those who thought so much of you.
So let us as we part,
Sing from all our hearts,
Just a few words for our good-bye.

THE LOWELL TEXTILE SHOW

How exciting it is to be a senior! On April thirtieth a number of that group of fortunate girls, those who did not have to study for college papers, went to the Lowell Textile show, "Some Baby." The play was comedy in which strange situations effected mirth provoking results. We were entertained by the future textile workers' interpretation of our sex, and felt that the boys were very talented players.

Miner-Doyle Roseland Orchestra played between the acts but we could not remain to appreciate them after the performance.

SENIOR TEA

On May twenty-ninth, Mrs. Carmichael invited the entire Senior Class to tea. From the beginning, when we all bustled into private cars, to its end, the tea was greatly enjoyed. The Seniors will always remember it as one of the happiest events of the year, and we all sincerely thank Mrs. Carmichael for her generosity and kindness in entertaining us so agreeably.

COMMENCEMENT

LAST SENIOR SUPPER

The last Senior supper was held at Norcross on the Friday evening before Commencement. We could hardly realize that this was the beginning of the end of our school days, until we heard the voices of the undergraduates in their farewell song. They had come according to tradition to sing to us, and after we had responded, we showered them with forget-me-nots, candy kisses, and tears.

CANOBIE LAKE

In spite of ominous weather prospects, Rogers Hall resorted to its favorite means of transportation—the busses—on Saturday, and rode to Canobie. Revelling in the joys of childhood days the girls tried all the amusements offered: roller-coaster, whip, merry-go-round, aeroplane, et cetera; consumed a hearty luncheon, and at length returned,—from the last Rogers Hall picnic of the year.



SENIOR CLASS--1926

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Bishop Slattery honored us with his presence on Sunday at St. Anne's church, when he preached our Baccalaureate sermon. He impressed upon us God's close relationship with our work, and left us with many inspiring ideas.

CLUB ELECTIONS

Upon our return to Rogers Hall the Kavas and Caes met to vote upon their candidates for next year's presidencies. Those chosen were: Leona Schaddelee, Kava Club; and Mary Page, Cae Club.

STUDENTS' RECITAL

In the evening the students' recital was given in the gymnasium. The programme, which was an interesting one, was presented by the pupils of Mr. Heller, Mr. Doyle, and the Glee Club.

PROGRAMME

Netherlands Folk Song	<i>Kremser</i>
Love Song	<i>Lynes</i>
The Glee Club	
Allemande	<i>Beethoven</i>
Lucille Marks	
Hungarian Dance	<i>Brahms</i>
Katherine Clapp	
Ah, Love, But a Day	<i>Mrs. H. H. A. Beach</i>
Phoebe Lighton	
The Butterfly	<i>Hatch</i>
Miriam Kellam	
If There Were Dreams To Sell	<i>Ireland</i>
A Rainy Night Lullaby	<i>Hamilton</i>
Kathryn Jenkins	
How Softly Runs the Afternoon	<i>Woodforde-Finden</i>
Plantation Song	<i>Clutsam</i>
The Glee Club	
May Night	<i>Palmgren</i>
Janet Swan	

On the Levee (Creole Sketches).....	<i>Lemont</i>
Virginia Swan	
Consolation in E Major.....	<i>Liszt</i>
Virginia Bishop	
Open Thy Blue Eyes.....	<i>Massenet</i>
Laura Moran	
Hungarian Polka	<i>Alfody</i>
Shirley Coburn	
Le Cavalier Fantastique	<i>Godard</i>
Fayette Audette	
Valcik	<i>Mokrejs</i>
Katharine Prichard	
Londonderry Air—Sundown	
Czecho-Slovak Folk Song.....	<i>Arranged by Taylor</i>
The Glee Club	

CLASS DAY

Monday noon, the Seniors gathered around a long luncheon table which had been beautifully decorated with spring flowers by the undergraduates. In the center there stood a lovely pink-robed doll guarding small gifts, gentle insinuations which caused much laughter as their accompanying verses were read. Then a large cake was brought in to be cut by the president of the class, which, as Miss Parsons warned us, held portents of the future. At the close of the luncheon each Senior was presented with a stunning black envelope purse marked with the school seal in gold; and in expression of their thanks the class sang the farewell song once more. The undergraduates repeated theirs, and then all joined in the school songs.

We assembled in the school-room and amidst appreciative laughter our President and Vice-President read the Class Will and Prophecy. Then each Senior presented an undergraduate with a shrub. This was followed by the singing of the Cae and Kava songs, and the presentation by Miss Parsons of the club loving cups to the new presidents. The following honors were also awarded:

"R. H."

Priscilla Ball	Katharine Prichard
Constance Cleaveland	Virginia Ruggles
Edith Knapp	Leona Schaddelee
Dorothy Tremble	Mary Page

Cups

Individual winner of Field Day: Leona Schaddelee.

Best Cae, 1925-1926: Virginia Ruggles.

Best Kava, 1925-1926: Katharine Prichard.

"SHERWOOD"

"Poetry, romantic imagery, and exquisite effects of staging, costuming and lighting characterized the play, 'Sherwood or Robin Hood and the Three Kings,' as given last night in the gymnasium by pupils of Rogers Hall. The play by Alfred Noyes is one of the most ambitious that the school has attempted, and it was remarkably given . . ." The Lowell Courier-Citizen thus criticised the Commencement play which was presented on Monday evening under the skillful direction of Mrs. Moyer Tapp, who was assisted by Miss Louise Clark, Miss Mary Pratt, Mrs. Leonard French, Miss Carol Mills and Mr. William C. Hiller. The scenery was painted entirely by Miss Clark and one of her most remarkable achievements being the back-drop for the forest scene. A large number of the costumes were designed and executed by Miss Pratt and the scenes were enhanced in beauty by admirable effects in lighting under Miss Mills' clever direction. The incidental music by Mr. Heller and the dances originated by Mrs. French were most artistic.

The title role of Robin Hood was splendidly acted by Dorothy Mignault with Harriet Megathlin charming as his Maid Marian. One of the most difficult parts, that of the Fool, Shadow-of-a-Leaf, was skilfully interpreted by Dorothea Helt. The wicked Queen Eleanor and villainous Prince John were well portrayed by Mary Benger and Constance Cleaveland. The supporting cast was excellent. The entire performance gave evidence of the very careful coaching of Mrs. Tapp.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

Robin Hood, Earl of Huntington Dorothy Mignault

Outlaws:

Little John Laura Moran
 Friar Tuck Mary Bailey
 Will Scarlet Virginia Stuart
 Reynold Greenleaf Natalie Gardner
 Much, the Miller's son Mary Dorward
 Alan-a-Dale Phoebe Lighton
 First forester Jean Peterson
 Second forester Betty Saxe
 Third forester Ernestine Humphrey
 A messenger Gertrude Lighton
 Prince John Constance Cleaveland
 King Richard Fayette Audette
 Blondel, Minstrel to King Richard Phoebe Lighton
 Arthur Plantagenet, nephew to Prince John

Charlotte Howard

The Sheriff of Nottingham Virginia Woodworth
 Fitzwalter, father of "Maid Marian" Helen Sprague
 Oberon, King of the Fairies Helen McLain
 Titania, Queen of the Fairies Virginia Kern
 Puck Mildred Damon
 Shadow-of-a-leaf, a Fool Dorothea Helt
 Queen Elinor, mother of Prince John and King Richard

Mary Benger

Marian Fitzwalter, known as "Maid Marian"

Harriet Megathlin

Jenny, maid to Marian Lucille Marks
 Widow Scarlet Florence Ganson
 Prioress of Kirklee Lovinia Porter
 A novice Mariam Lins
 An abbot Margaret Shepard
 A knight Fayette Audette
 A serf Kathryn Jenkins

Peasants, suffering from the forest laws:

Florence Ganson	Carolyn Fountain
Miriam Kellam	Catharine Russell
Jean Peterson	Elizabeth Page
Millicent Atwell	Nancy Hawley

Elizabeth Tucker

The Maskers:

Margaret Shepard	Katherine Clapp
Mary Elizabeth Houston	Shirley Coburn
Geraldine Mathes	Elizabeth Foster
Deborah Grubb	Millicent Atwell
Margaret Kip	Janet Swan
Elinor Carmichael	Virginia Swan

The Fairies:

Millicent Atwell	Deborah Trull
Mary Clough	Doris Martin
Marion Andrew	Eleanor Goodyear
Janet Webb	Catherine Bagshaw

Laura Merrill

Retainers of Prince John:

Leona Schaddelee	
Dorothy Tremble	Caroline Bourne

Retainers of the Sheriff:

Gertrude Emmons	
Margaret Evans	Frances Carmichael

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

A beautiful day brought us to the last of our activities, the formal Commencement exercises. These were preceded by a reception in the charming drawing rooms of Rogers Hall. In the receiving line were Miss Parsons, Miss MacMillan, the wives of the trustees, the Alumnæ trustee, and the Seniors gowned in white and carrying lovely bouquets.

At ten-thirty the entire school formed a procession and marched slowly into the gymnasium which was beautifully decorated with gladioli and greens. The different groups in the school were preceded by the following marshals, each of whom carried a long stemmed rose: the undergraduates, Katherine Dyer; the faculty, Virginia Rogers; the special seniors, Margaret Kip; Miss Parsons and Miss MacMillan, Geraldine Mathes; the Seniors, Jean Peterson. The audience stood as the procession entered to the stately rhythm of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" played by Mr. Heller.

The Seniors took their places upon the stage, in front of a large arched window banked with greens; and after the prayer by the Reverend Arthur C. MacGiffert, the Reverend Appleton Grannis, President of the Board of Trustees, introduced the speaker, Mr. Lewis Perry, principal of Phillips-Exeter Academy.

Mr. Perry opened his address with several very humorous personal experiences, and then announced his subject as "Life Worth While." He said in part: "Cultivate yourselves by having a purpose. It is the purpose which performs the miracle, a purpose to which you are willing to devote your life. In the second place, I hope this class are going to believe in themselves. When your aspirations are highest, when you feel that you can do most, those are the minutes when you are really yourself. In the third place, do not be satisfied with your second best. Fourth, I believe that devotion to an institution, devotion to a school, to a college, is one of the finest things which you can have, for it leads on to still finer things which come after. And I think this feeling of noblesse obligé, which a girl has who comes to Rogers Hall, this feeling of loyalty to an institution, is one of the greatest things that a young person can have." Touching slightly upon the subject of religion he closed by saying, "If you can feel that your appreciation of beauty is a little keener, that your devotion to duty is a little surer, if you feel that your appreciation of what honor is, is a little stronger, then your school life has been a success. And remember that the prominent people are not always the significant people."

Lovinia Jeffrey Porter, president of this class, then presented its gift to the school, an orthophonic Victrola, which was accepted by Miss Parsons. The diplomas were given by Mr. Grannis and Miss Parsons not only to the thirty members of this class but also to those who had successfully completed one year at college, having taken a year of preparation at Rogers Hall.

Honors were awarded as follows:

Athletic medal to Constance Cleaveland.

Special prizes to Priscilla Ball, editor-in-chief of "Splinters," and to Elizabeth Tucker, its business manager.

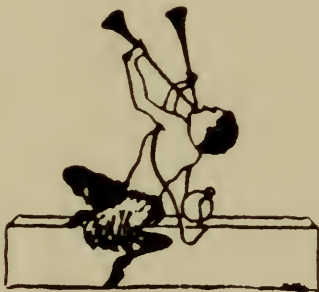
Underhill honors:

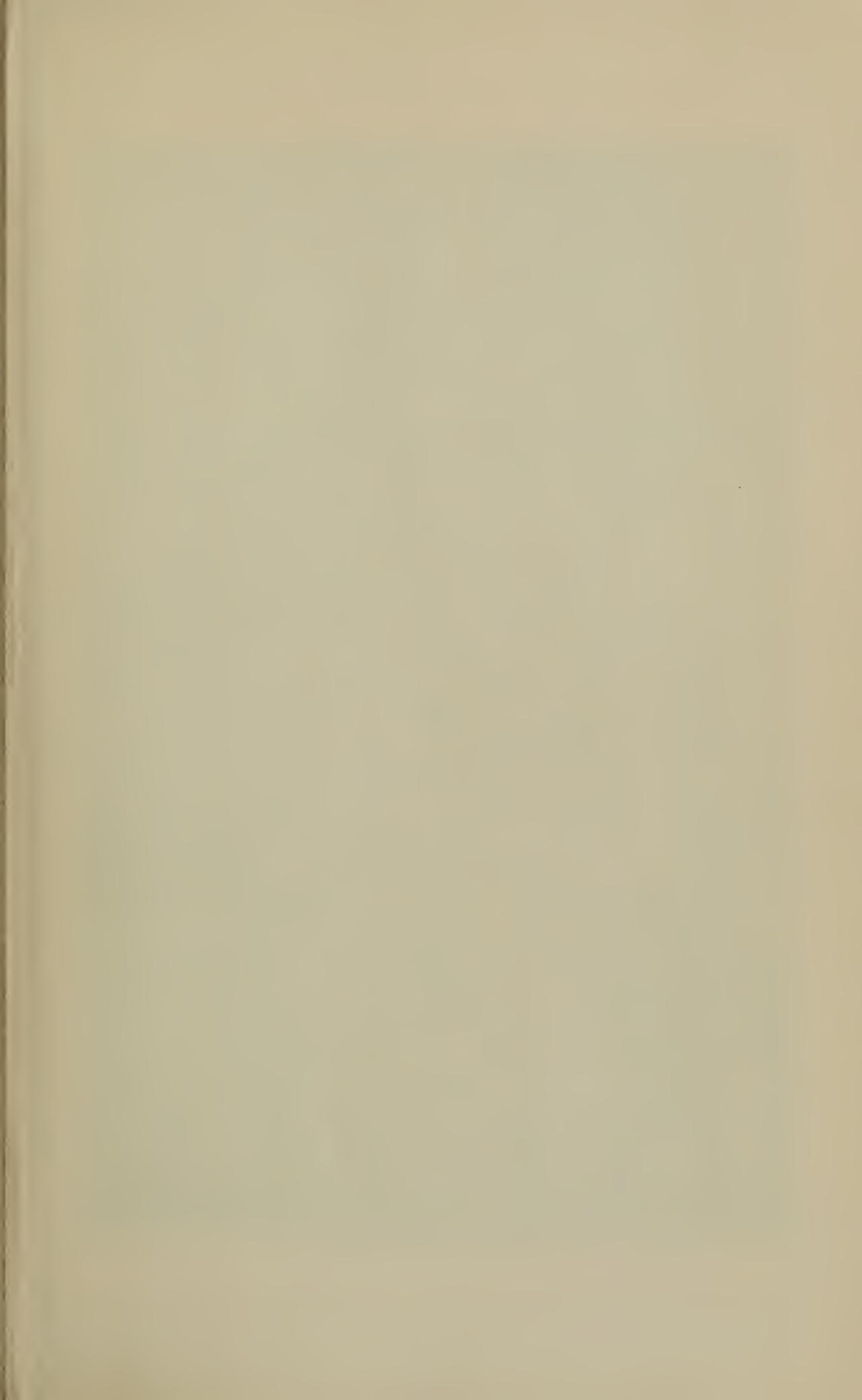
For highest scholastic standing: Millicent Atwell;

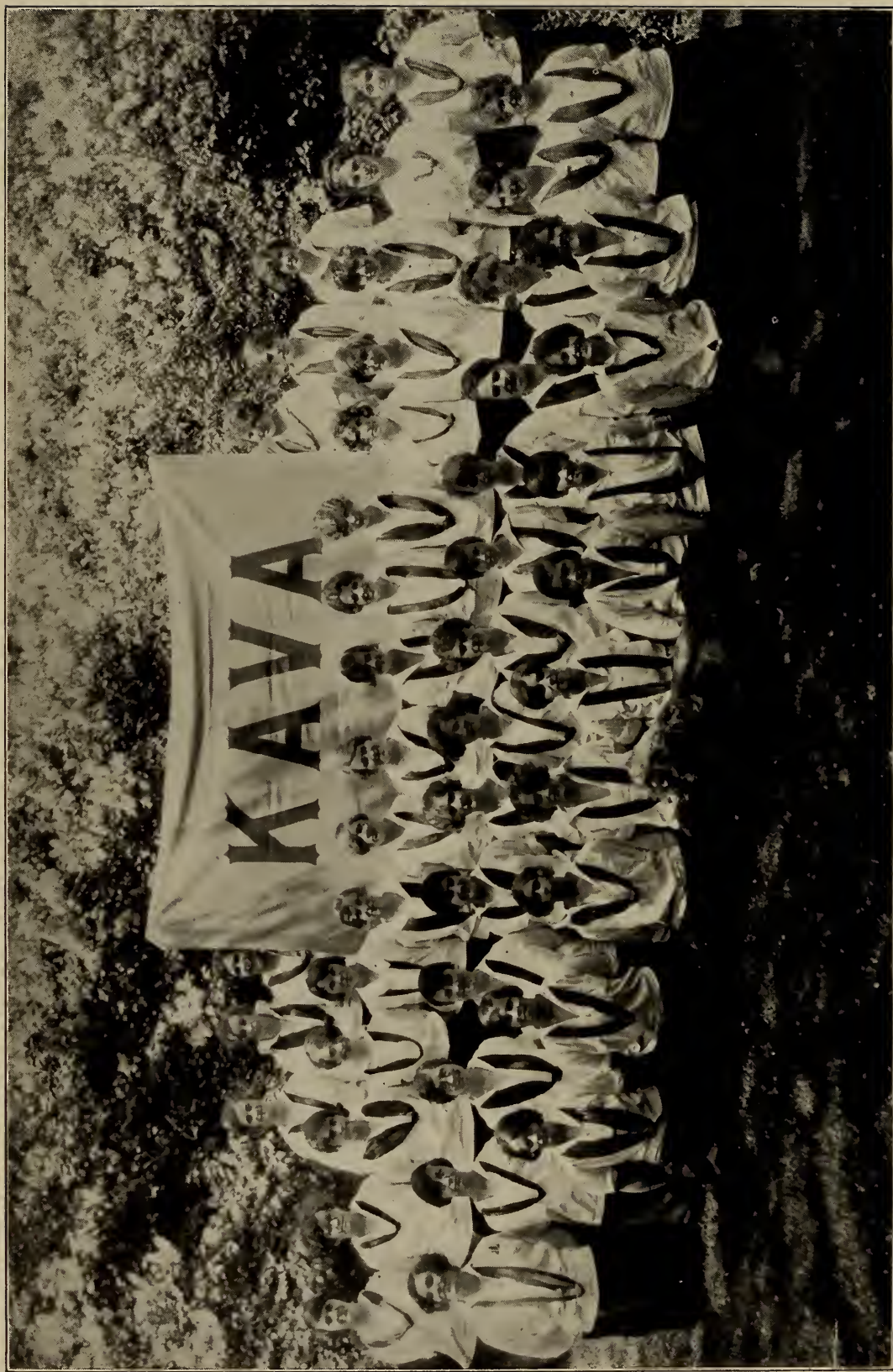
For excellence in College Preparatory Course: Katharine Prichard, Doris Martin.

Scholarship Honor List. An average standing of eighty-five per cent and above, the list given in order of rank:

Charlotte Howard, Lucille Marks, Florence Ganson, Elizabeth Carver, Mildred Damon, Constance Cleaveland, Dorothea Helt, Kathleen Widdicombe, Mary Bailey, Mary Benger, Elinor Carmichael, Miriam Kellam, Phoebe Lighton, and Virginia Rogers.







KAVA CLUB—1926

SCHOOL NEWS DURING SPRING TERM

THREE PLAYS

The evening before our departure for Spring vacation was the occasion for the presentation of three plays by the dramatic classes. These were "The Land of Heart's Desire," "Mrs. Pat and the Law," and "Mannequin and Minnequin." The latter, a delightful little sketch concerned with the love affair of two porcelain figures on a mantel-shelf, was charmingly acted by Natalie Gardner as Mannequin and Mary Elizabeth Houston as Minnequin.

"The Land of Heart's Desire," a play woven about the fairy folk-lore of Ireland, was remarkably well acted by the following cast:

Maurteen Bruin, a peasant	Dorothy Mignault
Shawn Bruin, his son	Constance Cleaveland
Father Heart, a priest	Margaret Kip
Bridget Bruin, Maurteen's wife	Elinor Carmichael
Maire Bruin, their daughter-in-law	Harriet Megathlin
A Fairy	Dorothea Helt

"Mrs. Pat and the Law," a play that was both humorous and pathetic, dealing with life in the tenement district, was splendidly acted by the following cast:

Pat	Laura Moran
Mrs. Pat	Mary Benger
Jimmy, their son	Virginia Stuart
Miss Carroll	Lucille Marks
John Bing	Helen McLain

THE FRENCH PLAY

On Saturday evening, March twentieth, we had the pleasure of seeing "English As It Is Spoken," presented by Made-moiselle Schleby's French class. The cast consisted of—

Mr. Hogson	Fayette Audette
Betty Hogson	Constance Cleaveland
Julian Cicondel	Mary Elizabeth Houston

Interpreter Harriet Megathlin
 Garçon Mary Bailey
 Cashier Phoebe Lighton

The play itself was extremely amusing and every part was well portrayed. It was a very decided success and Made-moiselle Schleby deserves great credit for producing it so skillfully.

THE GYM MEET

File after file, row upon row of black and white autom-
 atons, wheeling and turning, only one terse word of com-
 mand needed to move the whole. Cae and Kava again, friendly
 rivalry resulting in perfect unison of thought and action. Then
 super-agility, dexterous handling of well trained bodies which
 wound in and out and swung from perilous heights. Finally
 tumbling and laughing with flushed faces and loosened hair—
 games that take away all claims to composure and dignity.
 Oh, the adaptability of youth!

MR. GRANNIS' TEA

On a delightful Sunday afternoon of Spring term, the
 Rogers Hall girls were pleasantly surprised by an invitation
 to Mr. Grannis' home for tea.

After a few finishing touches here and there on the various
 new gowns donned for the occasion, we boarded the car. At
 the parish house we were cordially received by Mr. Grannis
 and several charming hostesses. During the tea Mr. Heller
 and Mr. Niccoli entertained us by some familiar songs and
 classical selections. Following this, Mr. Grannis took us to the
 rectory where he showed us innumerable old paintings and a
 few pieces of antique furniture, all of which he has collected
 himself.

Later in the evening, we also had the pleasure of listening
 to an organ and violin recital given in the church by Mr.
 Heller and Mr. Niccoli.



KATHERINE PRICHARD
President of Kara Club, 1926

MR. NICCOLI AND MR. HELLER

Sunday is Sunday—and once a month it is more than that in Rogers Hall for that often we are delighted by the charming music of Mr. Heller and Mr. Niccoli. The concerts this spring term have been particularly enjoyed and we regret that Mr. Niccoli's sailing for Europe necessitated their farewell appearance the ninth of May. This musicale was the best of the year. We wish the young violinist a "Bon Voyage" and a speedy return to Rogers Hall with Mr. Heller.

MR. HELLER'S LOWELL PUPILS

April twenty-fifth, brought us an unusual change in our Sunday night musicals, when Mr. Heller presented his Lowell pupils in our gymnasium. The pleasingly familiar program was played in a manner truly creditable to Mr. Heller's fine teaching. Two boys from St. Anne's choir gave an additional interest when they sang "My Curly Headed Baby" for us in their clear and unembarrassed voices.

MARBLEHEAD TRIP

On Saturday the 24th of April a large orange bus was seen streaking along the dark macadam roads towards Marblehead, Massachusetts. It was a bright and cheery looking orange bus—and so were its occupants bright and cheery. Onward they rushed—stopping only for luncheon at the old historic Adams House then turning across Marblehead Neck towards the open sea. There high rocks rose to confront the clash of the sea—flinging back in defiance upon its troubled surface a heavy spray. High in the blue sky white winged gulls circled and cried through the thin air and the waves rolled unendingly upon the curved shore.

Slowly the orange bus turned from the sapphire sea then once more raced its way along the winding highways toward Rogers Hall.

NORCROSS BRIDGE

Miss Mudge and her Norcross girls, always charming hostesses, entertained delightfully with a bridge party one Saturday evening in the beginning of this term.

As usual, at these Norcross parties the refreshments made a most pleasant climax to the evening's bridge game. The dining-room was lovely with its soft candlelight and flowers, and the food was, needless to say, delicious, and beautifully served.

We do not all lay claims to being expert bridge players, but we always welcome an evening at Norcross as a delightful diversion from the every day trend of school affairs.

CAE TEA

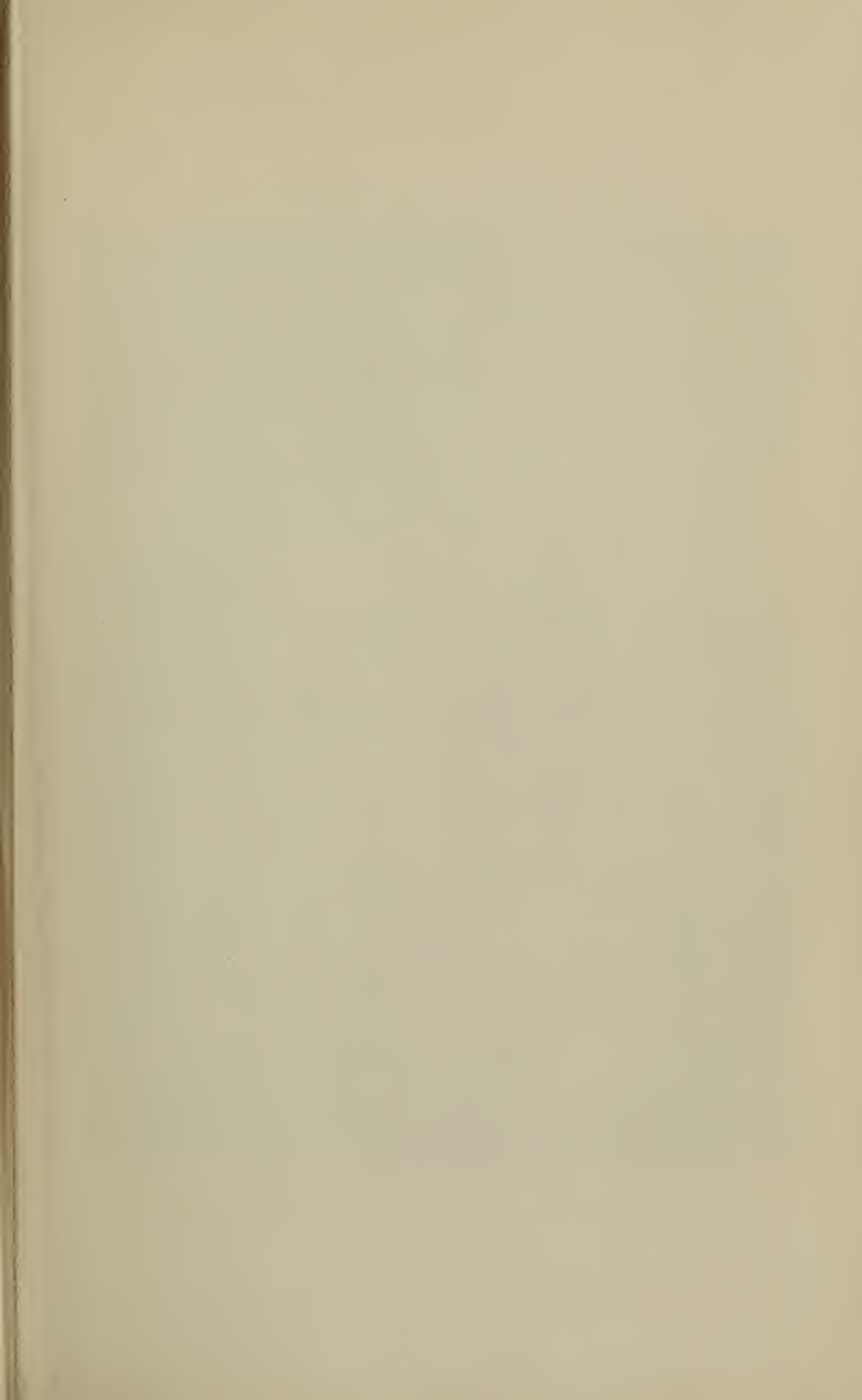
The Kava Club was entertained at a tea given by the Cae Club on Sunday evening, April the twenty-fifth.

The tables arranged in the shape of a horseshoe were artistically decorated with spring flowers and banked with greens—while some of the hostesses, dressed in the club colors, served as waitresses.

Joyful songs echoed through the large dining room—as the two Clubs raised their voices in harmony and never ending praise to Rogers Hall.

THE GREEK FESTIVAL

A surging mob of foreigners stood outside the church door—women with tired but happy faces—small children clinging tightly to their mother's skirts lest they lose her in this impatient crowd—little boys playing in the streets unmindful of the people about them—men gathered here and there in excited groups talking over the events of their narrow humdrum life. Outsiders, too, taking part in this panorama are ever watchful for a chance to study the characteristics of this foreign element. Lighted candles flicker from the hands of the smallest child to the oldest man; one thought, one interest and one purpose—the appearance of the procession!





EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF KAVA CLUB

At last, the continuous current of people turns about and comes out of the church amid singing and the dropping of meager coins. The faces of the ever awaiting crowd brighten. Three young Greek boys are leading the way carrying gold and embroidered banners each with its own symbol. Following them is the high priest wearing his magnificent robes which signify the stateliness of his position—and last of all, comes the bier of roses and carnations supported on the shoulders of several swarthy Greek men. Immediately, without a sign of any sort, the anxious crowd closes in and marches down the street after them, lending deep rich voices to the chant. A flicker of candles—voices wafted back on the wind,—and the procession disappears.

MR. DOYLE'S RECITAL

On Sunday evening, the second of May, we were given an unusual hour of music, when Mr. Doyle, the singing teacher, presented two of his pupils from the Boston studio. In order that the effect be more complete Mr. Doyle brought a soprano, Miss Alice McMahon, and a tenor, Mr. Edgar Isherwood. The combined program of the two singers proved to be interesting, not alone in the choice of songs, but in their interpretation.

FIELD DAY

As the cycle of time revolves, Field Day once more becomes real fact with its weeks of preparation—its days of anticipation and finally May seventh itself. Hurried last minute searching for white middies and bloomers freshly pleated, precedes an hour when assembled in the school-room, we listen to the history of Rogers Hall, repeated according to custom, by our principal. Ten o'clock brings us throngs of friends—of friend's friends—of friend's children. Throughout the whole day adorable babies run hither and yon on the lawns. In the girls who are just beginning to feel old concerning the ways of the school October's sense of complete newness once more predominates. But all senses are lost to

members of the two clubs, both old and new, when the contestants line up for the first event. The place winners getting points not only for themselves but for their clubs are as follows:—

50 Yard Dash—1st, Shaddelee; 2nd, Foster; 3rd, Pratt.

Shot Put—1st, Audette; 2nd, G. Lighton; 3rd, Page.

Junior 50 Yard Dash—1st, G. Lighton; 2nd, Sargent; 3rd, B. Damon.

Running High Jump—1st, Tremble; 2nd, Cleaveland; 3rd, Audette.

Basket Ball Throw—1st, Cleaveland; 2nd, Audette; 3rd, Houston.

Relay Race—Won by Kava Club.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Goodyear; 2nd, Schaddelee; 3rd, Foster.

Three-legged Race—1st, Foster and J. Swan; 2nd, Pratt and Schaddelee; 3rd, Knapp and Marks.

Base Ball Throw—1st, Audette; 2nd, Marks; 3rd, Coburn.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, Foster 2nd, Pratt; 3rd, Goodyear and Schaddelee.

Hurdles—1st, Schaddelee; 2nd, Knapp; 3rd, Atwell.

Obstacle Race—1st, Widdicombe; 2nd, Andrew 3rd, Emmons.

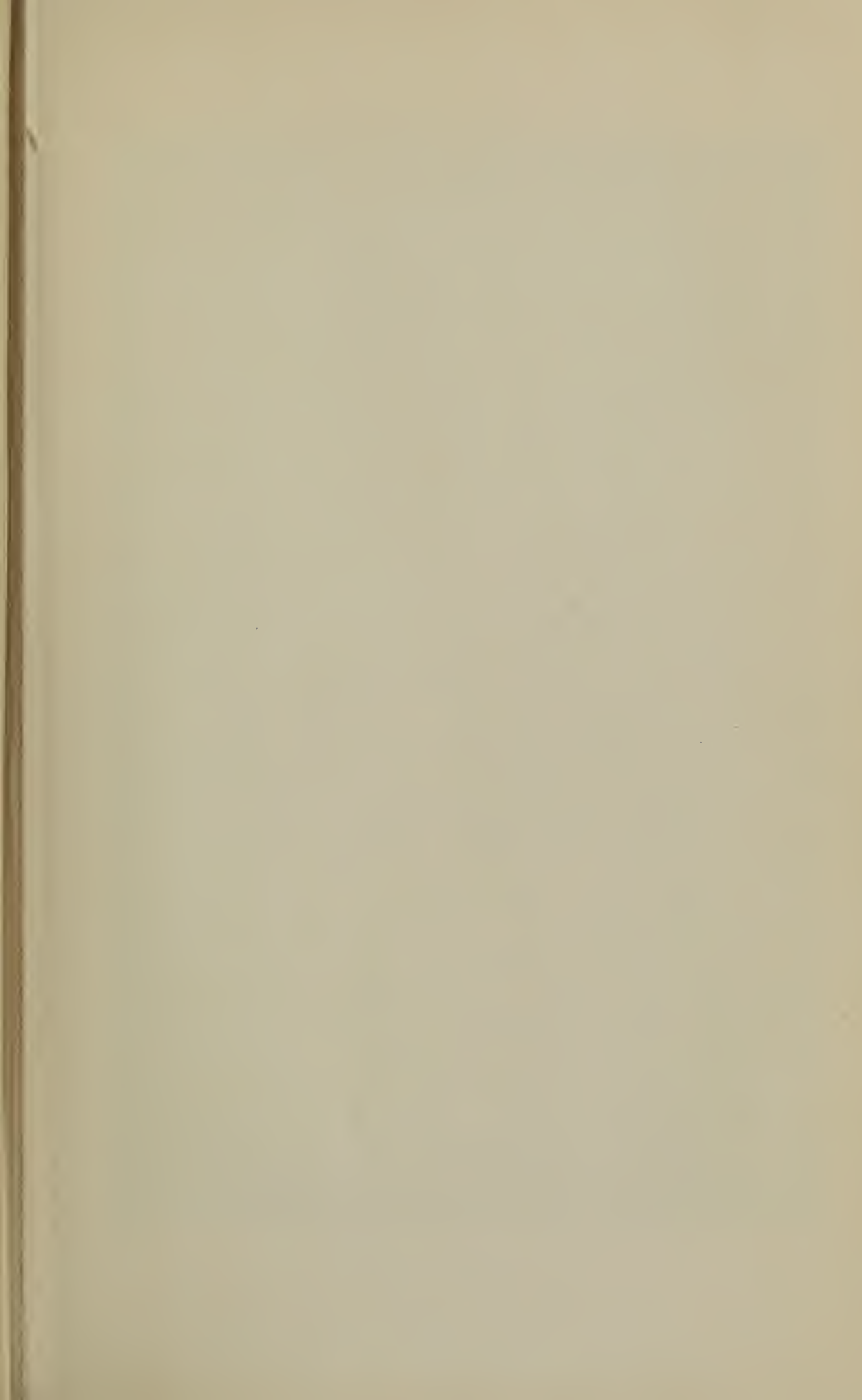
ATHLETIC CLUBS

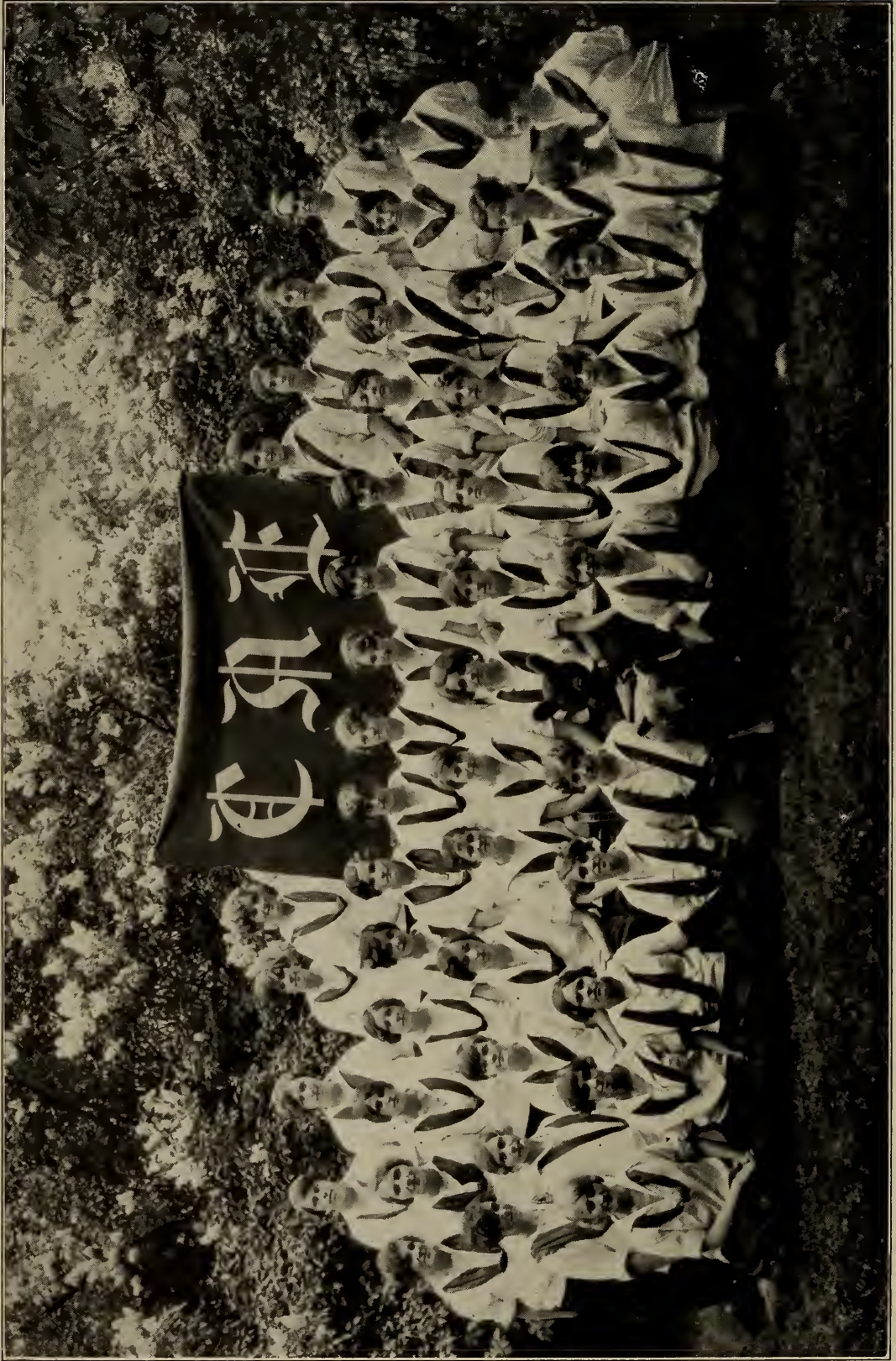
CAE—V. Ruggles, President; D. Tremble, Secretary and Treasurer; Athletic Committee, C. Cleaveland, D. Tremble, E. Carmichael, P. Ball, M. Page.

KAVA—K. Prichard, President; E. Tucker, Secretary and Treasurer; Athletic Committee, E. Knapp, H. McLain, L. Porter, M. Bailey, L. Schaddelee.

JUDGES—Miss Olive Parsons, Miss Carol Mills, Miss Dorothy Graff, Miss Miriam Sanders, Miss Dorothy Ball, Mrs. Gertrude French.

WINNERS—1st, Schaddelee, 15 points; 2nd, Audette, 14 points; 3rd, Foster, 11½ points. Club, Kava, 56½ points; Cae, 47½ points.





CAE CLUB—1926

After entire multitudes have enjoyed an exceedingly delicious luncheon, we again assemble in the school room where the winners receive their ribbons. The individual cup this year goes to Miss Leona Schaddelee of Kava Club holding fifteen points, second place to Miss Fayette Audette of the same club with fourteen points and third place to Miss Betty Foster of the Cae Club with eleven and a half points. The Club score is very close with fifty-six and a half for Kava Club and forty-seven and a half for the Cae Club.

A School versus Alumnae baseball game follows, with the line up:

ALUMNAE		SCHOOL
H. Cushman, '24	Pitcher	F. Audette
E. Warren, '25	Catcher	M. E. Houston
C. Martin, '25	1st Base	S. Coburn
M. (Holden) Eastman	2nd Base	M. Page
S. Flather, '25	3rd Base	D. Tremble
	R. Fielder	E. Page
W. Shepard	C. Fielder	L. Schaddelee
D. Wadleigh	L. Fielder	J. Sprague

The school wins the game with a score of 17-3, as we feel it should and the Alumnae do not seem greatly downcast after a cool swim in the pool.

PROM

May fifteenth! The great day—more anticipated than any national holiday. Prom! Everywhere an undercurrent of excitement tinged with amusement, anticipation, suspense. Halls filled with talking, gesticulating girls. In any room in Rogers Hall one may hear—

1st Room-mate—"Isn't Bob precious? Wasn't it dear of him to send me flowers? I just loved the tea dance."

2nd R. M.—"Wasn't it fun to dance in the dining room—everything looked so nice! Shall I wear my hair like this to-night or over my ears?"

1st R. M.—Tentatively putting on a shoe and viewing it from all possible angles.—“Like that, it is just your type. The effect is awfully good, it makes your eyes seem—these shoes kill me but they make my feet look smaller than my satin ones!”

2nd R. M.—“Did you see Jane’s man? She’s terribly in love with him—I don’t think he’s knockout, do you?”

1st R. M.—“No—but he has a fascinating smile!” Glancing out of the open window while desperately filing her finger nails. “Come here! Look! The lanterns are fixed in the garden.”

2nd R. M.—“Oh—I love it! Have you seen the gym? It is darling! And when everyone is there in their bright colored dresses the effect will be marvelous. Don’t you—” The door opens with a resounding bang and a girl, dressed in an evening gown, dashes in.

Girl—“Peg! Dot! Have you seen the swimming pool?” Without pausing for an answer she proceeds breathlessly—“It is adorable! The canoe is down in the middle of the pool—everything—all the posts covered with laurel, palms all around—little tables for people to eat at—I—you two look adorable—I love your dresses! The orchestra is here—from the Fraternities Club in Boston—it is marvelous, I could dance all night to that music— Oh! Can the seniors wear earrings? I must find mine— ‘Bye.’” She has gone, but from down the hall come sounds of laughter, sweet echoes of song, gay bits of conversation.

The room-mates do mysterious things to their hair with a comb, one looks at her reflection in the mirror and says, after a short pause—

1st R. M.—“Bob is going to meet me after church and walk home with me. Please have Jack come to call with him to-morrow afternoon.”

2nd R. M.—“I think he has to get back to Yale, but perhaps he can come.”

1st R. M.—“You know my feet just kill me—but they do look nice, don’t you love these shoes?”



VIRGINIA RUGGLES
President of Cae Club, 1926

2nd R. M.—“Sweet! There goes the bell—what coat shall I wear? Where’s your shawl?”

1st R. M.—“Hurry up! I can’t wait for it to begin—did you know we were having confetti, and things?”

A rush of feet, more hurried ejaculations, the quick slam of a door and all is silent but for the weird haunting strains of music which drift in through the open window.

SWIMMING MEET

In the midst of the whirl of Spring term came May twenty-second and the swimming meet. The teams were chosen—Captains elected, and on Saturday Cae and Kava again faced each other as rivals. Two students from the Boston School of Physical Education were kind enough to assist as judges, and the on-lookers maintained that everyone swam extremely well and that the meet would have been almost as interesting solely as an exhibition. The score was in favor of Kava Club, and the captain of the losing team rather evened things up by obtaining first place; Helen Sprague second; and Katharine Prichard third.

CAE

P. Ball, captain
M. Page
V. Ruggles
G. Lighton
D. Mignault

KAVA

E. Knapp
H. Sprague
K. Prichard, captain
H. McLain
D. Martin

Subs

Cleaveland
Woodworth

Bailey
Schaddelee

Coburn

M. Page out, Woodworth subbing.
D. Martin out, Schaddelee subbing.

SPLINTERS

ORDER OF EVENTS

- I. Form Swimming
 - II. Plunge for Distance
 - III. Races
 - IV. Dives
 - V. Relay Race
-

NORCROSS TEA

“Norcross House requests the presence of ———.” A bid for May fourteenth to one of those delightful teas. The girls taking the home-making course, attired in light pastel colored gowns, were hostesses. The tea more than upheld past reputation for delicious manna and charming company.

CONTRIBUTORS SUPPER

The annual supper for the contributors to “Splinters” was held Thursday evening, May the twenty-seventh, at Norcross House.

It was in this manner that the “Splinters” Boards expressed their appreciation for the co-operation shown in the publishing of the school edition.

COUNCIL—SPRING TERM

Margaret Shepard	Mary Bailey
Virginia Ruggles	Caroline Bourne
Miriam Kellam	Priscilla Ball
Deborah Trull, President	Margaret Evans
Katharine Prichard	Natalie Gardner
Edith Knapp, Sec. and Treas.	Elizabeth Page.

THE BUS RIDES

To those of us who come from the West or the South, the charming scenery of New England seems always a never-ending source of delight; but seldom have we had such a treat as was ours when we saw the country-side in its gala dress of spring-time and apple blossoms.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF CAE CLUB

One evening after dinner we were taken in our trusty busses for a long drive through the country and permitted to feast our eyes upon the glorious sights of spring at her loveliest, bathed in the soft light of the setting sun. It was an evening never to be forgotten; and a delightful rest from our arduous studies.

Another interesting trip was our annual visit to places of historical importance, in Boston, Cambridge, Lexington and Concord. The New England background has thus become a living reality.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

During the week preceding Commencement, Cae and Kava met for the last time this year in the tennis tournament. The doubles could not be played off because of the inclement weather; but as Kava had already won the tournament it was deemed unnecessary, and does not enter the scoring.

The line-up was as follows:

CAE

1. V. Ruggles
2. M. Page, captain
3. J. Swan
4. D. Tremble
5. { V. Woodworth
- { V. Swan.

KAVA

- L. Schaddelee, captain
- E. Page
- M. Dorward
- S. Coburn
- { E. Knapp
- { F. Audette

Subs

Houston
Ball
Cleaveland

Bailey
Carver
Prichard

Score 3—1



CAE AND KAVA SUPPERS

The annual Club Suppers were held on Wednesday, the second of June. Kava in the House and Cae at Norcross nominated their presidents for the coming year. The Clubs presented beautiful traveling clocks to the outgoing presidents. After singing their songs once more they parted.





CHEER LEADERS OF CAE CLUB

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

April 22nd, Gertrude Pritzlaff, '17, was married to Mr. Herbert Osborn Hewitt at her home in Milwaukee.

May 3rd, Margaret Lins, '23, was married to Mr. Edward Robert Hilton, Jr., in New York City. They will be at home at Hotel Fremont, Fremont, Ohio.

April 17th, a son, John Stevens, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Robey, (Harriet Stevens, '18).

In April, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dufton, (Margaret Betts, '19) in Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

May 8th, a son, Penn Knox, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Michelini, (Dorothy Knox, '23) in Reading, Massachusetts.

May 10th, a daughter, Polly, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lee C. McKinley, (Florence Dowden) in St. Louis, Missouri.

May 17th, a son, Parker, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Symmes, (Lorna Bugbee, '20) at their home in Winchester, Massachusetts.

In April, Hazel Hanchett, '08, announced her engagement to Frederick Harvey of Lowell. Mr. Harvey is a graduate of Dartmouth and Harvard Law School and is practising in Lowell.

May 15th, Helen Barnard, '21, announced her engagement to Clarence Michel of Utica, New York. "I am going to be married June fifteenth. We are building a darling English home which will be completed sometime in August. Until then we shall stay at my home for the family will be away all summer. Frances Dixon Maynard has an adorable little girl and Frances is a very capable mother. I often see her though she lives in Rome, only a short ride from here. I am hoping to persuade Dorothy Sebastian, '21, to come East for a visit as she has postponed the date of her wedding until fall."

Mary Bard Ermentrout, '04, writes: "I did hope to get back for Field Day this year but Charles is in a little school play about that date and Mary is to sing in the chorus so that the children must come first!"

Evelyn Dimeling, '24, expects to come East some time this summer. "My sister takes her Board exams this June and we may motor on after those are over or wait until August so that we can visit in Clearfield until she leaves for college . . . Dorothy Lee has moved to California and I think that she will like it better than Spokane."

Dorothy Ellingwood McLane, '04, has spent a busy winter and spring making plans and preparations for the opening of her new camp for younger girls, "Grey Rocks" at East Hebron, New Hampshire. Dorothy brings to her own camp the experience she has gained as head of the Sargent Junior Camp at Peterboro for several seasons. Dorothy brought little Patty down for Field Day and she was very enthusiastic about "Mother's School."

Helen Fogg, '20, has received her M. A. from Radcliffe for advanced work in English. "I am sailing for England on the Samaria April eighteenth to be gone until the middle of August. While I am going alone, I expect to join various friends in England besides visiting in Scotland and Ireland."

Faith Harrington, '20, is to be another European traveller this summer. "Father, sister and I sail May nineteenth from New York on the Italian liner 'Colombo' for Naples. We expect to spend a pleasant three months in Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and England. I shall be in Rome at Commencement time but I shall be remembering all the activities going on at school!"

Bertha Holden Olney, '97, has her younger daughter in the sophomore class at Wheaton and Edna had the honor of being chosen by the vote of the Senior class to be the May Queen at the college revels.

Dorothy Johnson Adams, '16, has spent this year in Washington as her husband has been working in the War Department. "By chance I met Kathryn Jerger Sabine, '14, one day and since then we have been together often. She certainly has some darling children. . . . At least I have realized one ambition and am in the movies! For Porter bought a moving pic-

ture camera and has taken a number of pictures of me that are really very good."

Doris Jones Miller, '17, writes: "I have two sturdy boys to show you whenever you come to Chicago. Billy is a strong little fellow out of doors most of the time and Tommy is a big fat good natured rascal with a smile for everyone. He is ten months old and in order to fit him to shoes I have to take him to Marshall Field's children's shoe department and even at that have the toes stretched. I have a splendid nurse so that I am freer now. . . . Recently I was visiting Virginia Gittins' sister and Mrs. Gittins reports that Virginia has become a most devoted housekeeper. . . . Ruth Lenfesty, '25, is making a great success of her work in the Chicago Art School."

Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10, is a Senior at Boston University and at the spring election had the honor to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Alice expects to study for her master's degree next year.

Susan McEvoy Wood, '12, and her family are at Camp Devens for the summer but will be in Georgia next winter as Captain Wood has been ordered to Fort Oglethorpe following the work in the C. M. T. C.

Josephine Morse, '07, has been in California since December. "About half of the winter I spend with Molly Beach in Pasadena and since then have been at a lovely part of the coast at Laguna Beach."

Marjorie Norris, '25, is on a trip around the world and writes from Ceylon: "We have found the island very picturesque and interesting. The air is so sweet with spices and heavily scented flowers. Still when I think how far away I am from Rogers Hall, I get quite 'school-sick' at times."

Beatrice Nichols, '24, has entered the nurses training course at the Post Graduate Hospital in New York.

Irma Richardson, '17, writes: "I was married recently to Mr. George Andrew Tait and after June first my new home will be at 53 Swan Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Alice Safford, '25, has not only won her athletic spurs at Connecticut College on both class and Varsity teams but recent-

ly was elected by her class to serve as sophomore representative on the Student Council for next year.

Dorothy Scott Gerber, '22, writes: "Scottie has two dogs now, a collie pup as well as her German police so that I am more tied down than ever for it isn't easy always to find someone to care for two dogs plus a child! Dan's family are on a trip around the world and have written of thrilling experiences in China and the precautions necessary to guard river steamers from attacks by pirates."

Katherine Steen Larmon, '12, sends a new address, 3 Windsor Avenue, Narberth, Pennsylvania. "I am counting the days until Commencement when I am coming on for Dorothy Tremble's graduation. For this spring weather makes me keen to go back and I am confident I could hit home runs on the Alumnae team as easily as talk! Recently I played bridge with Hazel Coffin Brown, '16, and Carlotta Heath Moore, '11."

Mabelle Swift Wichfield and her husband, the Secretary of the Danish Legation in London, recently leased the Lord Arlington Crichell Park near London. This contains the famous white farm on which every animal is pure white and white zebus and snow white deer are kept as a curiosity.

Dorothy Underhill, '98, and Mrs. Underhill returned in May from a very pleasant five months' trip in Europe most of which was spent along the Mediterranean. They had looked forward to the glories of an English May but the General Strike made conditions so unsettled that they secured an early passage home by sailing to Montreal.

Elizabeth Warren, '25, had the distinction of being on her class swimming team at Smith this spring.

Eleanor Whittier, '22, and Margaret Durkee, '21, are to spend the summer travelling in Europe with the Durkees following the girls' graduation at Connecticut College.

Eleanor Whidden, '20, writes: "I have had to give up my physical education work because of a 'flu' heart. For I had influenza a year ago and have been unable to throw off all the effects. Indeed for several months I was a semi-invalid but now am regaining my normal strength. I have been visiting my brother Roswell and his family in Chicago and am now busy

with preparations for going abroad. I sail with a friend April second on the regular Mediterranean cruise, stopping at Spain, Africa, Greece, Italy and France. We shall leave the cruise at Southampton and spend a month touring in England and Scotland before returning for New York the first part of June. After I come home I hope to continue a secretarial course in Boston, which I started in Chicago and to be ready for a job by the fall."

Mary Whitner Mercer has a fourteen year old daughter, Mary Louise, who is just starting her preparation for college at the High School in Wyomissing, Pennsylvania. "But Mary Louise looks forward to entering Rogers Hall in the fall of 1928 to take her last two years of prep in her Mother's school."

April sixteenth the New England branch of the Alumnae Association held a most successful tea at the College Club in Boston. Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, and Evelyn Pike Alden, '11, were in charge of arrangements and together with Miss Parsons and Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18, the president of the Association, received the guests. Some fifty old girls were back representing nearly every class from '95 on and we were glad to welcome also some former members of the faculty as well as those now on the staff. Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, together with Leslie Hylan, '14, sang a group of songs that brought back precious memories of Sunday nights at school and Dorothy LeButt, '24, played for us on the piano.

June 5th, Genevieve Burger, '20, was married to Mr. Hiram Davy Keehn in the First Presbyterian Church at Johnstown, Pa.

June 16th, Elizabeth Fisk, '21, will be married to Mr. Donald Ewing Brand at Chelsea Place, Sisterville, West Virginia.

May 21st, a son, Peter Shumway, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Perry (Alice Cone, '09) in Hanover, N. H.

Martha Howell, '19, has entered the Stanford School of Nursing, 2340 Clay St., San Francisco, California. "I have always wanted to study nursing and had thought of taking the course in the new Presbyterian Hospital in New York. But the thought of leaving Mother out here decided me to enter this training school, considered the best on the Pacific coast. There is

the opportunity of adding two more years to the nursing course, that is five in all, and receiving a B. A. from Stanford. I may yet be like the old lady of eighty who won her college degree! I like living in San Francisco and the air seems wonderfully invigorating after Pasadena. The hospital employs Japanese help to do all the unpleasant work and so far the hardest part is the studying, bacteriology especially. My class numbers eight instead of the fifty to seventy-five who usually start training."

Helen Fogg, '20, writes from London, "I have been having a glorious time here in spite of the strike. Tomorrow I am going by air to Paris to meet two college friends."

Eleanor Smith, '22, has become much interested in the new euthenics course at Vassar and after her graduation will return to take the work along this line in the Vassar Summer School.

Margaret Whitlock, '22, has specialized in dramatic writing at Vassar. She had one of her workshop plays accepted for college production and herself directed its presentation. She will continue the study of play writing at one of the universities next winter.

The caption in the *Alumnæ Bulletin* of last June, "Rogers Hall in Congress" when we were told of the election of Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, to succeed her late husband in the Fifth Congressional District of Massachusetts has been more than warranted by recent news. Edith has been honored signally by the Speaker of the House of Representatives in being called to preside over the Congress four times during this session. Three of the occasions have been when bills for further relief for veterans were up for action, legislation in which Edith herself has taken an active interest. On the most recent time she occupied the speaker's chair, the bill for the settlement of the French War Debt to the United States was being discussed. In April, Edith made her maiden speech to the House on the subject of veterans' relief legislation and won warm applause not only from her colleagues but also from the galleries which chanced to be well filled. Her success is all the more to be commended because she spoke extemporaneously as her opportunity arose suddenly and she had the statesmanship to seize it.

Recent callers at the school among the Alumnæ have been Barbara Andrae Hubbard, '22, with her husband; Helen McCullough, '20, who has motored east for her first reunion at Vassar; Florence Armstrong, '25, who paid a brief visit to congratulate Kava on successive victories.

Elizabeth Essick, '22, is finishing her course at Wells College with many honors heaped upon her by her classmates. She was Junior May Queen and Senior May Queen and she is the Senior President of her class. We quote the following from an underclassman: "Everyone is just crazy about Elizabeth and she is deservedly popular for she has made an excellent president."

Rogers Hall will be well represented in the graduating classes of colleges and universities this June for the following girls will receive their degrees: from Boston University, Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10; from Connecticut College, Margaret Durkee, '21, and Eleanor Whittier, '22; from Smith College, Maroe Pratt, '22; from the University of Michigan, Caroline Beach; from the University of Minnesota, Katharine Stuart, '22; from Vassar College, Eleanor Smith, '22, and Margaret Whitlock, '22; from Wellesley College, Emily Hulick, '22; from Wells College, Elizabeth Essick, '22; from the University of Wisconsin, Helen Richardson. Gladys Kay, '24, received her diploma as a Kindergarten from the Lesley Normal School.

Madeline Fox, '24, and Dorothy Marden are looking forward to their first trip to Europe this summer for they are to join a party conducted by one of the instructors at Skidmore.

FIELD DAY, 1926

"No matter how long ago we were graduated or how many children we may bring back with us, we come back to Field Day and feel that we belong. Everything seems the same. In spite of the new wing (and I can remember that we did the broad jump into a sand pile instead of a very special bed of sawdust!) when we come back we feel that we are in closer touch with school than we had thought we were.

This year, as always, was a gorgeous day, and the children were lovely. The rest of you Alumnæ may feel that your children were well represented and that Rogers Hall cannot help being a success in the future.

Luncheon in the new dining room was delightful, with the children very independently eating at their own tables. Following this we had a most satisfactory meeting of Alumnæ officers and arrived at several decisions, which will lead to definite plans to be presented at the next business meeting.

Although I could not stay to see the finish of the ball game I am certain that Mary Holden must have urged the Alumnæ on to greater things and that Field Day closed successfully for the old girls as well as for the school."

A. K. U.

There was a very representative gathering of old girls back this year and the following were registered as present: Harriet Coburn, '95; Julia Stevens, '97; Helen Hill, '99; Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00; Dorothy Ellingwood McLane and Patty, Juliette Huntress Dowse, '04; Polly Farrington Wilder, Harriet and Isabel Nesmith, '05; Sally Hobson, Helen Nesmith, '10; Carlotta Heath Moore, Evelyn Pike Alden, Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11, with Carol and Marjorie Ann; Dorothy Benton Wood, Susan McEvoy Wood, '12, with Philip and Katharine; Betty Eastman, Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, with Clive Jr., Vincent and Langdon; Mary Holden Eastman and Kimball, Leslie Hylan, Laura Pearson Pratt with Amasa and sister; Helen Smith Gleason, Edith Whittier Holmes, '14, with Topsy and Sylvia; Ruth Greene MacDonald, '15, and Morgan Jr.; Katherine Jennison Dunton, and Jane, Katherine Nesmith, '16; Marcia Bartlett Denault, '17; Louise Grover Pihl and Hadley, Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18, and Keith; Betty Akeroyd Walker, Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, Polly Goodnow Gardner and Chandler, Jr., Hazelle Peterson Silk, Virginia Thompson McElwee, '19; Sonja Borg Hunt, Elenora Carpenter Beattie, '20; Dorothy Wadleigh, '21; Ellen Cloutman Jennings, '22; Mary Andrews Paulsen, Lillian Cruickshank, Isabel Marvin King, Julia Nye, Constance Smith, Betty Stearns, '23; Harriet Cushman, Dorothy

Le Butt, Helen Shannon, Gertrude Trefethen, Ardis Williams, '24; Helen Babbitt, Shirley Flather, Carol Martin, Elizabeth Warren, '25; Edith Richards Martin and Ann; Elsie Boutwell Tompkins and Virginia, Alice Coburn Nottage and daughter, Elizabeth Wilder, Olive Douglas Moulton and daughter, Carol Heath Mowry and Faith, Louise Grover de Mesquita, Bessie Baldwin Thompson and twin daughters, Sara Bartlett, Martha Sheppard White with William and Pollard, Marjorie Quirin, Helen Orvis, Lillian Andrew Barraclough, Maxine Jennings.



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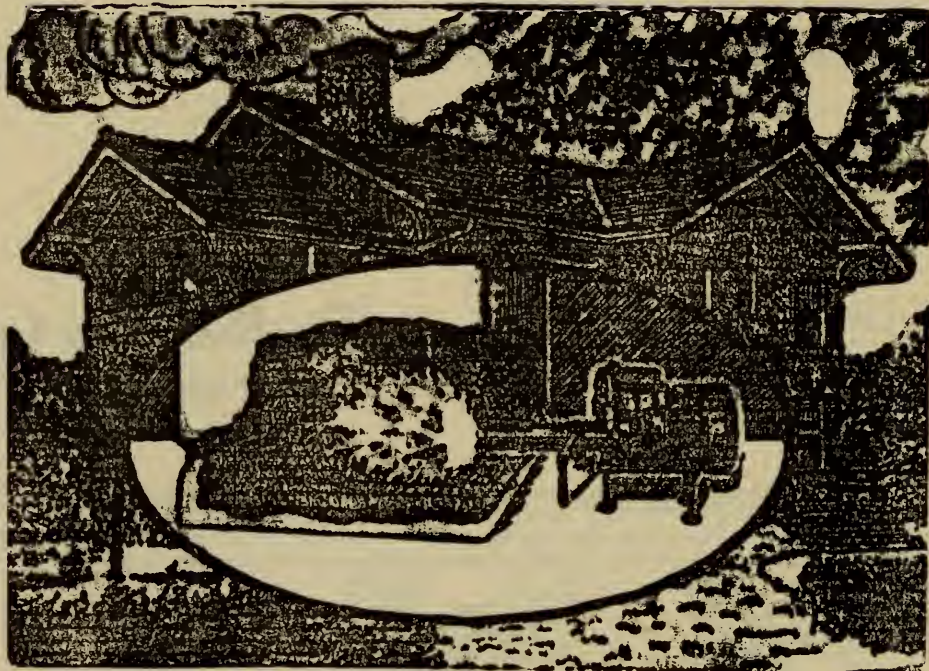
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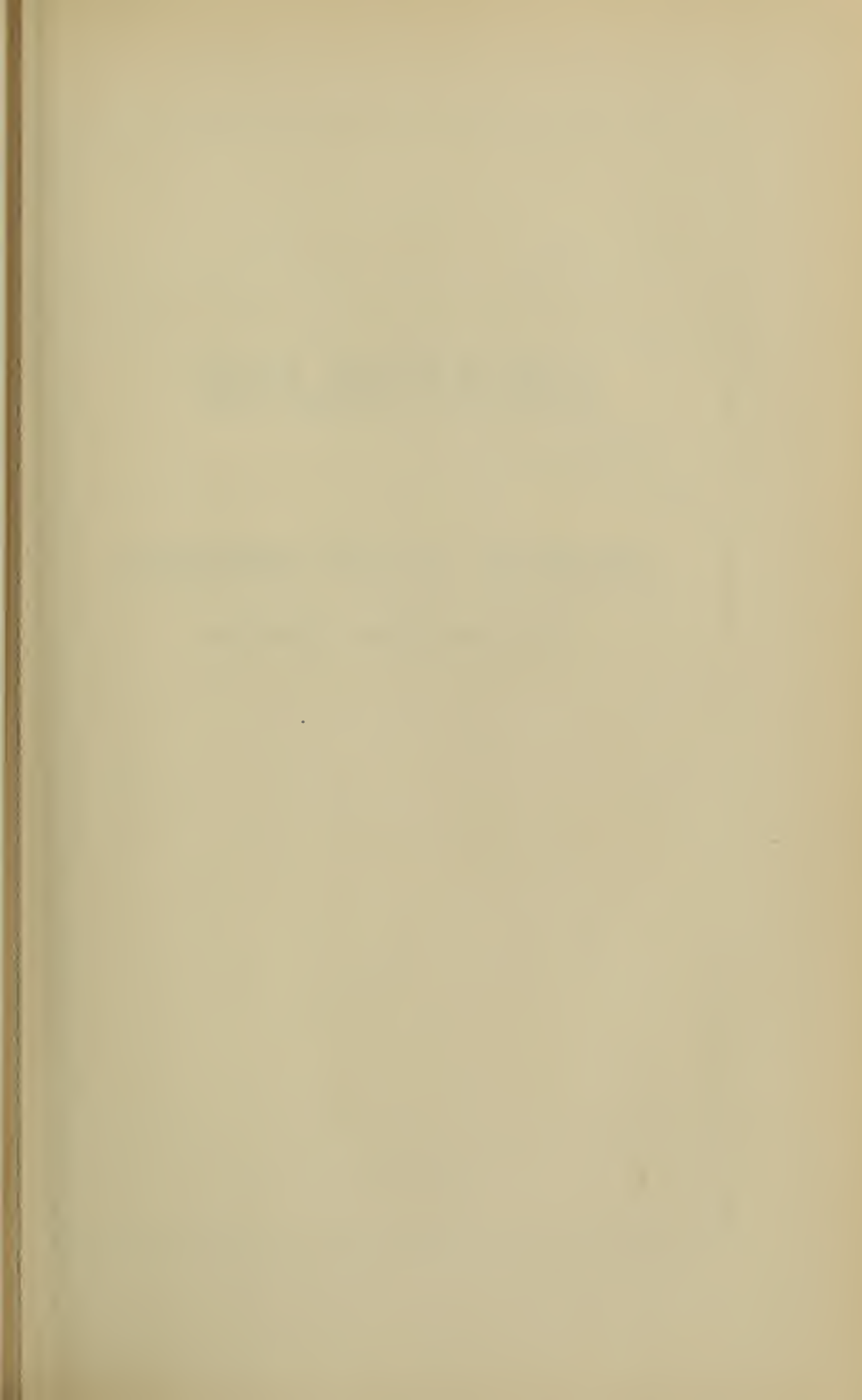
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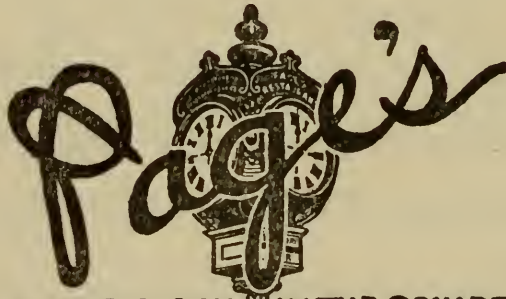
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Alumnae Department



VOL. 36

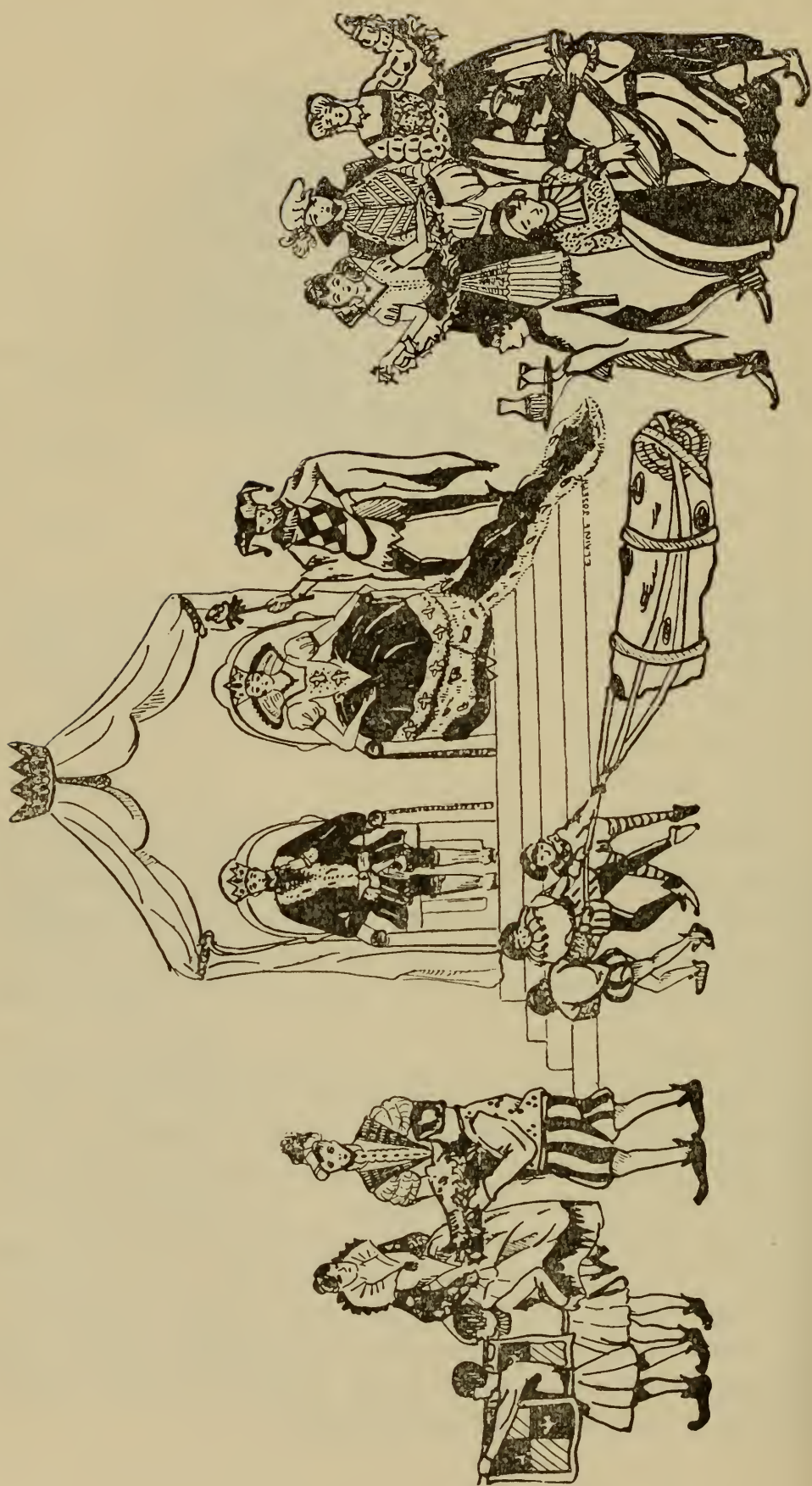
DECEMBER, 1926

No. 1

EDITORIAL

In every community no matter how small, and united for whatever reasons, there is always an intense interest evinced by all the individuals in that group, in the affairs and personalities of its members. That interest, essential to the common good, at times becomes distorted in its function and is then, a destructive force.

How pitifully easy it is for one human being to criticize another, adversely! There are always those who revel in "starting something," as we say, by just a word whispered here or there in someone's receptive ear, or a remark casually dropped into a perfectly harmless conversation. Our criticism of people is done unconsciously at times. But criticism all too often degenerates into gossip and gossip into scandal. It is perhaps deemed old-fashioned in this modern day to quote the Bible,—but at such times we are reminded of the passage, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"





CHRISTMAS PEACE

Quiet beneath the falling snow, a nation lies at rest.

It is Christmas eve, and the golden glow
Of myriads of candles, row on row,
Softly spreads its wonderful light
Across the world through the silent night
To a stable in Bethlehem.

For centuries ago in the silent night, a babe in a manger lay,
A babe divine with a message of love,
Brought to the world from the Father above:
Granting through love the gift of peace,
That sorrow and strife should forever cease,
From that first Christmas morn.

So, through the calmness of the night, Peace
walks o'er the earth again.
And, as in the first faint light of day
The candle-light quietly fades away,
Cathedral bells take up the refrain
And through all nations they echo this strain
"Glory to God and to men, Good-will."

EMILY HUSSEY.

YE OLDE CHRISTMAS

“And now that December and Christmas draw near,
My heart overflows with good wishes and cheer;
It bids me to hasten o’er land and o’er sea,
To the children who welcome Merrie Christmas and me.”

Merrie Christmas! That one universal cheer and holiday! What child or grown-up does not thrill to the jingle of bells, to the exchanging of gifts, and to the crackling of huge logs in the fireplace?

In every land, however, a different custom exists in the celebration of Christmas. In each land, a new origin or legend concerning the coming of the Christ child is to be found.

In our own United States of America, the spirit of Christmas is kept alive by the presence of the Christmas tree and wreath, and the busy hum of an energetic population. Weeks before the expected holiday, there is tense excitement, mystery, thrilling joyousness, floating about in the crisp, cold air. Beautiful fir trees, jauntily decorated with twinkling tinsel and brightly colored ornaments, form the most scintillating part of the American Christmas. Tiny stockings, all humps and bumps, betray the belief of a mysterious Santa Claus who fills good children’s stockings with all sorts of longed-for gifts and sweets. Yet how often do we stop to consider that the Germans used decorated trees and candles years before there was any United States?

No country in the world welcomes Kriss Kringle as much as Germany. In some regions, the season is celebrated with strict religious ceremonies, while in others small children hoard their pocket money for months to buy presents at the Christmas fair. There is a belief that a person by the name of “Knecht Ruprecht” or Servant Rupert, is sent around by his master Kriss Kringle to see if the children have been good or bad. If they have been good, a present is left to them; if bad, a rod is left to the parents with the advice to use it. The German children, unlike the American tots, are very choice with their toys, certain

ones of which are used only at Christmas time, and are then returned to the attic.

How the people of Merrie England enjoy the Christmas season! Every heart overflows with love and goodwill. Festivities are begun the night before Christmas. The children romp and frolic about the rooms playing games, while the grown-ups decorate with holly, ivy, bay, rosemary, and mistletoe, or sit around the fireplace gossiping and telling old folk-lore stories. And then the dignified ceremony of the Yule log! A huge piece of wood is lighted in the fireplace with a brand from the previous year's log, and is followed by drinking, story-telling, and much festivity. Christmas candles, and the blaze of the log are the only illuminations for the large room. For the supper, frumenty (a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk), mince pie and spiced wine are served, followed by music by an old fiddler. Dancing goes on into the late hours of the night, and everyone shakes hands before going to bed.

Early in the morning, a small band of children sing the old Christmas carols—a custom which the United States is adopting. Family prayers and a long church service complete the program until the famous Christmas banquet. The company, ushered into the dining-room to the sound of “merrie minstrelsy” behold a table lighted with candles and a gorgeous display of silver. A boar's head, decorated with bay and rosemary, the teeth propped apart with an apple, is brought in by a steward, attended by two servants carrying wax candles and placed at the head of the table. A peacock pie, served by the most beautiful lady, its head in all its plumage with the bill richly gilt and its tail in full display, is usually the next course. After the cloth is removed, the Wassail Bowl is carried in. It contains a punch filled with the rarest of wines, highly spiced, with roasted apples floating on the surface. The host raises the bowl to his lips, and after drinking from it, wishes everyone a Merrie Christmas, and then sends it around the table for his guests.

After dinner, the children romp, while the sports of mumery and masking are favorites with the older people. And then as the evening grows shorter, graceful old dances are revived, and Christmas is ended until another year.

In Russia, Christmas is celebrated on the sixth of January. A rather weird, queer story is cherished by the Russian children. They believe that once upon a time an old, old woman named Baboushka lived on the highway between Bethlehem and Jerusalem. This scrupulous old lady was excessively neat. When the Three Wise Men passed by her house taking the frankincense, gold, and myrrh to the new-born King, she asked them to wait until she had completed her house-work. The Wise Men, who were in a great hurry, would not wait, and traveled ahead swiftly. Her household duties finally finished, she set out hoping to overtake the Wise Men. However, she was unable to find them, and the tiny Russians believe her still to be seeking them. So on January sixth, Baboushka, the Russian Santa Claus, still seeking and searching, comes down the chimney and leaves gifts for the children.

In the Catholic countries, such as Italy, Christmas is given over to the worship of "Il Bambino." At Rome, every church and cathedral has an effigy or image of the Christ Child and a cradle in which to place it. This image is dressed, placed in a manger with the statues of Mary and Joseph around it and the Three Wise Men kneeling before it. Small children are taught to recite the story of the birth and childhood of Christ, and come to the church to worship Him.

Another Italian custom, especially carried out in Milan, is a procession celebrating the coming of the Three Wise Men. Three young men dressed as the kings are mounted on fine, noble steeds. The procession goes to the church, where the kings dismount, enter, and go to the altar. There the figure of the Christ Child lies in its manger. The kings leave the "Bambino" gifts and depart from the church by a different entrance. The reason for this is that it was believed that the Wise Men were warned to return by a different road to their kingdoms instead of going back to tell Herod of their finding of the Christ Child.

And thus it goes. Each land has its own manners and customs, its legends, its traditions regarding the Christ Child, but each and every country celebrates in its own way for the one purpose—to make the universal Christmas Day immortal!

CARMEN BEAUDIN.

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS

A soft snow fell steadily, covering the trees, roofs, and streets of Rheims with a blanket of white. Warmly wrapped men and women hurried alone to their homes. Some entered the Cathedral to pray. It was Christmas night.

Sheltered by an outjutting piece of masonry there was the figure of a soldier leaning against a crutch. Many people tossed him some coins as they came out from the Cathedral but none stopped or spoke. The man wore a thin uniform of the French army, one leg of which was folded up and pinned at the hip. His right arm hung useless. The "Merci" with which he thanked the contributors for their coins was very weak and his face had a cheerless, hopeless expression.

A tiny girl, protected by a shawl which hooded her brown curls and dragged in the snow at her feet, stopped before the crippled soldier and smiling sweetly lisped, "Un Noël heureux, Monsieur."

The man looked down into the upturned face of the child. "Un Noël heureux pour vous, ma petite enfant," came heartily from the wan lips and a smile came into his eyes. "Vous m'avez donné un Noël heureux par vos bons souhaits."

ESTHER WYMAN.

THIS KINGDOM

Outside the wind howled and shrieked, drifting the falling snow high against the grey stone walls and whistling around the lofty towers and ramparts. Inside in the spacious banquet hall the Yule log was glowing red upon the massive hearth as the gallant knights stood 'round telling tales of prowess and of colour. Right plentiful had been the board that Christmas eve with meats and drinks, and dishes of rare quality and wine. The wassail bowl flowed high, loosening the tongues of the brave squires. And so they sat way into the night, relating many a strange and wonderful tale—of fealty to their king, of killing

dragons single-handed, of conquering giants, and of winning ladies' hands. Now in this castle lived a tiny page—merely a lad of tender years and strength. His duty it was to fill the glasses of the knights at table and, the feasting at an end, to help clear up the tables and assist the cooks in the great kitchen. These tasks were very heavy for so small a person and many a hard word or blow had he received from his superiors. He was very tired and his eyelids heavy with sleep but, his work completed, he still must take one peep at the gay hall, bright with lights and noisy with the cheery babel of the voices. As he peered around the door he heard a word from one of the stories. His attention thus attracted, he sat down and listened. As he heard the deeds of these great men his excitement rose. All thought of sleep fled and, wide-eyed, he crept softly through the door, scarce breathing that he miss a word. But soon a shade of sadness crossed his face. "Alas," thought he, "how can I ever perform such deeds? To what end do I hearken to these words? I can only carry dishes with my frail arms. How can I follow the king? An armor would be far too heavy for me, and what giant would quail at my glance?" Thereupon he fell to weeping over his sad plight. As the hours passed the storm grew more and more fierce and within the merriment rose even higher. Suddenly the great entrance door swung open and there staggered into the hall a minstrel, old and bent and battered nearly lifeless by the storm. He was a stranger in the land but after the custom of the castle the lord gave orders that he be revived with food and drink and warmed before the fire. Way was made for him before the cheery hearth and soon he regained his strength. Gareth, for such the little page was called, had not paid much attention when the old man entered. It was customary for strangers to come to the gates of the castle and always they were treated kindly. He helped bring in the food for the late arrival and then went back to his corner to hear the songs which the bard would surely sing in return for the hospitality. The old man, having appeased his hunger and quenched his thirst picked up his harp, and after running his fingers over the strings a few times began to sing very softly, and the music was so beautiful that all the knights were silent listening, and even all the cooks came in to hear. Gareth above all was

interested in the song. This bent old man with the long, grey hair and the matted beard was no ordinary bard. His voice had a peculiarly sweet quality and his harp sounded like the murmur of a summer breeze in the forest. And what a queer song the old man sang—of a baby born in Bethlehem, of angels—and then the little page caught his breath—of good deeds and kind words, of character, and of a new King,—a king of kindness and love rather than of strength and prowess in battle! As he listened the face of the lad became radiant with hope. Here was an opportunity. The bard sang of faithfulness even in the little things and of common everyday people. Perhaps there would be a place for one even so small and frail as he in the court of this King. He crept closer in his excitement and finally found himself leaning against the knee of the minstrel.

The old man, happening to glance down, caught sight of the boy and attracted by the joy in his countenance and the light in his eyes said, "Ah, my lad, didst like my song?"

"Oh, Father," replied Gareth, "is there a place in this kingdom for one as weak as I?"

As he asked his question he grew afraid of what the old man might reply, but the bard, smiling down into the page's eyes, made answer, and as he spoke a great light seemed to radiate about him. "Ay, my son, in this kingdom there is a place for everyone, the small as well as the great—it is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

LAURA MERRILL.

BEAUTY

The softened hush of a symphony quietly drifting over a darkened hall filled with music lovers—the riotous colors of a southern flower-market blazing in the clear sunlight—the cold marble of that famous grave resting on its green hill-top with the peaceful river lying far beneath it—the silver gondola of a moon drifting across a calm sky above the dark tips of tall northern pines—Beauty, indescribable, the spirit of God.

EMILY HUSSEY.

AN OLD HOME

A few miles outside a sleepy little Connecticut village on an old wagon road, unused so long that the branches of the tall bushes and trees interlace overhead and the grass forms a soft green carpet to cover the ruts and wheel tracks of long ago, stands an old slant roofed farmhouse. Weeds have blotted out the flagged stone path leading to the front door, the roof sags with age, the gate hangs on one rusty hinge, and only portions remain of the old fashioned picket fence. To one who has not eyes to see the beauty of its lonely site, and the impressiveness of an old home fallen into ruin, it will appear to be just an old weather-beaten frame-house in dire need of repairing and paint. But to one who loves and understands nature this old farmhouse is lovely in its decay.

A summer day spent in these surroundings is peaceful, refreshing and utterly awe-inspiring. In the quiet of the morning when the mist still hovers over the fields, it does one lasting good to walk in the damp, cool air and watch the slow unfolding of the day. The fogs rise from the marshy low lands, the mists clear away from the wonderfully tinted hills leaving them clearly defined against the sky's blue bowl. As the sun gets higher in the heavens, all nature seems to bask in its warmth. The drowsy hum of the insects and the low buzzing of the honey-bees lull and soothe the tired brain, until, the noon-tide siesta over, the freshening breezes sweep down from the hills. Then it is that the creatures in the wood-lands seem to stir. Not always can one see them, but the rustlings in the leaves overhead where the tiny chipmunks dart back and forth, the shrill sweet songs of the birds and the slight crackling in the under-brush, testify that the wild folk are there. When the afternoon wanes a slight chill comes into the air and as the sun sinks slowly in the west, it dyes the sky crimson and gold. The hills now loom up purple and blue, seeming to frame with their sombre hues the gorgeous coloring of the sky.

The old house in the midst of this lovely setting, lends itself to every mood of the day. There in all its neglect and decay it is the heart of a gorgeous picture.

SALLY BRAMAN.



SKETCH

Slowly the round, red sun sank behind the tall stately pines, flaming in the sky for a single instant before it dropped from sight, transforming the smooth, silver stream into a rippled ribbon of pure gold and casting a red-gold glow over the gypsy camp on its bank. Shadows deepened—birds hushed their singing. Twilight—dusk—darkness—and then profound silence.

Gradually the full yellow harvest moon rose from over the tops of the firs on the opposite side of the grove, bringing with it grotesque shadows and mellow light. In the path of the moonlight the figure of a young man was bending over the campfire. From within one of the tents came the sweet strains of a violin and guitars—soft at first then growing louder as the entrance to the tent was thrown back revealing a gypsy lad of fourteen summers drawing his bow rapidly across the strings of his violin. With him were two young men playing his accompaniment on guitars. A young gipsy girl and an old woman led the way and they all seated themselves about the fire.

The youth and beauty of the girl were enhanced by the soft light of the moon; her raven hair hinted at curling under the scarlet bandana that encircled her head. Her large, black, dreamy eyes, a bit wistful and filled with wonder seemed to kindle the very souls of the musicians as she stood poised for an instant on tip-toe, swaying to the rhythm of the music; then whirling gracefully—then dropping, breathless, at the feet of the old woman who sat before the fire—a sharp contrast indeed. Time-worn and wrinkled—the cares and experiences of life showed in her sagacious face. Her eyes, black and piercing, discovered at a single glance every detail of her surroundings. Her mouth was almost a straight line, yet drooped slightly at the corners. One bony hand held the multi-colored shawl together at her breast. She made an almost witch-like appearance in the firelight. Her rather cynical expression softened as she accepted the girl's proffered palm and began to unveil the mysteries of the future.

The last tiny flame of the fire vanished into the circle of glowing embers. The moon, paler now, resilvered the peaceful rivulet. An atmosphere of contentment and happiness filled the cool night air.

DOROTHY B. MIGNAULT.

THE DESERT

The weary sun—slowly sinking in the unknown distance—tired from its day's work—of burning—scorching. The last feeble rays throwing their brilliance over the endless expanse of sand—sand—waste and barren—going on forever. The voice of silence gasping from relief. The creeping of the stealthy shadows—dusty—purple—then blackness over all. A quiet dissolution of peacefulness. A chilling scream parting the darkness—the lonely cry of the prairie coyote—a useless cry—demanding nothing—expecting nothing—yet never failing. Blackness rushing together. The desert sleeps.

MARGARET KIP.

JUST EIGHT

Saturday is coming,
 And I'm going to a show,
 To see the ladies dancing
 And the different colors glow;
 My mother and my daddy,
 Will let me stay up late,
 Because it is my birthday
 And I will be just eight.

DISCONSOLATION

Gee, I hate to go to school
 An' study all the day.
 Red says that I'm "a fool"
 Not to skip n' play,
 But mother,—she'd sure spank me,
 An' o' course my teacher would;
 But jus' the same I'd like to have
 Some fun in my boyhood.

MR. JONESES APPLES

Mr. Joneses apples
 Are the worst I ever ate,
 They make your mouth all wrinkly,
 And your stomach—how it aches!
 And you travel home a-groanin',
 And your ma, she asks you why
 Ya didn't take another piece
 Of that delicious apple pie.

MILDRED DAMON.



Mildred Damon
RHS

ISLAND OF CAPRI

In the Bay of Naples famous for its sky-blue beauty, there is the quaint Island of Capri. Built on its rocky shores is a small village—so quiet and picturesque. Groups of small white houses are scattered over the hills and a rough narrow street winds and curls its way around them. Looking from a high rocky point of the island when the sun is sinking into the now calm bay, the lights of the city of Naples far across the water pierce the falling dusk. As the eyes keep looking intently, the dark outline of the once-feared Mt. Vesuvius becomes silhouetted against the fading sky, seeming to keep ever-watchful guard over the twinkling city gathered around its base. As the sky grows darker—and here and there gleams a tiny star—the dark crater begins to grow red and slowly becomes redder and redder, throwing sparks into the night, until the sky around it becomes illuminated. Then slowly the red fades and again everything is dark. As it grows later, a silvery moon climbs up into the heavens and hangs itself over the now sleeping, distant city. The hours pass—and calm and peace surround the beautiful Island of Capri.

ELEANOR GOODYEAR.

THE PERFECT HAPPINESS OF A FAMILY HEARTH

(As Described by the Vicar)

We were all sitting peacefully around the fireside, discussing the various happenings of the day. Of course, the circle was not complete without my dear brother, who had quit our home a few weeks before to seek a place in the world. Nor were we as yet quite accustomed to his absence from our happy and devoted family.

Our thoughts were drifting to my dear brother's absence when a knock was heard on the door. My dear younger brother, slipping from his chair, pulled open the door in whose shadow stood a man, who happened to be my dear father's friend, Mr. Bachman, who was greatly devoted to our small family, consist-

ing of my father and mother, my two brothers and myself. He entered, drew a chair, and sat down, as if he were truly one of the family. In truth, he really seemed part of it. "A very fine evening, my dear Mrs. Appleby. And I trust I find you in good health, Thomas?" "Sir," inquired my dear mother, "have you by any good chance heard anything concerning my devoted son? As yet we have heard not a word." "—And no doubt you will be surprised to hear that your son was seen but yesterday by me in London. Perhaps," continued he, "you may see him in several days, as he said he was to follow his occupation in this vicinity."

At that moment footsteps were heard approaching our extremely livable home. Nor were we very little surprised when we learned that those same footsteps were made by my beloved brother. And so the evening was made most enjoyable by the sudden and unexpected appearance of my dear brother.

CLARICE CONNELLY.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF NANCY

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen."

In the spacious living-room a group of girls seventeen or eighteen years of age gathered about the attractively arranged bridge tables. The afternoon sun was pouring through the large windows at one end of the room, gleaming upon the polished surface of the ebony grand piano, startling into prominence the bowl of pink snap-dragons and blue delphinium on the tip-top table under the antique mahogany mirror. The low divan and deep, stuffed chairs were unnoticed by the group seeking their places at the bridge tables.

"Somebody isn't here," Aileen, their hostess, glanced over the group. "Oh, it's Nancy."

"Wouldn't you know she'd be late? Better phone her. Maybe she's forgotten all about it. Did I ever tell you about that time last winter when I waited and waited and—"

"Here she is! Oh, look! Bill brought her out." There was a scurrying to secure a good place by the windows.

"New hat. New dress. And new shoes. And that coat—I'm simply crazy about it."

"She has more clothes than anybody I've ever seen and you know she is knockout-looking to begin with."

"It's no wonder she gets away so big."

"Here she comes."

The girls hurried into the hall and Aileen opened the door to admit a most attractive Nancy. She had large, sparkling, dark eyes, but the curly hair showing under a small felt hat was a light golden brown.

"Don't tell me I'm the last one again." Her smile was the kind which made everyone smile back. "Wouldn't you know I would be?" Here she made an attempt to look serious. "I'm awfully sorry." Then anxiously, "Are you disgusted with me?"

"As if anyone ever was!"

"Take off your coat; we want to see that dress."

"Oh, Nancy, it's darling!" came in a chorus.

"And that new large sleeve!"

"That red is awfully becoming to you!"

"I like the hat."

"Where did you find those shoes? They're precious!"

Nancy unconcernedly dropped her hat and coat on a chair. "I don't want to go upstairs with them." She ran her fingers through the fluffy, bobbed hair and shook her head a couple of times. "Let's get going here. What cunning tallies. Who's 'Daisy?' Here, I play with you first hand. No. I don't either. Where's 'Violet?'"

"A diamond."

"A heart."

"Did you and Bill have fun last night? Peggy, are you bidding?"

"Say, did you know that Alice and Jim are going steady?"

"Honestly?" Nancy turned toward a tall, dark-haired girl who replied affirmatively.

"Since when?"

"Last night."

"Thrills."

"Nancy! You've trumped my trick," wailed a disconcerted partner.

"Sorry." Nancy tried to look crestfallen but succeeded badly.

"Oh, girls," came from the far table at the end of the room, "what do you think of George Stoner?"

"Fascinating," came in a chorus, though Nancy said nothing.

"Did you notice how much he cut in on Nancy last night? Tell us what he's like. Aren't you crazy about him?"

"No," said Nancy indifferently. "He dances pretty well but doesn't talk at all. I can't see why everyone raves about his looks. I don't like blondes anyhow. Oh!" She gave a little shriek and rolled her eyes wide with feigned terror at her partner. "I played the wrong card. It gives them their bid doubled and redoubled. I know I ought to be shot at sunrise."

"The only reason I redoubled was because you were playing against me," laughed an attractive opponent.

"Somebody play the victrola, maybe I can concentrate better," she called, her dancing eyes belieing the demure expression of her mouth.

"Everybody finished?"

"Just a minute. This's our last hand."

"Such a girl! Such a girl!"

"Don't anyone speak to her this hand. She's my partner and I had high score last time."

Nancy's lip quivered, but there was the same irrepressible merriment in her eyes.

"I'll be good—promise, Peggy dear," this very meekly, a little hurt tone in her voice. Then, Nancy laughed gleefully but settled down a bit nevertheless.

"Two spades."

"Three hearts."

"By."

"By."

"Three spades."

And so it went.

"Nancy's bid five spades without a raise from me," sighed Peggy.

"What are you wearing to the sorority dance next week?"

"Wait till I finish this hand."

"Oh dear," wailed one of the girls at the table. "Now you have Nancy playing seriously, and we won't have a chance in the world."

Cards fell rapidly.

"She made it!" shouted Peggy.

"Oh, someone talk to her next hand, please," implored Betty.

"Nancy, whom are you taking to that dance?"

"I don't know. Can't decide. Bob dances awfully well but he's a big bore. Bill doesn't dance at all—at least, one couldn't call it dancing, but he's lots of fun. Johnny's too serious, always talking about deep things. Somebody write all the names down and I'll draw one. Put in the captain of the football team, too. He's not so bad. Oh, yes! And Eddie's marvelous looking. Don't forget him."

"Oh, Nancy, that wasn't the lead!"

"Nancy, don't you like any one better than the others?"

"No, why should I?"

"Haven't you ever fallen in love?"

"No, and from what I see of you, I don't want to."

"Well, I ask you—was that a nice remark?"

"Nancy, how do you manage to keep them all crazy about you?"

Aileen was thinking back over their past three years of high school. Nancy had always been the same witty, amusing, light-hearted girl. Popular and incidentally as much so with girls as with boys, she had been elected to all the offices she could fill in the large high school. She had never failed to "go over big" in any group. Yet always these things had apparently no importance to her. Another in her place might soon have been spoiled but Nancy's complete forgetfulness of herself made her as attractive now in her senior year as she had ever been. Despite the seemingly careless merriment which was ever present, she was known to really be serious at times. A keen mind made

studies no trouble for her, and long habits of direct thinking gave her a marked ability for putting her finger on the very center of many a perplexity. This was of course known only to her friends, for according to the characteristic of the modern age to which she so decidedly belonged, the fun-loving, almost frivolous side was the one for the world in general to see.

Nancy had perhaps purposely, perhaps unintentionally, left Aileen's question unanswered. After all, it needed no answer. Somehow the afternoon had flown by. The little group went noisily upstairs for wraps. A Saturday afternoon was over, and thoughts of school began to intrude.

"Anyone tried that Latin?"

"Yes, I've finished it—had a study hour in school yesterday."

"Oh, give it to me first hour Monday?"

"Sure thing. Come down to my locker for it."

"There's Bill waiting for you, Nancy, and Bob's out there about having a fit because we're so slow."

"Somebody take me home. Tom can't come after me."

"All right, Marge, come along with us. Hurry up."

Then came the chorus of:

"Precious party."

"Darling time."

"Always have fun at your house."

"See you Monday."

Monday morning the wide corridors of the large old high school were again busy, noisy, after the quiet of the past two days. Somehow it seems that a school must miss the crowd of pupils on vacation days and be glad to welcome back its hurrying, scurrying, chattering youth so gloriously alive. Upper classmen strolled nonchalantly through the halls, stopping to exchange words of greeting now and then. Sophomores, with a great show of importance, stepped briskly along obviously very sure of themselves. Freshmen, now that it was spring and they no longer felt awed by the magnificence of the great building and its worldly upper-classmen who so cruelly gave them wrong directions when they trustingly sought information, distinguished themselves by dashing up and down the corridors, bumping into

whoever lingered in their way, laughing, shouting, banging the doors of the lockers which lined each side of the corridors, and forgetful of everything save their own good spirits. Seniors disdainfully made their way through the Freshman hall, first floor, to the quiet dignity of third floor, their home.

Here the little group of friends were gathered about their lockers exchanging papers, discussing the good times of the past few days, planning for coming parties, and most particularly thinking that June was only two months away.

One by one the Bobs, Jims, Toms, and Bills appeared and the groups separated into couples, that is, with the exception of Nancy, who never promenaded up and down with any one person. About five or six boys—men, according to the crowd—had gathered about her locker. One took out her books, one hung up her coat, while others stood talking and laughing with the radiant Nancy herself who divided her smiles impartially among them. She was well worth looking at, the vivid blue of her dress bringing out her light hair and sparkling eyes.

It was at such a time that a tall, well-dressed, good-looking lad, with serious blue eyes, and light hair carefully combed smooth, joined the group with a more or less indifferent dignity.

"Hi, Nancy," he said carelessly, with an attractive smile which Peggy, passing by, immediately made note of, for George Stoner was the type who rarely smiled.

After this greeting he stood quietly, not joining into the conversation, and seldom laughing with the crowd over the small bits of nonsense. When the bell rang, he left with the same carelessness in his "'Bye, Nancy, see you in Latin.'"

When Nancy's four or five escorts left her at the door of her first hour classroom, she was joined by Peggy who sat beside her—unfortunately for the teacher.

"I believe George is crazy about you," she whispered, her eyes wide with enthusiasm.

"Why?" came the answer, with a faint show of interest.

"*Why?* Don't be silly. You know he cuts in all the time at every dance, and now he's beginning to hang around the locker. I think he's awfully attractive. Can't see why you don't care about him."

"You seem very concerned about it."

"I know, but you're being so silly. Any girl in school would be thrilled to death to have him notice her, and you don't pay any attention to him. Really, don't you like him or are you just pretending?"

"Well," confessed Nancy, "I do think there's more to him than I saw at first. Don't you think he's the type who wouldn't care for a lot of girls but would be ever so nice to one? You know, honestly, he does kind of interest me."

"Nancy," put in an impatient teacher, "are you talking about clothes again today?"

"No, Miss Reed," her tone was respectful and her expression that of a kitten caught stealing cream. "Men, this time," she finished with a charming smile.

Miss Reed smiled back—no one could have done otherwise—but she invited Nancy to take the vacant chair in the front row, thereby putting an end to the confidences.

After class, George unexpectedly appeared at the door, took Nancy's books, and gravely walked with her to Latin.

That noon, Peggy swooped down upon Nancy and said with awe in her voice,

"My dear, I don't see how you do it. Everyone has been wondering if George would ever fall, and now he's crazy about you. Just think of his meeting you at the end of that class! Aren't you thrilled to death?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nancy, but her tone was not convincing.

For nearly a week after this, things were at a standstill. George came to the locker before school both morning and noon; frequently he met Nancy at the end of a class and carried her books to the next one. He never had much to say. Yet, to the most casual observer it was clear that they were decidedly interested in one another and that it was the mutual characteristic of indifference which was responsible for it. For this reason excitement ran high when one day George asked if he might take her home.

"Peggy," she whispered next day in class, "I've a date with him tomorrow night and I think he's darling and I really

am thrilled and—Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Reed, I didn't hear the question."

The wings of Father Time are fleet indeed. It was not many mornings after this that Nancy slipped into her first hour class just as the final bell stopped ringing and gasped excitedly;

"Peggy, guess what! Dates for the Prom, the banquet, and the picnic. And look, he's writing me a note every night."

She took from her book something rather lengthy to be called a note and began reading.

"Nancy, please continue the translation."

She glanced uncomprehendingly about her.

"'Les Miserables,' page seventeen, second paragraph. Snap to!" whispered Peggy and then slipped the open book before her to avoid further delay.

One's romances can never be secret in school. And as Nancy had remained the same in her willingness to share any bit of happiness with everyone, the daily note came to be much enjoyed by the entire French class. The school had for some time heard of each new admirer with interest, but they were just as pleased to hear about one person. Everybody enthusiastically greeted the fraternity pin's first appearance, and from that moment on, the high school understood that George Stoner and Nancy Carver were "going steady." The crowd about the locker automatically disappeared. George began driving Nancy to school in the morning as well as home in the afternoon, and before classes they strolled about the halls together. Nancy was now distinguished from her friends only by the fact that the usual "domestic" difficulties did not intrude upon her happiness. In fact, things went almost too smoothly. There were a couple of occasions upon which Nancy had immediately taken offense where none had been meant and returned the pin, just for excitement, as she frankly confessed to her friends. At such times, a contrite George had humbled himself to long apologies, admiring very much that degree of independence which heretofore he had not found in any girl. And with Nancy so successful, it was quite natural that her advice began to be sought rather frequently.

"Nancy," Betty would say in a downcast tone, a little pucker between her eyebrows and the corners of her mouth turned down, "I want to talk to you."

Whereupon Nancy would whirl around and say, with her eyes a strange combination of haughtiness and pleading, and in her tone both command and request,

"George dear, please take these books to first hour class and meet me at the end of it. I have to talk to Betty."

"Aw Nancy," he would begin, watching her as though her words meant a separation of years.

"Please, George," Nancy always said very seriously, with no sign of a smile in the usually laughing brown eyes.

"Oh, all right." George would sigh patiently and reach for the books.

Her answer was at first a laugh containing a hint of triumph and then, again serious, she would look up, feigning anxiety, and ask if he minded awfully.

"Of course, I'd much rather stay, but my lady's wishes must always be obeyed."

About this time their eyes always met and then as George would turn to leave, Nancy would take Betty's arm, all the time watching out of the corners of her eyes, and say confidentially but loudly,

"Now that you have helped me to get rid of him, the big bore—"

She never finished, for George would be in front of her, his eyes stern, saying threateningly,

"Take that back before I drop these books and leave you by yourself the whole day."

Nancy looked at George and then about the corridor, her eyes grave. Presently she would say condescendingly, "All right, I suppose I'll have to."

Then as no smile greeted her, she would suddenly laugh and say teasingly, "Run along, you old silly. You know I said that just to see what you'd do."

And George now smiling, satisfied too, would disappear down the crowded corridor.

Such an incident took place at least once every day. Sometimes it was Betty who started it, sometimes another; that did not alter it a bit. Moreover, the questions and answers which followed were all of the same type. What did Nancy do when George didn't like to do the same things she did? Why, she made him like them, of course. It never paid to humor men.

Strangely enough, her theory of absolute independence and almost tyrannical rule continued to seem infallible. Though the spring and summer brought for other members of the group quarrels, broken dates, and supposedly broken hearts, George and Nancy remained happily oblivious to all in the world save each other. Once skeptical observers who had remarked that they would watch with interest to see how long this infatuation might last, in the fall smiled benignly and agreed among themselves that these two dear children were simply made for one another. But the early autumn brought something other than kindly comments. College days were about to begin, and the night for "The Departing Bawl" had arrived.

The dance committee had quite outdone itself in the decorating of the club ballroom, carrying out the autumn colors in flowers and lights. An attractive setting, surely, for the girls in bright evening dresses, contrasted with the black and white of the evening dress of the men. Peggy, standing beside one of the entrances with Tom, who until June had fancied himself madly in love with pretty little Betty, watched Nancy dancing with George and noticed that as usual she was the prettiest girl on the floor. By some intuition, she had worn a taffeta dress of gold and green, so that she exactly fitted into the background which the decorating committee had so kindly provided.

"Do you know," she asked a bit wistfully, her eyes following the attractive couple, "they are about the only ones here tonight who were going together last spring."

"I noticed it," Tom reflected a bit ruefully. "Betty has no use for me any more, and you and Jim have evidently decided to go your own ways. Aileen and Bob broke up quite a while ago and— Well, want to dance?"

"I guess so."

"Say, it's not quite as bad as we've been making out. There are Alice and Eddie."

"But I'll tell you a secret. She's returning his pin after the dance."

"It sure looks as if George and Nancy will be the only ones, to make a go of things, then."

The orchestra stopped and they strolled over to join the two persons under discussion. It was then that they noticed a slight change in Nancy. She laughed, she pouted, she teased, and laughed again as she had always done, but her eyes were serious. With George, too, the good spirits seemed to be entirely on the surface. He watched Nancy every moment.

"They are taking these good-byes pretty hard," said Tom, when, having refused any exchange of dances, they had gone off together.

"Yes, they are," Peggy agreed, but remarked that Nancy was no doubt enjoying these sad moments to the utmost. "I guess it's a good thing that they won't be so far apart that they can't see each other over the week-ends now and then," she added.

"You're going to the same place Nancy is, aren't you?"

"Yes, we'll be in the same house."

Meanwhile, George and Nancy had grown tired of dancing and were sitting quietly on the large veranda of the club house.

"Nancy dear, I hate this having to go away," George broke the silence.

"So do I."

"It really won't make any difference with us, will it? I'll always care more about you than anyone else, no matter what happens, but I'm afraid you'll find somebody else."

"No, I won't. But, George, I've been thinking. You know we've just drifted along and you never even asked me about my religion."

"I don't care about it."

"But George, please consider that there are times when it can make a great deal of trouble."

"It never could between us. I'd never let it."

"Well, but it could. You're just being unreasonable. It

really could, but I won't let it. I'll change it for you, just for you."

"I won't have you give it up for me. I think it's wonderful of you to do it. Honestly, but I couldn't let you, dear. It can't matter."

George was very earnest. He leaned forward to see if Nancy was appreciating the fact that he would let her make no sacrifice for him, but drew back puzzled and a little hurt to find that the twinkle in her eyes showed signs of returning and that a faint shadow of the teasing smile played about her lips.

"George," she said determinedly, "I tell you it does matter. You're studying to be a doctor and I'm a Christian Scientist. But I'll give it up for you."

"Oh Nancy," he said, laughing a bit in spite of himself, "you're a dear. I hate to have you, but I guess you'd better give it up. If you don't believe in me, no one will." Then, serious again, he added, "But Nancy, somehow you always find something to laugh over. You care more about having fun than anything else in the world."

"No, I don't," she said, but looked away over the golf links. "I hate to leave you, George, but you wouldn't want me to miss going away to school and I won't care about anyone else." Her eyes were still far away.

George, watching her, wondered as he had many times before over the suddenness with which her moods were wont to change. Only a few moments ago she too had dreaded to think that tomorrow would bring farewells. She had tried to make that evening as joyous as past ones and by her failure had succeeded in making him think for a brief while that she cared as much as he did. Now, he knew as surely as if she had told him that she was looking forward to the things a new day might bring. Mechanically he rose, and they returned to the hall.

Life is like a treasure hunt with each tomorrow a new clue. In the search one passes by, with eyes ever looking ahead, good-byes, long journeys, new places, new friends, new ways. Nancy was never one to find readjustments difficult. At college she made friends easily and soon slipped into the same admired, respected place that she had held in high school days.

Since confidences are given freely among college girls, she soon knew that the tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl was in love with the boy whose picture stood on her dresser; that the sunny-looking, light-haired little girl just down the hall had been "going steady" for a year with the boy from whom she heard every day; that a very home-sick young lady had quarreled with the most precious person in the world just before coming and watched anxiously for a letter. Likewise, they too knew of George and enthusiastically exclaimed over flowers, candy, and letters.

"George asked me to his fraternity house party," announced Nancy to the crowd of girls clad in bright pajamas and robes sitting in her room enjoying a box of candy from George and a box of cookies from home.

"Oh, imagine!"

"How perfectly darling!"

"You'll have a precious time!"

"Want that new rose evening dress of mine? It's adorable on you."

"What will you travel in?"

"I haven't decided yet," Nancy smiled and, jumping off the bed, popped a piece of candy in her mouth and danced over to the wardrobe. "Gee, it's going to be fun getting ready."

She took down a two-piece blue crepe dress with a circular skirt and a handpainted design running down the side and held it up to her. Entirely unmindful of the pink pajama legs hanging below it, the girls shouted approval.

"You know that's one of the most becoming things you have!"

"I shouldn't hesitate in deciding upon that for one thing!"

Nancy considered the dress and then the serious-looking girl who sat cross legged under the reading lamp, a novel open on her lap.

"Gracie, would you let me take that blue hat with the gold criss-cross which goes so well with this?"

"I'd adore to," she said very earnestly.

"Oh, you're an angel," skipping over to give her a kiss and a hug.

"But listen, everybody. Throw me an apple, Peggy. That's a dear. I haven't told George I'll go yet."

"Nancy! Why?" came in an amazed chorus.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it." Here Nancy jumped onto the bed, bounced up and down, and tossed another pillow at a very tiny little girl on the next bed, already almost covered with them. "You know George has missed a few days writing to me and then when I was home last week end, he didn't want to do what I did, and he had the nerve to tell me that he wanted me to get a dress like somebody's, I don't know who, and on the whole, he's been behaving badly, so I told him I didn't know whether I could come or not, sort of as if it didn't matter."

As she paused for breath, there came various comments of surprise and questioning.

"Oh, Nancy, I think you're too independent for words."

"Why, I could no more say a thing like that to Dick than fly!"

"How did he take it?"

"I must admit he didn't seem to like it very well, but I don't care about that. He asked how long it would be before I'd let him know and I said, 'Well, quite a while, but he could go ahead and ask someone else if he wanted to. It would be all right.'"

"Nancy!"

"Well," said Nancy, tossing her head, "he calmed down after that and told me he wouldn't think of going with any other girl and he'd wait until I could find out and if it was the day before, it would be all right with him and so forth, so I'm not going to let him know for ages. It'll do him good."

"You seem to get away with such things, but I tried it once too often," said the young lady who had long waited for the letter which never came.

"Aren't you afraid he might get tired of waiting around?"

"Not George. If he ever shows any signs of objecting to anything I do, I return his pin, and he comes around to make peace in a hurry."

"I wish I were that sure of Dick," sighed the tall, dark-haired girl.

“Wouldn’t it be a marvelous feeling?” others agreed.

“Well, what else are you going to take with you? Let’s see. What coat will you take?” Peggy re-opened the subject which was to be above all others in importance for the next few weeks.

Getting Nancy ready for the house party was no small task, but everyone enjoyed it. When at last all had been settled, everyone had some article of clothing which would have the distinction of going to this wonderful party which was, to be sure, not taking place for a couple of weeks.

“Ann Arbor calling Miss Nancy Carver,” echoed through the halls.

“Coming,” came the answer.

A door opened. Someone flew out and down the stairs.

“Hello, hello. No I can’t hear very well, George. How are you, dear? Oh, I’m fine——Yes, I know——I can——What? No, I can’t hear you. Ooooh——Yes, I know I did. Oh yes, of course. All right——Goodbye.”

Nancy hung up the receiver but sat for a few moments holding the telephone, her eyes on the floor, her lips pressed closely together, the embodiment of stunned surprise. Then she rose very slowly, replaced the telephone, straightened up determinedly, the utter lack of comprehension in her eyes changing to angry defiance, and started upstairs to the group waiting her in eager anticipation.

George *had* invited another girl!

MIRIAM KELLAM.



THE LAMP

The workman sat at his bench, musing, a look of despair in his eyes. It seemed that all his life he had worked on coarse and crude metals, making useful but ugly pieces out of iron and brass. Through these long years he had had a dream—a dream to model something that would capture the eternal mystery of beauty.

As he sat gazing before him with unseeing eyes, a shaft of sunlight fell upon a great block of solid brass, suffusing it with light. The workman's face changed and into his eyes came the light of inspiration. Grasping with his long fingers his sharp tools he began to work, slowly at first, but confidently, on the square of metal.

After long months of unceasing labor, there took shape a lamp. It was a mosque and its turrets were as delicate filigree. On the patio was the figure of a man at prayer and beside him were his sandals which he had removed before entering the sacred place of worship.

The artisan paused with a questioning look on his face and gazed at the lamp, perfect in all its details of workmanship. Then came a look as though his unspoken query had been answered. His hands caressed the lamp as he placed within it a tiny torch. The shining metal glowed with a mellow light which fell upon the figure of the worshipper whose hands were uplifted in prayer and upon whose face was a look of reverence and of awe.

And on the face of the workman, the look was reflected as he saw before him the fulfillment of his dream.

ESTHER WYMAN.

NIGHT FANCIES

Have you ever lain in bed at night
And watched the clouds go floating by?
They seem so huge and dark up there
In the gray, star-sprinkled sky.

The heavens at first are all so clear
With a few dim stars in sight,
And one is brighter than the rest
Like a fairy goblin's light.

A cloud appears—and then some more,
And one by one they grow;
They seem up there in the dim-lit sky
Like heaps of drifted snow.

The stars go out—and then they soon
Come back again to sight;
But not for long, because the clouds
Travel swiftly in the night.

A falling star! How swift it falls!
Soon gone, and seen by few.
You wish upon that falling star
And hope your wish comes true.

The sky is clear—the clouds have passed.
Where to? Where from? I ponder.
They are like roving pilgrim ghosts
As silently they wander.

DOROTHY EDWARDS.

THE SEASONS

Little ledges of ice and a narrow strip of brown, fast-melting snow. A steep mountain path winding between black, bare forest trees just waking and swelling into bud after the long winter. The piercing cry of crows flying overhead in the pale sky on their way back from the south. The smell of spring, and fresh, wet earth. Everything bursting with the joy of coming alive—and then at your feet the first arbutus.

A lake. The stillness of a summer wood at sundown. A glory of yellow, orange, green, rose, lavender and blue. A red

sun stretching out golden fingers across the water to your feet. The last sleepy warble of an oriole coming softly through the trees. The gradual fading into greyness—blueness. And over your right shoulder the white crescent moon above a pine tree.

The flame of a fire just before going out, the gold of the trimmings on a circus wagon, the orange of a summer sunset, the purple of a king's robe, the rustle of old brown silk—a maple tree in autumn.

Swirling, soft, silent flakes. Ghosts of firs by the road, their green-black boughs wrapped in white. The tiny jingle of a sleigh's bells muffled by the heavy snow. A passing phantom, a mere gray shadow of a man and horse moving slowly onward, homeward. Then nothing to break the stillness of the winter night.

LAURA MERRILL.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

Gay, sparkling summer opens quietly her mysterious doors, bringing forth happy little thoughts which carry with them innumerable pleasures and surprises. We delve here and there, ever returning for more—hurriedly—breathlessly—lest we lose our one opportunity. Then, slowly and steadily these magic portals swing shut, leaving behind only the faint shadows of former ecstasies.

Overnight—alluring flaunting autumn flings wide its gates revealing more solemn and serious thoughts amid the whirling, eddying autumn leaves. They flutter about us, seemingly impelled by some unknown force, as we step within. Less hurriedly—less breathlessly—we stretch out our hands to grasp one of these symbols of our unceasing labors. It is the harvest time! But then, a gush of wind, a last ray of light and the gate is closed forever upon us.

LUCILLE MARKS.

LET'S SEE!

Two days more—heavens—plenty of time. Why, any normal person can pack a trunk in two hours if she puts herself to it. That's it—just concentration on one certain thing for a few minutes and it's done.

Let's see now: I'm leaving Tuesday noon. I'll have that date with Bill Sunday night and then my last one with Jim on Monday. Gee, not very glad that I have one with him tonight too! I'm a wreck! Can't decide whether it is the wisest thing to leave home or not. The big question in my mind is, "Out of sight, out of mind," or "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Let's see!

Sunday night already and here comes Bill. He's not so *very* sweet! Though Jim just escaped being perfect. Heavens! I mustn't rave like this. Every girl has friends—I mean boy friends—who just escaped being handsome or perfect; so that's that! Sunday night is a thing of the past—gorgeous time—never better—but I was going to pack my trunk this morning and now it's too late—almost afternoon and I promised to play bridge with Ann, Babe and Janie. Let's see, I will be able to leave there a little early.

Here it is five P. M. and Jim is going to call for me. Then we are going out to dinner and after that theatre and dancing—I'll send him home early tonight and then pack—I'm getting a bit worried now 'cause Mother isn't going to tolerate my putting it off much longer.

Do I like Jim? Well, the word I want to use begins with "l" and ends with "e" but the two letters in the middle change not only the word but the meaning—quite a bit!

What! Heavens! I'm a wreck—Mother is calling me—it's midnight—don't tell me that she is going to demand that I come up and pack now. What? Mother is coming downstairs—so is Dad—Jim doesn't seem a bit nervous but then he's in terribly good with the family. They're all laughing—No! Really! Can you imagine it? Mother and Dad have packed every single solitary thing for me—not *very* thrilled and happy

"Come on, Jim—let's see!"

VIRGINIA KERN.

TWO'S A COUPLE, THREE'S A CROWD

Two young people sat around, busily engaged in doing nothing. On the appearance of a third, a ten-year old, action started.

"Well, what's your trouble?"

"Nothing, just thought I'd come in!"

"You'd better start thinking about leaving, quick!"

"H'm, don't have to, you're not my boss!"

Oh, I don't know, guess I am as long as Mother isn't here!"

"H'mm."

Silence, during which, older sister and younger sister glared at each other.

The third party, masculine, interrupted, "Aw, let her alone, she hasn't done anything!"

"Yeh, that's just it. She's gonna do something right now!"

"I won't!"

Large sister pushed small sister swiftly out of the room, having had previous practice.

"Listen, you stay out here, 'cuz if you don't, you'll wish you had!"

A big scuffle followed, then little sister tore upstairs, crying.

Bigger sister straightened up, then joined the listening one.

JEAN PETERSON.

TO ANY TOWN FROM A POINT TEN MILES DISTANT

(Given by any midwestern farmer met on the way.)

"Harrison? Well now, let's see. Go down to this here corner and turn south. Keep right on about a quarter of a mile. There you'll find a road goin' to the right but don't take it. A mile farther turn to the left across a bridge near a red house. The road is winding but after a while a straight road crosses it. Turn right on this road, cross two double track railroads, an old wooden bridge and keep on till you come to a fork in the road. Take the left fork, go around a Baptist church and straight into Harrison."

MIRIAM KELLAM.

SUNSET BEFORE THE STORM

Long bars of sunlight
 Stretching from fissures in soft grey clouds
 To make rainbows of the fine-blown spray
 Cresting small inrolling waves;
 The dirty sails of the fishing boats
 Sailing quietly home in the twilight,
 And catching a few glistening beams of the sun;
 The shadowy beach,
 Wet and nearly gray
 As the light leaves it.

THE STORM

Rain, pouring steadily down
 Onto a storm-ridden sea
 Wrathfully hurling itself shore-wards;

Great walls of ebony water
 Breaking suddenly
 And crumbling, crumbling,
 In their roaring descent
 To hard dark sands;

Shadows of fishing-boats
 Dimly outlined by the soft fog,
 Rolling in a steady rhythm
 With high masts swaying and bending;

A stretch of beach,
 Wet and gleaming
 Beneath the quiet descent of the rain.

EMILY HUSSEY.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

The evening air was cool, and a slight breeze was blowing as I made my way up the bluff, and across to where a tree stood alone, solitary as myself, looking over the lake below. I rested against this tree and the cool night air refreshed me as it ruffled my hair.

On the far off shore the trees looked black against the sky where the sun had sunk, leaving behind it a tinge of purple. The lake below rippled quietly, with a soft musical sound, as though it, too, felt the spell of the night. Just rising behind the pine trees was the moon, large, beautiful, and a soft shade of yellow, imbued with a film of orange which was quickly disappearing. As a beautiful gown can make a commonplace girl attractive, so the moon brought out the full beauty of the pine trees; and their tall yet graceful forms created a spirit of awe within me.

Then I dreamed of beauty, of honor, and of God. For God seemed near, and real—not the God we worship in churches, but a God of the wilderness, the creator of beauty.

I thought of all the things I had done in the past which were not kind, and in keeping with my better self. I resolved to overcome these faults and to live truer and better. I set my ideal as high as one of the twinkling stars above me.

I rose, inspired, and made my way back. Always something of that night will remain with me. Although it is impossible for me to live a life such as the one imagined under the spell of that moon, because of it, life holds a truer meaning.

DOROTHY EDWARDS.

THE QUEST OF BEAUTY

The other day, while browsing among the books of my father's small but well-chosen library, I chanced upon this quotation from Keats, which impressed me with a keen sense of its subtle truth:

“O that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,
Would all their colors from the sunset take :
From something of material sublime,
Rather than shadow our own soul’s daytime
In the dark void of night.”

Beauty—the very word itself brings to my mind thoughts of all that is lovely in this world of ours. First, the most common thing among humans, religion, is filled with a beauty that commands all earthly deeds, if one can but find it in its true light. To my mind, a religion is worthless unless it can inspire one to high ideals, to a life of right living, through which one can see a vision of divine light and one’s ultimate goal.

Oftentimes our ideals, however, “shadow our own soul’s day time in the dark void of night,” and the quest of beauty is doomed to failure. For we are blind to the “material sublime” which is all about us, waiting to be used as the foundation of life.

Few there are, indeed, who accomplish this quest, but they are those givers of beauty to the world, in the form of the various arts. Music can saturate one’s very soul with emotions of hope or joy. It is to the rhythm of music that the primitive turn, when they wish an outlet for their feelings of victory or defeat. The cultured turn to music as to a sympathetic friend. Poetry, too, can thrill one with its keen interpretations of human nature and of God’s nature. Poetry, like music, has rhythm, and often verse can express a thought more beautifully than prose. All literature can sway the minds of a whole nation with its great force of appeal. Without books, the world would seem barren. We should know very little of history; and more startling still, we should have none of the many records which comprise our Bible. The world today would not have such a vast intellectual knowledge if it had never read the words of Shakespeare and Milton. Painting, also, is an art which, when truly appreciated, can give one a deep sense of spiritual beauty. Painting, as well as prose, can record the intellectual and spiritual history of an age. If it were not for the true worth of painting as a beautiful form of expression, we should not have the many great art galleries which we find in all corners of the earth. We look almost with reverence upon the

famous names of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. For these men, as well as many others, have given concrete expression to the loveliness of the world.

To find beauty, we must scorn the worship of false gods. We must seek more simplicity, more truth, in our way of living. If we turn to the wonders of nature, which are God's own work, we can comprehend this truth more fully.

What are the results of this quest? Perhaps the ancient Greek philosopher Plato has answered this question for all time when he tells us that beauty is the bridge joining the mortal and immortal worlds; and that by seeking beauty, by creating some small portion of it in this life, we come nearer the Divine.

ARLENE WILSON.

THE WARMTH WITHIN

Silently the snowflakes fall outside my window-pane. Even now it is drifting around the trunk of our sturdy old oak tree, and the last dim rays of a winter sun cast weird shadows over the snowy earth. Far down the roadway I see old Tim lighting the street-lamps. Poor Tim!

Inside, my room is gay with bright chintz and brilliant bits of pottery. My hearth is a-blaze with crackling logs. The Persian kitten and I have finished our tea.

"Shall we, having put our books away, sit by the window and watch the snow fall?"

MARION SMITH.

REVERIE

A little tiny child was sitting in an unusually large arm chair. She had that lovely twinkle in her eye which is so natural to a healthy youngster. Her soft golden curls clustered in hundreds of ringlets over her baby head. Her skin was lovely and soft and her cheeks looked as though she had been kissed by Jack Frost. Her lips were like a wee rose bud that was just seeing the

big, big world. Her hands were folded. Around her were dolls, blocks and a little sewing basket. A baby kitten was by her side. On the hearth there was a fire that resembled her with its tiny sparks dancing high into the air, crackling noises that were so odd, and made one want to screw his face all up and giggle. The clock on the mantle ticked away merrily as if in a terrible hurry to get some place. There were sounds in the house as if someone were going to have a party. It would be dark soon now because it was late in the fall—but that would make no difference. For “he” would be there soon. She smiled a tiny smile to herself as she thought of the future. She was thinking—of something.

* * * * *

A little tiny old woman was sitting in an unusually large arm chair. She had a delightful twinkle in her eye despite her pure white hair, dry wrinkled skin, and colorless lips. Her hands were folded. There was no knitting to be seen, no sewing and no cat. The fire-place was extremely cold and cheerless. A clock on the mantle ticked and ticked as though it was very tired and wished to rest. There was not a sound in the house. Dusk would not fall for some hours although there was a certain grey mist which comes in the afternoon just before winter sets in. The dear old woman sat there, alone. One tear rolled down her cheek onto her black silk skirt. She was thinking—of something.

VIRGINIA KERN.

DAPHNE'S DIARY

September 30—Have arrived at Rogers Hall at last. I have a precious room in the Hall and my roommate is Martha Acker from Baltimore. She is a darling both to look at and to talk to and if I don't just love her to pieces it will be all my fault. She went to Barberry Court last year and roomed with Alice Littleton, my first tent-mate at camp, so even now I feel as though I had known her for perfect ages. Am so very tired tonight that I can't write another word except good night, diary, and I hope you will like it here, too.

October 7—Now I am beginning to see my way clear once

more but we have been so furiously busy with programs and all that, and getting acquainted has been such fun. The party that the old girls gave us after the picnic at Robins Hill helped tremendously and now we are hearing varied rumors of Cae and Kava. And then there is hockey each afternoon and I have grown to know lots of the girls better that way. I just adore Joan Morse and that girl surely can play hockey. She has oodles and oodles of letters and numerals she has made in hockey and swimming. Here I am rambling on and I have only ten pages of psychology to prepare.

October 18—Last Saturday we went in to see the Harvard-William and Mary game and we had such fun. We had a huge bus all to ourselves and after the thrilling game, those of us who weren't too sleepy sang all of the way home. Dear diary, I am still fascinated by Martha. Sometimes I don't see how she can stand having me around—when I am cross and she has such patience with me. Fate was kind to give me her for a roommate. And one more thing I don't want to forget. I received a letter post-marked Hanover and I was dumbfounded when I read that it was from Happy Howes, a boy I met at Joy's house-party. I must wait two or three days before I answer so he won't think I am too anxious. Isn't that the wisest plan?

November 7—Haven't been doing so much lately except going to Eddie's and into the city on Saturday morning. I have made so many perfectly precious friends here that I am now beginning to realize what I would have missed if I hadn't come to boarding school. That would have been too tragic. Would love to write all about them here but I have room for only two or three and there are dozens I'd want to tell about. Another letter from Happy today.

November 28—Thanksgiving has come and gone and now we are all determined to study hard, so hard, until Christmas and then we will enjoy vacation so much more. Kay went home with me for Thanksgiving and we had slues of fun. She went over big with the crowd and she has big things planned already for spring vacation. And Martha is going to spend the last week of Christmas vacation with me. What fun we will have! Got a special note from Happy this morning and he wants to date me

for the Yuletide dance up at the Country Club. Will I go? Well I should say I will! Will Christmas never come, diary?

December 15—I am all excited about going home tomorrow, but I am perfectly furious with Martha. Happy stopped at school tonight on his way from Hanover and he had an awfully cute man with him. Tod Hubbard. Martha came down in the drawing-room with us and made a perfect fool of herself. I have always thought that southern girls were ferocious flirts but she certainly proved it. She devoted all her time to Happy so that in the hour and a half they were here, Tod and I became quite well acquainted. And what did I care about him? When we got upstairs she started to rave about how crazy Happy was about me and all that. To me that was her way of smoothing over what she had done down stairs. I know she fell hard for him. Listen, diary, if you had a roommate that you loved as you know I love Martha, and then, she flirted outrageously with your Dartmouth man, whatever would you do? Oh why did I ask her to visit me at Christmas? I can't see.

MARION SMITH.

(To be Continued)

ON DIETING

Sylph-like, boyish forms trot amiably past me on the street, and I sigh with envy. Oh, to be able to wear a size sixteen dress and look as well as these vivacious creatures do. But, such luxury is not for me. I must stride through life, broad-shouldered and muscular, and hear people whisper, "My, how healthy she looks! She must be an athlete." I grit my teeth and resolve to go on a *strict* diet. And then, I dream of myself as a slim, terribly slim, young girl, tripping along on her merry way.

But alas for my fond hopes. Luncheon at Rogers Hall! I must resist the temptation. A plate of delicious cream of celery soup is set before me, the appetizing odor teasing me to taste the creamy liquid. That will never hurt me. What can a little bit of soup do to make me gain weight? I shrug my shoulders and

attack a hot roll. Of course, the roll is good for me—I musn't go without something sustaining, for that would make my stomach weak, and necessitate a visit to the infirmary. Then macaroni and cheese! My favorite dish! Macaroni is said to be fattening, so I give it one glance and stare straight ahead. Columbus Day? Why, I never thought of that! I must celebrate the discovery of America in some way, and I eat the macaroni and cheese, secretly hoping that the cheese will offset the fattening power in the macaroni.

Orange pudding, the crowning course of the luncheon. No, I simply cannot eat anything sweet. Then, I use reason. Fruits do not make one gain weight, therefore I shall carefully pick out the tender slices of orange. After these have been easily digested, the custard looks lonesome. And you must realize how tragic it is to be lonesome. Down goes the custard to join its friendly bits of fruit. I leave the table, fully satisfied that I have at last completed the first steps in my diet.

I wonder why I haven't grown thin?

CARMEN BEAUDIN.

"ICE KING"

"Everyone on? All right, let's go!" A push, and we're off! The ice-boat swings out of the cove. A sudden gust of wind fills the sail. Making frantic efforts to stay on as the boat keels far over, we begin our mad dash down the lake.

A clear cold night, a freezing wind blowing against our faces and every nerve in our bodies tingling with the sheer joy of being alive! A merry, madcap crowd, enjoying to the utmost the thrill of that wild ride!

The moon dips up and down in cloud foam, making a play of light and shadow on the lake. One moment ahead we see dark gloomy places. A second—and we shoot through them—out into the moonlight, across the silvery ice.

The boat sweeps up the lake. Around the point, and we are nearly blinded by a sudden blaze of light! Lanterns of every

color, swinging to and fro, cast rain-bow reflections on the mirror-like surface of the lake.

A lull in the wind slows the boat and as we drift by, strains of music, mingled with shouts of laughter, float out to us.

Then—a burst of wind seizes us. We are sent darting down the lake, with echoes of music still ringing in our ears.

ANNE PHILLIPS.

SHAD'S LETTERS

Leona Schaddelee, president of Kava Club, spent last summer motoring through Europe with her family. The following are excerpts from a few of her letters:

Interlaken, Switzerland.

August 7, 1926:

This morning we were at Montreux and visited the old Castle of Chillon which Lord Byron wrote about in “The Prisoner of Chillon.” It is built right on the rocks of Lake Geneva with a moat, a huge drawbridge, dungeons, look-out towers, secret passages, and execution implements.

A few days ago we went up to the “Jungfrau” peak, which is one of the highest in the Alps. We went in the train, and it was an all-day trip, through several tunnels, the last one being seven miles long. It took almost an hour to go through it and when we got out we were right amid snow, and nothing but snow! The sun was so dazzling that we had to wear colored glasses. We rented mountain hiking shoes and sticks, and then with a guide climbed up to one of the peaks. We were all fastened together with ropes and it was lots of fun, though very exciting, especially when one could hear snow-slides thundering down the mountains across from us. It wouldn't have been so hard if the ridge hadn't been so narrow—it gave me heart failure to look down either side. Once in a while the clouds would envelop us, and while that added to the danger, it also helped our peace of mind, for then we could not see the sheer precipices on either side . . .

Rotterdam, Netherlands.

September 3, 1926:

Last week we visited the little island where Dad was born. The natives were more than interested in us,—I should say, amused! When we walked around the streets, the whole village would come trooping after, and of course their wooden shoes on the cobblestones made a great clatter. And as we drove through the streets, the people would all run along after the car. Once my brother slammed on the brakes suddenly,—you should have seen the children fall head over heels!

One day my cousin, my brother, and I went shrimp fishing in the North Sea. We left at six-thirty in the morning, and for the first few hours it was windy and consequently rough. But soon the wind went down and all we did was to bob up and down on the huge swells that came rolling in. From then on we preferred to lie flat on deck,—the smell of the shrimps alone was enough to knock anybody over. In spite of that, and in spite of a sunburn, we were all glad we'd gone; because it was an interesting experience to be out on the North Sea, with hundreds of other fishing boats around us





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THE OLD AND NEW GIRL PICNIC

"Are you on the picnic committee?"

"No, the food committee."

"I can't wait to eat hot-dogs—and we're going to have the most gorgeous potato salad!"

"I do hope the new girls appreciate our hard work."

"Don't talk so much and hurry up—here comes Miss Mudge and we must get these rolls buttered!"

The above conversation could be heard at noon in the Rogers Hall gymnasium. It was the first "big day" of the school year. At one end of the gymnasium there were several tables on which food was "stacked." Around the room, huddled groups could be seen, each girl painfully gnawing an ear of corn. One by one they would stagger to their feet and slowly walk up to join the end of the food line.

After the so-called picnic, a rather impromptu entertainment was staged by the old girls. It consisted of acrobatic stunts and some one-act plays. The entertainment was indeed impromptu. Later, some of the new girls were asked to show their talent. The unusual selections were very good and were, we are sure, enjoyed.

In the evening, after sweaters, skirts and old shoes had been discarded and more suitable dresses and footgear had been put on, the girls all went to the gymnasium for there was to be a dance—with a real orchestra.

Upon entering the gymnasium, club colors could be seen, with the Kava lion at one end and the Cae bear at the other. The music was furnished by a local four-piece orchestra. Refreshments consisted of cookies and punch. Just before the refreshments were served, the girls of each club gathered together into two groups, and sang their club songs. At ten o'clock the party ended after a delightful evening.

F. A.

MUSICALES

A concert by Mr. Niccoli, Mr. Heller and Miss Peterson—what could be nicer for our first Sunday evening? It was with the most eager anticipation that we filled the schoolroom and pre-

pared to listen. Their program was delightful, as usual, with many of our favorites. We all were especially glad to have the opportunity of hearing Miss Peterson sing again and we hope that this trio will return many times in the coming year to fill our Sundays with their lovely music.

On two other Sunday afternoons this term we were delighted to hear charming programs rendered by Mr. Heller and Mr. Niccoli.

WANTED: A BUS DRIVER WHO KNOWS THE WAY TO MARBLEHEAD

Before us lay cross-roads. Which way to turn was the question, and a question none could answer, so we all guessed. One yelled, "Right," another hollered, "Left," and the bus driver, being different, went straight ahead! After we had gone a few blocks, it became evident that the street was a "blind" one. With a grinding of gears, a squeaking of brakes, and a few unnecessary words from the driver, we were once more on our way. I neglected to mention the several chickens we narrowly escaped hitting, and how near we came to side-swiping a barn.

Having explored almost every street in the town, and also having asked each intelligent-appearing individual whom we met, we finally reached what is known as the Square. Surely we could find the way from here!

It was with the best of confidence that the driver chose the road to the right. We all sighed with relief, and sank back in the comfortable chairs to enjoy the scenery. After a mile or more, the landscape began to look familiar, but still we kept on.

Without warning, a large "Detour" sign loomed before us, and we recognized the spot as the very one we had passed on our way from Lowell! We were on our way home!

By this time, the driver was beginning to lose his remarkable disposition. What was there to do but turn around? Nothing. So back we turned. Would we ever get there? It was very doubtful, to say the least.

Finally, we did find the road, only to have a "One Way Street—Do Not Enter Here," sign greet us. Still, we felt en-

couraged. Again we turned around, this time backing beautifully over the sidewalk and onto someone's front lawn, besides blocking traffic for several minutes.

It did not take long to find the other road and at last only the "causeway" lay between us and our destination, Marblehead Neck and lobster!

M. E. T.

THE CONCERT

The musical concert given in the assembly room at Rogers Hall, Sunday evening, October 10th, proved very interesting. Miss Catherine S. Swett offered a brief explanation of the folk songs and then accompanied Mr. Douglass McKennon, baritone, at the piano. Mr. McKennon is a graduate of Harvard and manager of the Harvard Glee Club.

In comparing the folk songs to the symphonies and sonatas, Miss Swett states that the "folk songs" were like children, the sonatas like men. Folk songs are the basis and foundation of modern music, being fascinating and endless, because they were the first songs ever written or sung and they are still very popular and will continue to be so. They are, by their melody and words, the characteristics of nations; in fact, they are the index of nations, being simple, refreshing and genuine. They have no origin but like "Topsy," they "just grew," and the predominating features of these songs are rhythm and melody."

Miss Swett gave an explanation of the folk songs of England, Scotland, Ireland, France Germany and Italy. After the explanation of each country, Mr. McKennon illustrated the talk by singing at least three folk songs of that country.

L. S.

JOHN MACY'S LECTURE

Enjoyment is the basic force of all creation and since reading is secondary creation, enjoyment should be the chief factor in its guidance. Mr. Macy's points of view are interesting and practical. Many of the English classes had the pleasure of hear-

ing them expressed in a lecture entitled "Reading for Enjoyment," given by John Macy at the Lowell Auditorium.

While himself a professional critic, Mr. Macy believes that personal likes and dislikes should largely determine what one reads. He heartily disagrees with the statement that there are certain books which a cultivated person cannot afford to miss reading. Without losing anything, one can substitute other books for these so-called indispensable ones. Moreover, there is so much good literature in circulation that no one could possibly read it all even if he were to spend every moment in trying to do so. Therefore, Mr. Macy informs us that when a friend insists that we must remember the wonderful scene in which "Steerforth" meets "Maggie Tolleriver" by the river, we can reply without embarrassment that we never read Thomas Hardy.

THE SENIOR TEA

Never before have the seniors really had a place to themselves, so it was with the greatest excitement that we heard that a whole house had been turned over to us.

On Monday, October 11th, Miss Parsons gave a tea to the candidates for the senior class in the new senior house.

Dressed in our best, we arrived promptly to be met at the door by Miss Parsons and after seeing just enough of the lower floor to excite us, we hurried up the broad stairs to divest ourselves of wraps. With exclamations of joy and surprise, we gazed spellbound at the sunny rooms with their gay rose and blue hangings and couch covers and attractive white furnishings.

Downstairs, more surprises awaited us. A living-room, charmingly furnished in green wicker, and a large dining-room where a lovely new tea set occupied the place of honor.

Then tea, with piles of crisp cinnamon toast and delicious cakes. As even lordly seniors possess that school-girl appetite, soon only a few crumbs were left.

And then Miss Parsons told us of more joys to come, weekend house-parties, senior breakfasts, senior suppers, and thrills,

even a victrola! How we pitied the undergraduates who were to be allowed to cross the sacred threshold only by special permission.

With many thanks to Miss Parsons, we reluctantly left for our respective houses to attempt to study but with heads full of dreams of the coming winter with its wealth of senior doings.

“THE LADY FROM THE SEA”

The Drama Class of Rogers Hall had the opportunity one Saturday afternoon in October to see the play “The Lady From The Sea” by Henrik Ibsen at the Repertory Theatre of Boston. The Repertory Theatre is famous, as we all know, for its fine productions of amateur plays.

Upon entering the theatre we found ourselves, for an instant, carried back to the period of Shakespeare, the costumes of the ushers being distinctly designed like those worn by the Orange girls in the Old Globe Theatre, London.

But the play itself was of a different atmosphere, that of Norway, and one which would immediately appeal to the human heart. In “The Lady From the Sea” we are drawn to the character of Ellida, taken by Ruth Taylor, because her impersonation of a tormented and imprisoned creature is so realistic. Ellida believes the sea to be her lover and her soul is constantly crying out for reunion with this primitive possessor. The Stranger, taken by Henry Jewett, appears in the play as a kindred spirit and stands for the very incarnation of the sea. Meeting each other in their childhood, they pledged themselves to the sea by throwing their rings into it. They part and after a long time meet again. In the meantime, Ellida has become the wife of Dr. Wangle, (Stanley Drewitt) and finds herself limited in her freedom. The supreme struggle begins when the Stranger again appears. At the last moment, her husband gives her the right to choose between them on her own responsibility and since he does, these longings of the sea and restless elements gradually disappear. She chooses the happiness and protection of her husband whom she has learned to love and the Stranger goes out of her life forever.

The stage settings were very simple, the rocks and cliffs represented by splotches of color, with excellent lighting effects developing contrasting elements. The actors took their respective parts exceedingly well showing the unusual ability of Mr. Jewett to supervise the production of plays.

Anyone interested in modern drama could not but feel the atmosphere of refinement prevailing and regard the high literary merit of these plays of the Repertory Theatre; so we, as a Drama Class, hope to have the opportunity of attending more of them in the near future.

MISS MABEL HILL'S LECTURE

On Sunday afternoon, October 17th, Miss Mabel Hill of Pine Manor, Wellesley, talked to us right after dinner in the school-room. Her subject was "Education and the Kingdom of Heaven." She told us that we are at school for a "more abundant life"—to prepare us to be bigger than our grandmothers, mentally, physically, and spritually. Her talk was very interesting and we all came away with new inspiration.

NEW YORK STRING QUARTET

The girls at Rogers Hall who are at all interested in music have the best opportunities to hear the most select concerts of the season. Among the first during fall term was the New York String Quartet, presented by The Middlesex Women's Club at Liberty Hall, on the afternoon of October the eighteenth.

The quartet was composed of a first violin, a second violin, a viola and a cello. They rendered beautifully a group of four pieces by Smetana, the same number from Haydn, "Nocturno" by Borodene, "By the Tarn" by Goosens, and lastly, "Saltarello" by Grieg.

This type of concert not only gives one a broader appreciation of fine music but seems to lift one out of the humdrum affairs of life.

THE FOOTBALL GAMES

The stadium was a swirl of colors and we were thrilled by the college songs and cheers as they sounded and resounded through the stadium at Cambridge. Twice this fall we were privileged to attend college games. One was the Harvard-William and Mary game and the second was the Harvard-Brown. And on the same day as the Brown game, a few of us saw the Andover-Exeter game at Andover. There, too, were brilliant colors and thundering cheers and it is hard to tell just which game was enjoyed the most. Somehow we have managed to give each an equal number of votes.

THE RUSSIA SYMPHONIC CHOIR

On Saturday evening, October 23rd, at quarter past seven, the orange bus once again stood waiting in front of the white gate of Rogers Hall. This time, its destination was the George Washington Auditorium at Andover (the driver knew the way after he once got to Shawsheen!) and the Russian Symphonic Choir, conducted by Basile Kibalchich. The new auditorium was duly admired and at eight o'clock the choir appeared in native costume and a very beautiful program of sacred and classical music and folk songs followed. After a brief interlude, passed by most in deep conversation with representatives of Phillips-Andover Academy, our noble chariot once more turned homeward.

A CONCERT GIVEN BY THE LOWELL ELECTRIC
LIGHT CORPORATION

The Business and Professional Women's Club was responsible for the presentation of an enjoyable concert given by the Orchestra of Employees of the Lowell Electric Light Corporation, held in the gymnasium of Rogers Hall. Not only members of the school but many people of Lowell were well represented in the audience.

The musical program consisted of groups of classical and modern music, selections from famous operas, and pieces familiar to everyone.

The concert was assisted by Miss Helen Osgood who pleased her audience by the reading of several selections in Italian, French and negro dialect.

The orchestra accompanied Miss Amey French, who sang two charming solos, "Songs My Mother Taught Me" and the "Jewell Song" from "Faust."

The Orchestra of Employees of the Lowell Electric Light Corporation is one formed by the employees for the purpose of giving concerts in Lowell and also for the purpose of the musical advancement of the men themselves who are members of this orchestra.

"THE "SPLINTERS" SUPPER

The first "Splinters" supper of the season was held in the House on Friday evening, October twenty-ninth. Priscilla Ball, last year's editor-in-chief, was our guest. After a delicious steak and mushroom dinner, the literary board met in the dining-room while the business board betook themselves to the kitchen to make merry washing dishes.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Dutchmen, pirates, cooks, ladies, Spaniards and negroes sat peaceably side by side in the dimly lighted gym on the evening of Saturday, October thirtieth, for the new girls were about to present a program of unique variety.

The first feature of the entertainment was a charming sketch called "A Man and His Dream Girls." This was followed by Arlene Scott's graceful dancing. The Imbrie twins, dressed to represent the "Gold-dust Twins," staged a contest to prove their identity. Sue Deacon was particularly good as an old sea captain who sang of his "good ship, Nancy Lee." A clever

and amusing finish was brought to the entertainment when several of the old girls were called upon the stage to form a human automobile. This last stunt was called, "The Gathering of the Nuts."

The dancing began immediately to the strains of that provocative melody, "How Many Times?" Refreshments were served and promptly at ten o'clock farewells were said and fashionable ladies were escorted to their homes by negroes, while Dutchmen and Spaniards accompanied cooks and chorus girls.

THE CHOOSING OF THE CLUBS

The Question

How can you walk around so blithe
Ye olde girls, with faces so serene,
While we new girls, with downcast hearts
Can't even sit and dream?

Ye Caes here—Ye Kavas there
All looking us up and down,
What can we try to do or say
That will not bring a frown?

We do our best, you know the rest
In all the games we play;
And yet, that same old question lingers
Will we know our fate some day?

The Answer

The day has come and soon the hour,
We rush to classes, and try to work.
We listen to our teachers say
That we should study and never shirk.

At last, we scurry to the gym,
With a queer, funny feeling all inside,
And there await downstairs our fate
While, on leaden feet, the moments glide.

Our names are called, each one the same;
And with slow steps, we wend our way
Up those steep stairs, quite unaware
Of what may happen on this day.

Ye olde girls, in two staunch groups
Cae or Kava, you just can't guess,
Snatch you almost off your feet
And tell you that you've made the best.

Now, ye new girls, can walk around
As blithe and happy as the olde,
For they are members, respectively,
Of the red and white, and blue and gold.

MRS. GILSON'S LECTURES

We are always delighted to hear of the visit of Mrs. Gilson to Rogers Hall and during fall term we had the pleasure of listening to her a number of times. Her talks are made so very interesting because her subjects are chosen from her own experience and multitude of travels.

The first lecture was a discussion of the great political and commercial controversy between England, France, and Germany over certain coal districts which have for sometime been a source of trouble and petty wrangling. In contrast, she spoke of Queen Marie and the itinerary she has planned on her visit to the United States.

Another morning she explained to us the importance attached to the fact that more people should take advantage of their voting privileges, by showing us the results of the forthcoming state elections if they failed to do so.

At that same time she surprised everyone by calling on a few to ask questions about any matter that they wished to bring up. Many responded immediately and she was showered with questions none of which, however, that she could not answer.

SECOND CONCERT GIVEN BY MISS SWETT AND MR. McKENNON

Rogers Hall had the pleasure of hearing Miss Swett and Mr. McKennon present their second concert, on Sunday evening, October thirty-first. The program consisted of Folk Songs native to our own country, and Sea Chanties. Before playing each selection, Miss Swett explained to us the origin of the songs, which Mr. McKennon would sing, and drew our attention to the peculiarities of the rhyme of these old pieces. Most of the Folk Songs dealt with tales of love and adventure, or told a story in verses. The Sea Chanties expressed the life of the sea-roving men and the music expressed the swing of the sailors as they rowed their boats.

These concerts have been especially enjoyed as they brought to us a knowledge of the type of music that is rare and not known to many.

TWO PLAYS

The Dramatic Class, under the able direction of Mrs. Ruth Moyer Tapp, put on their first production of the season in the Rogers Hall gymnasium, on November sixth. As the auditorium was darkened, a charming Pierrot in the conventional black and white costume appeared before the curtain, and with a short bow to the applause which greeted him, or rather her, for it was Natalie Gardner, she welcomed us to "The first performance of the Dramatic class," and hoped that we would thoroughly enjoy the two plays which were to begin.

The first was a crook play, "Two Crooks and a Lady," from the Harvard 47 Workshop group. We were surprised to learn that the two crooks were Lucille Marks, who played the part very well, and Dorothy Mignault, as usual excellent in her impersonation of a man. The "Lady" was Laura Moran, the efficient nurse, Miriam Kellam, and the two policemen, Virginia Rogers and Esther Wyman.

The second play was "Lima Beans" by Alfred Kremberg. It was a short fantasy which attempted to show us how to keep

a husband once we had him. Natalie Gardner, as the groom, showed great talent and Virginia Kern was very attractive as the bride of only a few weeks. We remained in ignorance as to whom the strong voice of the Huckster might belong.

The attractive costumes had been planned by Dorothy Mignault and the scenery by Laura Moran and Lucille Marks.

THE FRENCH CLUB

The French Club, under the supervision of Miss Gerhard and Mademoiselle Malet, has been reorganized, and once more we meet in the "gym" to talk, not so fluently as usual, it may be said, as our native language is prohibited, and to sing. Laura Merrill was elected president of the club and she fulfills this position with her usual ability. Natalie Collingwood was elected vice-president, and Eleanor Pratt, secretary and treasurer. At present, some members of the French Club are working on a play which they hope to present before Christmas. We are all eagerly looking forward to the presentation of this play.

THE TEXTILE EXHIBITION

The girls in Miss Clark's art classes and in Miss Pratt's sewing classes attended the exhibition of period costumes held at the Lowell Textile School. The costumes were most attractive and quaint and gave us an idea of how our forefathers dressed besides giving us valuable information for our own work along that line.

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

The Middlesex Women's Club presented on November the seventeenth in the Lowell Memorial Auditorium, "The Quest of the Holy Grail" in tableau and pageantry. The scenes were reproductions of Edwin A. Abbey's famous paintings.

The program opened with a procession passing slowly down the center aisle of the auditorium, the bearer of the Holy

Grail, most outstanding. However, several characters were especially interesting due to their direct association with our school.

Before the presentation of the panels, the story of the "Holy Grail" was read, and an explanation of the significance of each tableau was given.

The scenes and costumes of Panel VIII were indeed colorful and Panel II was impressive in its simplicity. No pains had been spared to carry out to perfection every detail of these wonderful pictures. Music, consisting of violin, vocal solos, and the orchestra, was played throughout the entire production.

The tableaux presented were:

- Panel I *"The Vision"*
Orchestra—"Angels' Serenade"—Braga
- Panel II *"The Oath of Knighthood"*
Chorus—"Panis Angelicus"
Solo—"Obligato"
Violin Solo—"Adoration"
- Panel III *"The Round Table of King Arthur"*
Orchestra—"Solvejg's Song"
Soprano Solo—"My Redeemer and My Lord"
- Panel IV *"The Departure"*
Orchestra—"Pomp and Circumstance"
Orchestra—"Evening Star"
- Panel V *"The Castle of the Grail"*
Orchestra—"Andante Religioso"
Chorus—"No Evil Shall Befall Thee"
- Panel VI *"The Conquest of the Seven
Deadly Sins"*
Orchestra—"Prelude"
- Panel VII *"The Key to the Castle"*
Orchestra—"Cavatina"
Soprano Solo—"O Divine Redeemer"
- Panel VIII *"The Castle of the Maidens"*
Orchestra—"Spring Song"

- Panel IX *“Blanchefleur”*
 Orchestra—“One Who Has Yearned Alone”
 Organ Solo—“Parsifal” (selections
- Panel X *“The Death of Amfortas”*
 Orchestra—“Asa’s Death”
 Trinity Trumpeters—“Consolation”
- Panel XI *“Galahad the Deliverer”*
 Orchestra—“Pilgrims’ Chorus”
 Contralto Solo—“Eye Hath Not Seen”
- Panel XII *“The Golden Tree”*
 Orchestra—“March” from “Aida”
-

THE ROGERS HALL LENDING LIBRARY

The Lending Library Association was reorganized this fall for the purpose of obtaining the latest books. Marie Sevigne was elected President and Virginia Kern, Secretary and Treasurer. Many people in the school are interested in this club since it provides an exceptional opportunity for reading the recent books of note.

THE HOCKEY LUNCHEON

Once more Cae and Kava gathered in the sunlit dining-room to sing to each other before the Hockey Luncheon.

Kava Club in their brilliant orange and blue sweaters with small, bright blue berets, stood on the steps and beginning with “Mid Orange and Blue” sang their songs, led by Lucille Marks and Susannah Deacon, and their cheers echoed through the room under the able guidance of Virginia Bishop and Helen O’Connor.

The Caes gathered at the farther end of the room in dark-red sweaters and holding a new banner proudly above their heads, began with the familiar “Go, Cae.” Margaret Forrester was their song-leader and Virginia Kern led the cheers in a most vivacious manner. At the end, both clubs joined in singing the Rogers Hall song.



THE CAE — KAVA HOCKEY GAME

*Station P. E. P.—Broadcasting from Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.*

Hello everybody! Here it is—two-fifteen and the annual Cae-Kava Hockey Game is scheduled to begin at two-thirty. Already a gay crowd has gathered, and the Caes and Kavas have marched down from the school singing, and are now gathered in two distinctly separate groups waiting impatiently for the teams to appear. Ah! At last! The Kava Club is running from the gym to the field. The spectators are giving a rousing cheer. Now Kava is singing lustily to her team. More rousing cheers, this time from Cae Club. Her team runs down and the girls are taking their places on the field. The excitement is intense. Cheers and songs fill the air. The whistle just blew. Everything is absolutely silent. They're off! There isn't a sound except the clattering of the hockey sticks. The ball is on the Cae twenty-five yard line. Penalty corner. Kavas are rushing the ball—it goes through. Kava scores the first goal. On sides! Down to Cae's twenty-five yard line, back to center of field. Cae has the ball. They are fighting hard in front of the Kava goal. Cae makes a goal. The score is one to one. The whistle—the bully . . . Both teams fighting hard. Kava has the ball. Another point for Kava—a well-deserved goal. The game con-

tinues. Cae ties the score amid many cheers. Another goal for Cae. Score, 3-2 in favor of Cae. The half is announced. The teams retire. The excitement is at its height. Both clubs are singing and cheering. The second half of the game has started. The ball is going up and down the field, now Kava has it—now Cae. The Kavas are taking the ball right down the field. A goal for Kava. Again the ball is lost and regained, and lost again. Cae has it near Kava's goal. A long hard hit by a Kava back-field player. The ball is on the Cae twenty-five yard line. Both teams doing their utmost. Cae—to prevent scoring, Kava—to score. Kavas are pushing hard. They are rushing the ball. It's in! Score, 4-3, Kava's favor. On sides! A whistle! Bully, another whistle. The game is over!

<i>Cae</i>		<i>Kava</i>
Foster (Capt.)	C. F.	Schaddelee (Capt.)
Clapp	R. I.	Carver
Peterson	L. I.	Marks
Swan, J.	R. W.	Howard
Goodyear	L. W.	Fowler
Page	C. H. B.	Connelly
Thomas, M.	R. H. B.	Collingwood
Lighton	L. H. B.	Coburn
Mignault	R. F. B.	Wilson
Muessel	L. F. B.	Ryder
Swan, V.	Goal	Pratt
Subs:		Subs:
Ryan		Audette
Forrester		Andrew
Thomas, L.		Nye
Tilton		Ulrici

Referees:—Miss Helen Fogg, Miss Hilda Mayes. Boston School of Physical Education, '28 girls.

Timekeepers:—Miss Mills, Miss Graff. Linesmen:—Marion Smith, Marjorie Allis, Louise Sible, Euphemia Ganson.

Scorekeepers:—Miss Pease, Miss Sanders.

Miss Dorothy Ball was the efficient coach.

THE HOCKEY TEA

After the hockey game the Alumnae together with the faculty, teams and the Seniors were invited to tea at the Senior House. How proud the Seniors were to show off their new house to the old girls and how the Alumnae admired each room separately and the furniture and china! Tea and chocolate were served in the dining room by Natalie Gardner and Emily Reed. In the other rooms one table boasted a huge bowl of Cae raspberry sherbet while another displayed a like portion of Kava orange. The Seniors made themselves useful by passing around plates heaped with cookies and little cakes. A cheery babel filled the rooms—"Why dear I haven't seen you for— —" "Gee! you played perfectly — —!" "You can't *guess* whom I met in the — —" "Oh, aren't you *excited* about — —!" Then, the food having been eaten, the teams congratulated, old friends greeted, and new acquaintances made, silence fell once more—for a short time—everyone had gone to dress for that gala occasion, the hockey banquet.

HOCKEY BANQUET

The enthusiasm and festive spirit characterizing Saturday, November twenty-first, was continued by the hockey banquet in the evening. The usually bright dining-room was most attractive in the soft light of candles. Cae bears and Kava lions alternately marked places for their respective club members. A long table at the head of the dining-room was set for Miss Parsons, Miss Ball, and the teams, and nearby a table was reserved for the substitutes. Places were arranged with yellow chrysanthemums and red roses. Tiny boxes containing silver charms inscribed for the Cae team were tied to the roses. Miss Ball and the club presidents spoke of the game and of the excellent spirit shown throughout the day, and the hockey cup was presented to the winning club. Hockey players not quite so fortunate as to make a team learned with pleasure that their efforts had been appreciated when Miss Ball read the following list of names:

Cae

Sally Braman
 Esther Fisher
 Elaine Joseph
 Miriam Kellam
 Laura Merrill
 Pauline Newall
 Anne Phillips
 Virginia Rogers
 Catherine Runkle
 Catherine Russell
 Arlene Scott
 Constance Shurtleff
 Virginia Woodworth
 Dorothy Edwards

Kava

Betty Barnes
 Virginia Bishop
 Katherine Crouse
 Gertrude Emmons
 Arlene Emmons
 Carolyn Fountain
 Rose Marie Hoeber
 Margaret Kip
 Mona Meehan
 Sally Pearson
 Emily Reed
 Betty Prescott
 Louise Sible

The songs which had been sung to the guests of honor concluded with the Rogers Hall song. The banquet, however, did not end the events of the day. Movies of Commencement a couple of years ago and of last fall's hockey game were greatly enjoyed. These were followed by dancing in the gym.

 THE MONDAY AFTER THE SATURDAY BEFORE

The Monday after the hockey game was a red letter day (in some cases a red sweater or red nose day) for everyone. The Cottage (calling themselves the "Cottage Cheeses") challenged the Day Girls (who were certainly Dagoes) to a hockey game; and the House (the P. J.'s) accepted the challenge of the Hall—who went without calling (as their signals became mixed)! Promptly at three, those waiting on the grand stand—or what have you?—heard a frightful moan from the direction of the cottage, and then beheld those illustrious (to say the least) cheeses in full regalia issuing forth from their "cheesery" with a mighty band. Each cheese carried some implement for making noise, and in single file, as they banged and whanged and sanged their patriotic songs, they came—strong if nothing else! One member was dressed in high shoes and white stockings, with

several pig-tails dangling hither and yon in the wintry breeze and an item of personal equipment protruding in the rear. She carried a brilliant red nose as did all the other cheeses—regular Edams! Their leader, resplendent in a giddy costume of much red, led the band—yea verily, it was a band—(not the kind that comes around twenty-five cent cigars either) down the field, where in the center they formed a “C”—something on the order of Columbia, you know—giving a rousing cheer, the text of which was portrayed so vividly that the bleachers were soon doing “deep-breathing,” whereas it only called for a “sniff.”

Not long after the cheeses appeared the Dagoes rushed down amid many yells of “honions and garlic, spaghett’ and da balogn.” Each Dago wore a red bandanna and a cork moustache. At the end of the game it was proved that garlic is stronger than limburger.

We thought surely that Lowell Tech had come to entertain us when the Hall dashed down in football togs and lined up. But their signals were mixed,—as I said before. Some of the weakest members of our sex looked more powerful than “Red” himself, with the numerous baby pillows used as stuffing. Each member of the team also wore a helmet—it looked more like a catcher’s cage—for it was a fencing mask, and the nose piece guarded the mouth instead of the nasal protuberance. All in all they seemed quite powerful but alas and alack! they soon met their Waterloo. Not in the form of their water-carrier though, who appeared dressed for rain, carrying a watering pot, a hot water bottle and an umbrella to say nothing of wearing a slicker, and a sponge. Indeed they sadly needed her when one poor member slipped and fell and it was all of five minutes before the gentle sprinkle of water revived her. Their Cheer-leader was truly a pathetic sight clad in a cast-off Pierrette costume of withered tartan, and long plus four knickers beneath—resembling our grandmothers pantalettes—a black velvet picture hat gracing her head. She vainly strove, with the aid of a megaphone to cheer her team to victory, but failed. For the “P. J.’s” showed their merit and pushed boldly up the field. Many of our dearest friends were unrecognizable in their incognitos. One fair member carried a shower tube, her tooth

brush and wash cloth, but alas, forgot her tooth paste, soap and towel. Another member appeared at first sight to be (from the head gear) a Roman soldier, but on closer inspection it was found that an old rain hat pushed back on a good felt with a feather formed a sort of fire helmet, and by the color of her nose I'd say the fire was not far distant. Another member truly looked the part of a "sailor's sweetheart" and her "sailor lad" was there in his bell-like trousers.

During the game between the Cheeses and the Dagoes the cheering section voiced many appropriate cheers including one for the Cheeses—"Show your Strength" and another "Act your Age," while the Dagoes assured the world at large that the banana season was over.

S. R. D.

THANKSGIVING AT ROGERS HALL

"Good-bye!" "Have a good time!" "See you again Friday noon." Good-byes were being said at Rogers Hall but there was no sadness in these farewells. Each remaining girl returned to her room to pack her suit-case for the Thanksgiving house party at Norcross. Luncheon at one was so unusual and such fun with only three of the tables in the big dining room set. Afterwards we all hastened over to Norcross to get ready for Miss Nesmith's tea. At three-thirty every girl was on hand. There were three tables of bridge and o-o-oh! A chafing dish for the two extras to make fudge in! Just as it began to grow dark Mrs. Nesmith invited us into the dining room where we partook of a delicious tea. After eating our fill and admiring the clever tricks of the small dog, Washington, we returned home. Evening saw a most unusual sight—Rogers Hall occupying two rows at Keith's. There we heard Sir Harry Lauder whose songs and witty remarks made us laugh heartily. Home again, and what fun! We need not have our lights out till twelve o'clock! But soon weary heads began to nod and the next we knew it was Thanksgiving morning. Still more of our number left us for the day but Miss Bagster produced a wonderful twenty-five pound turkey with all the trimmings. We ate in the back draw-

ing room and the table looked so "homey" and "Thanksgiving-y" with the fruit and nuts. A large portion of the afternoon had passed before we arose from this plentiful feast and the remaining time till six-thirty was spent by some in walking, others in bridge-playing and singing. At six-thirty we left for the movies to see Milton Sills in "Men of Steel." Upon returning home we had a light supper and at ten o'clock welcomed back our companions who had gone visiting for the day. Friday morning not a sound was heard until nine-thirty. Then we all rushed down to the kitchen where Miss Mudge had fruit and coffee fixed and waffles ready to be cooked. Each girl cooked her own and how good they tasted! Breakfast over, we began to realize that the time for classes was fast approaching, so we packed up our things and went back to our own rooms to make ready for our returning friends and roommates, after thanking Miss Mudge for a most enjoyable house-party.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

On November thirtieth, a very small number of girls who are especially interested in music, both vocal and instrumental, were selected to attend the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Boston.

Many other people, however, expressed their disappointment in not being able to go; thus another program will be looked forward to with great pleasure in the near future.

NORCROSS TEA

Once more small, white invitations filled the mail boxes at Rogers Hall. The Norcross teas have begun! Anticipation and eagerness always characterize the days preceeding one of these delightful teas. There is hardly a person in school or out who has not heard of their fame. Miss Mudge, the charming hostess, and the girls, her ardent helpers, greeted us with smiles insinuating many surprises.

In the dining-room our eyes met a beautifully decorated table with bright colored candles, daintily frosted cakes, and tea served in its usual delectable manner. Eighteen guests were chosen to be present for this first time.

THE FRENCH PLAY

This year we met again with the French Club, this time for the presentation of the play, "La Cigale Chez Les Fourmis" by Labiche, under the able direction of Mademoiselle Malet.

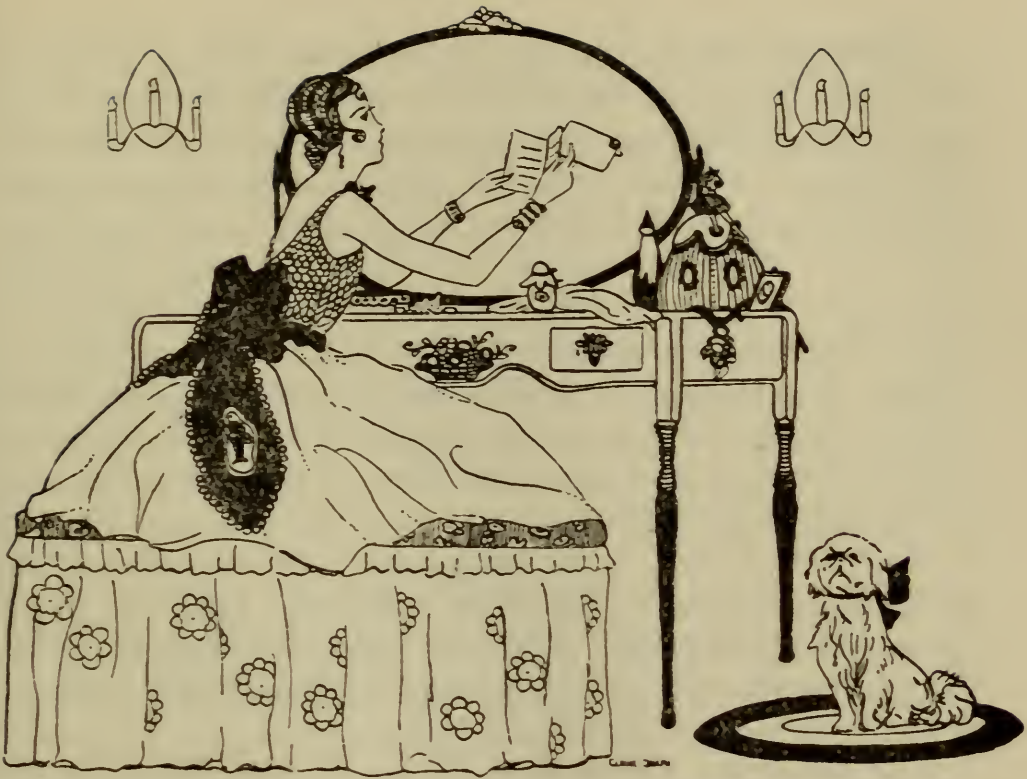
The cast consisted of:

Mme. Chameroy	Rose Marie Hoeber
Mr. Chameroy.....	Dorothy Mignault
Henriette	Elaine Joseph
Paul	Clarice Connelly
Le domestique	Carolyn Fountain

We hope the club will favor us with many more of these plays. Though many of us did not have our linguistic ability sufficiently trained to understand all that was said, we did enjoy the action.

LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL

Rogers Hall girls received a very kind invitation to visit the Lowell Textile School from Mr. Eames, principal of the Textile School and a trustee of Rogers Hall. So Wednesday afternoon, December first, a special car was waiting at two-thirty to take over a party of about twenty-one girls. Upon arriving, we were divided into three groups, each with its guide, and shown the different departments. We saw the process of making cotton cloth from the raw cotton to the finished material. We were then taken to the art department where we learned how the designs have to be drawn and then adapted to weaving. Next we visited the room where wool is sorted and washed in a series of troughs. And lastly came the chemical department where the dyeing is done. It was so interesting that four o'clock came all too soon and with it our trolley, so we hustled back to school just in time for study hour.



ALUMNAE NEWS

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, is to be congratulated upon the triumphal conclusion of her campaign for re-election to Congress in the Fifth Massachusetts District, for she won the Republican renomination by a very large majority, thereby achieving a distinct personal victory.

Florence Harrison, '02, went to Williamstown last summer to attend the Institute of Politics. As the Chicago regional secretary she represented the National League of Women Voters in the Institute which considers politics as a study of the relationships under which organized groups of people can live with one another.

Helen Munroe, '11, is with Ethel Reems, Inc., Interior Decorator, in New York, and finds her work very interesting.

Carlotta Heath Moore, '11, writes: "My baby is really becoming a grown-up man and is strutting around in real boy suits. I have just entered Ann in Friends School and she starts the long road of learning this fall."

Margaret Wood, '16, last year took the course in Boston in the Prince School of Education for Store Service and was so successful that this year she is acting as Assistant to the Director, Mrs. Prince. "When I took the course I never dreamed that I should be on the staff this year. When school closed in June I went up to New Hampshire to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Prince, but as things developed, I spent the entire summer with her. The Associate Director is away on a leave of absence and another assistant was ill so that out of a clear sky Mrs. Prince asked me to come and assist her which I had been doing more or less all summer. You can imagine my surprise because I was planning to go back West and was in correspondence with stores on the Pacific Coast. This winter I am living with Mrs. Prince at 986 Memorial Drive, Cambridge. Recently I had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Henderson (whom the old girls remember as Miss Frances Lucas) who is an old friend of Mrs. Prince. She was to go out to India to visit her parents."

In September, Doris Jones Miller, '17, saw Katherine Wilson, '18, in Chicago in her New York comedy success "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." "Katherine came on for just a week so as to open the Chicago engagement of the play, but returned then to New York to start rehearsals for "An American Tragedy" in which she takes the lead. We had lunch together one day and had a happy time talking over old times. Recently Elizabeth Ball Dietrich, '23, and Barbara Ball Patterson, '22, came to call. They are now living in the same apartment building here on the north side."

Isabel Carpenter Bowen, '19, writes: "We have named our daughter Frances, after my father. She was born in August and is a nice, fat, peaceful child. I say 'peaceful' while I may, for I fear that constant association with the thirty pounds of perpetual motion she has for a brother will change her before long. No one can be peaceful with my twenty months old Teddy. He is adorable and the pride of my life. He walks everywhere and understands all you say, but will not talk. However, by his own system of wig-wagging he lets you know just what he wants, when he wants it and how he feels about it if he doesn't get it. His only audible conversation consists of about five or

six words repeated over and over again. I saw in the November Junior League Bulletin that Ruth Shafer Hutton, '19, has a son. As I walk with Teddy early these crisp fall mornings, I often think of school and wonder if the girls now practice hockey as assiduously between breakfast and school as Kava did under the able eye of Marj Adams."

Helen Friend, '20, is now instructor in Physical Education for Women and Assistant in Biology in Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas. She spent the summer in Europe with a most interesting trip through England, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy. She would have remained in Paris to finish her work on her Master's degree in Biology had she not accepted the position in Bethany College.

Helen Tracy, '20, is a Physical Director in Dominican College, San Rafael, California. "I have charge of the high school department, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five girls. Although I have been here only two weeks, I find the work very interesting and am sure that I am going to spend a very enjoyable year. During my free time, I am taking three courses in the college in the hope that some day I shall have a degree. I may decide to take a year at Columbia to complete my work for a B. S."

Alice Brock, '22, spent the summer at the Hotel Pilgrim in Plymouth, Mass.

Asenath Mitchell, '22, spent the summer in California, taking courses in the Los Angeles branch of the University of California Summer School. "We stopped in Chicago on the way West, and I lunched with Helen Pope and Peg Liggett Willitts. I expect to spend my week-ends with Uncle Fred at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara, so that my vacation will not be all drudgery."

Mary Genevieve Andrews Paulsen, '23, is living at 930 Larkspur Road, Oakland, California. "Appy has registered in a Polytechnic College here since he has entirely recovered. . . . In May, Cecile Gray Johnston, '24, went home with me from New York and we motored to Louisville for the week-end of the Derby. Recently my husband and I took a most interesting motor trip through the Yosemite. The scenery is magnificent

as even I could notice when I was not too busy pulling myself over those enormous rocks."

Betty Stearns Dodge, '23, writes: "I met Charlie while in Europe. He was in the Navy then and stationed right near us on the Riviera. The last of September we left for Pasadena where we are to make our home now that Charlie has resigned from the service. Demetria Fleishel Warren, '23, came on for my wedding."

Rachel Jane Holt, '24, announced her engagement this fall. "When I left Miami last spring I did not dream that there could be anything in the world that could make me prefer Cedar Rapids in the winter to Miami. We are to be married on New Year's afternoon and will make our home here since Frank is in partnership with his brother in the wholesale grocery business.

Barbara Billman, '24, has won her "W" at Wellesley in riding.

Mary Hussey, '24, has a new address, 34 Maple street, New Bedford. "I am working here as Parish Secretary. I had started the course in the Business School here and was enjoying the work but when this position was offered me it seemed too good a chance to turn down. I have my own office at the Church and am there most of the time. My work consists mostly of just office routine and getting out the Parish Calendar monthly. Also I have charge of the young people's club called the 'Fireside Club' and enjoy working with them."

Dorothy Le Butt, '24, has returned to the New England Conservatory of Music for her Junior year and is living at the Students' House, 96 The Fenway. "I enjoy my work at the Conservatory even more than I did last year. We have to teach twice a week and there is really quite a lot of fun in it, even though it is hard and takes a few hours of our time. I see Grayce Aldrich, '24, frequently as she lives next door on the Fenway. This summer Mary Sponable, '25, and I had a delightful time visiting each other in Portland and Syracuse."

Ardis Williams, '24, has opened a little Gift Shop in Danvers. "My partner, Mrs. Larrabee, and I call our shop 'The Marion-Ardis' using our first names. We have done very well and are working now to get ready for Christmas business. In

every letter Eleanor writes how happy she is at Sweet Briar and how much she enjoys the southern climate."

Grace MacDougall, '25, is in her second year of kindergarten training. "This summer I was very busy moving to Wetherbee Court, Pelham Manor, New York, and in keeping house for Daddy while Mother was abroad. It was my first experience along that line and my 'Fannie Farmer' was my constant companion."

Helen Babbitt, '25, graduated from the Katherine Gibbs School of Secretarial Training in June and writes that Isabelle Waldron spent the summer with her in Taunton.

Helen Melchers, '25, writes: "I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle in the spring while playing basket-ball for my sorority in Ann Arbor, 'Chi Omega'. The University life is a very pleasant one but it is a great satisfaction to have my diploma now from Rogers Hall to show that I really belong."

Mary Rice, '25, is spending the winter in Paris. "I came over the first of October and am staying with a cousin who has lived in Paris for several years. She met me at Cherbourg and we motored through quaint old Normandy before coming up to Paris. I do love it here, for Paris is so full of fascinating things and places to see. I am studying French and taking toe-dancing lessons daily. My teacher is a Russian who is supposed to be very good but she has an uncertain temper and does everything but beat us. In February we expect to go to Switzerland, Italy and the Riviera and I expect to return home the last of March."

Adrienne Louis, '25, is enjoying her Sophomore year at Vassar. "The work is much more interesting as all but two of my required courses are out of the way. Moreover, one feels so much more a part of the college than when a Freshman newcomer. I am taking a most interesting course in American History this year and find that my year under Miss Graff still stands me in good stead! I enjoy the math as much as ever."

Florence Armstrong, '25, has been taken into the Junior League of Buffalo "so that I shall have a winter of very hard work ahead of me. I am still studying Dennishawn dancing and love it. Recently I visited Bertha May in Easton, Pennsylvania and we hope to return to school for reunion."

Ruth Farnham, '25, has transferred from Lake Erie College to Smith. "I do love it here and feel very much at home for not only are there friends from New York here but also Catherine Leonard, '24, and Elizabeth Warren, '25, are here with me in Morrow House. This is one of the new dormitories and it is just lovely. It was a great satisfaction to receive full credit for my Freshman year at Lake Erie. This summer I visited Mary Rice, '25. She sailed for Europe October second and expects to stay over until next spring."

Mary Gittins, '25, is continuing her kindergarten training in Chicago. "I have been working very hard this year and am exceedingly interested in the type of work I am taking. This fall I have been teaching in a Public School Kindergarten and have learned a great deal. Virginia (Gittins Eaton, '22) is in De Pere now and plans on living there for a couple of years at least as her husband is in business there. I have seen Ruth Lenfestey, '25, often and she seems to be very successful in her art work. This summer we both had a delightful visit with Florence Armstrong, '25."

Elizabeth Tucker, '26, has spent a busy fall. "In September I went, very unexpectedly, to visit my aunt and uncle in Pasadena, California, and succumbed to the charm of the place. While there, I went to hear the famous Aimee Semple McPherson. Her 'church' resembles a theatre and the audience (for one can't call it a congregation) clap and applaud whenever she says something to its liking. We took several long drives to San Diego, the old missions, etc., finding all so different from home. I had the rare privilege of being presented to Queen Marie of Roumania when she came to Chicago. She is indeed a most gracious and charming person and well deserving of the title 'Queen.' Next week I commence work at Marshall Field and Company. I am to be connected with the merchandizing end of the business. I have been given the opportunity of starting at the bottom and shall work up to become a buyer in one of the departments. I had long dreamed of a chance like this but scarcely expected it to come my way."

Mary Bailey, '26, took courses in Spanish and the study of Shakespeare at the Harvard Summer School. "Dorothea Helt

also was taking the Shakespeare course and everyone was greatly surprised to find us still here in Cambridge during this tremendous heat. I am enjoying my work at Columbia very much and it is such fun to be here in New York. In the secretarial course we have stenography and typewriting daily, English twice a week and Spanish three times. I am living at the Rayson School, 320 Riverside Drive and have a wonderful view of the Hudson and Jersey Shore from my room on the fourth floor."

Constance Cleaveland, '26, won the golf club championship of Ionia, Michigan, this summer. "Of course, naturally I am delighted for it has meant a summer of hard work, concentrating on the game. No one is quite so pleased, however, as my father, for he has set his heart on making a golfer of me and feels that this is the first real step towards that end. Now I am commencing my work in the Secretarial Course of the Junior College in Grand Rapids. Besides shorthand and typewriting, I shall study rhetoric, business law, business administration and accounting. I expect to live in Grand Rapids and to go home only for week-ends."

Mary Dorward, '26, filled a temporary position in an insurance office in Worcester this summer. "Now I am going to business school here in Worcester and I like the course very much. I spent one week-end this summer with Harriet Cushman in Monson. I hear from Helen Sprague who is enjoying Purdue and especially the sorority life."

Margaret Evans, '26, carried out her ambition to become "a working girl" and August eighth started in the bookkeeping department of the Mahoning National Bank of Youngstown. "I began by putting my application in every bank in town and practiced diligently twenty minutes daily on my rented typewriter. Once a week for two months I did gratuitous settlement work. After spending several hours with twenty extremely mischievous youngsters, I felt very thankful that I was not a kindergarten teacher! I am enjoying my work in the bank more each day and Dad says I am more serious about it than a president!"

Florence Ganson, '26, is living in one of the Simmons College dormitories at 62 Cypress Street, Brookline, Mass. "I find

the work at Simmons rather difficult but am enjoying it, nevertheless."

Mary Elizabeth Houston, '26, writes: "I had a wonderful trip in Europe this summer and had planned to stay over for the winter but Father decided that he would rather have me study in New York. I entered the Parson's Art School as soon as I landed and have had to work very hard to make up the six weeks' work I lost. I find the Interior Decoration Course most interesting. Dorothy Tremble is taking the same work and also Patti Foos, '24.

Marian Lins, '26, is living in the dormitory at 100 Riverway Drive, Boston. "I like Miss Wheelock's School very much and the work is most interesting. Helen McLain and I are room-mates and we often see Priscilla Fox, '25, Frances Carmichael, and Eleanor MacBrayne, '24, as we all live in the same dormitory."

Doris Martin, '26, is a member of the Freshman class at Wellesley, having passed her New Plan Examinations. She is living in Little House, Wellesley, Mass. "During our vacation, Carol and I had a lovely visit with Virginia Pardee in Ridgewood and she was with us at Orange Lake. Wellesley has indeed lived up to my hopes and even more! It seems wonderful that I am at last a part of it, actually participating in the many opportunities of college."

Helen McLain, '26, is taking the kindergarten training course in Miss Wheelock's School in Boston and living in the dormitory at 100 Riverway Drive. "This is the most interesting work I have ever done. At present I am observing in the North end among all Italians. Over half of the children can't speak English at all so that you can imagine how hard it is to deal with them—but I really love the work."

Harriet Megathlin, '26, is studying dramatic art at the Curry School of Expression in Boston this winter and living at 22 Evans Way, Suite 4, Boston, Mass. Harriet has been one of the many alumnae visitors this fall at school.

Lovina Porter, '26, made her debut in Niagara Falls on October thirtieth at the first of a series of teas given by her mother. "I am 'all out' now and am having such a glorious

time for friends have given luncheons for me and grandfather is to give me a dinner dance the night after Thanksgiving at the Country Club. Margaret Shepard and Geraldine Mathes came for the tea and Grace Carmack was here while Nathalie Newhall Letchworth, '03, was one of those assisting in the dining-room. Since the tea my baby brother Gus was suddenly operated on for appendicitis but I'm glad to say, is at last out of danger. While Mother stayed with him at the hospital I put my Norcross training to most strenuous use for I took all charge of the house, doing the ordering and so forth. One day the cook was taken very ill so that I stepped into her place and, please tell Miss Mudge, filled it acceptably. My sister and I expect to go abroad with my aunt when she returns in February."

Katharine Prichard, '26, is a Freshman at Smith and living in Dickinson House. Kay used one of her precious seven absences a semester to come home for the Dartmouth-Harvard game and came back to school for a little visit most appropriately on the day that the new girls were chosen into the clubs. She often sees the other Rogers Hall girls at college and found herself in the same zoology section with Catherine Leonard, '24.

Virginia Ruggles, '26, is taking the secretarial course at the Katharine Gibbs School and living at 151 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. "I am very much interested in my work here in spite of the fact that I have to work fairly hard. Just before writing this letter, I was working on my Income Management and it seemed like 'old times' trying to make my check and account books balance! Recently one of my roommates and I invested in roller skates. Directly after dinner we skated on the Esplanade, hardly could we realize that our long anticipated pleasure had come at last. But before long we did so only too well, for a policeman informed us that skating after six o'clock was not allowed! We have resolved to forget our pride and have our exercise henceforth in the afternoon."

Eleanor Williams, '26, is a Freshman at Sweet Briar College. "Sweet Briar is just wonderful and I enjoy every minute here. I see Arline Boone, '25, often and we enjoy talking over the good times we had at Rogers."

Dorothea Helt, '26, took a course in Shakespeare at the Harvard Summer School and this winter is at the Katharine Gibbs School in Boston. She is taking the one year intensive work in secretarial training.

Helen Sprague has entered Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana, and is enthusiastic about her work and the life there.

Margaret Swan, '26, is spending the winter at home in Amsterdam, New York, following a summer in Europe. "We had a wonderful trip, visiting Scotland, England, France, Switzerland and Belgium. I was anxious to go to Italy too as we had such a pleasant time studying Italy in Foreign Travel class last year but we did not have time to travel further. Recently I went to Gloversville and saw Mrs. Hocking (Amy Cottrell) and her new daughter. The baby is a darling."

Ruth Sprague has been very successful in her work in the Schraft shops in New York and now has been promoted to the important position of inspector of their chain of tea-rooms and restaurants.

Virginia Earl is a Freshman at the University of Michigan.

Elizabeth Bennett spent the summer as secretary at Camp Winona, Denmark, Maine. "In April I had the opportunity of motoring all the way from Florida to Maine. It was a very great pleasure for we followed the spring all along the way, and the country was looking so beautiful. I had a delightful visit with Eleanor Paul, '94, at her farm in Sherborn this fall when all hands were enlisted to pick apples. I shall go to Florida the first of November and my address will be care of C. E. Cobb, Vero Beach, Florida.

Katherine Shepard, R. N., is superintendent of the Training School for Nursery Maids, 222 Newbury Street, Boston. Twice a year the school admits a class of about twenty girls from Boston and vicinity for a year's intensive training. The course equips a young woman to become a full-fledged nursery maid and to give excellent care to babies and small children in private families. This training school is the only one in Massachusetts and is made possible by the generous interest of friends in conjunction with several hospitals. The first month is spent at the

school headquarters where the students are taught the care of the home, mending, children's cookery and elementary hygiene. The second two months are spent at a day nursery where the students have actual experience in dealing with small children throughout the complete day. Here they must learn to help a child to interest and amuse itself and keep it as happy and contented as every child was intended to be. At the Day Nursery School the nursery maid learns many songs and games which she may later use when a full-fledged nursery maid on duty in some home. The next two months are spent at the infants' hospital where instruction is received in the care and handling of babies. The rest of the year is spent at the Home for Crippled Children in Wellesley. Here the students learn to care for sick and crippled children."

Gail Hood Helmer has acquired an interest in Camp Benaduwin, a camp for girls in Vermont and her own daughter is there. Gail spent last winter in Florida, returning to Vermont in the spring.

Elinore Lee White writes: "Our new home in Storm Lake (537 Grand Avenue) is on a direct line from Des Moines to Lake Okoboji, chief of Iowa summer resorts so that we have a house full of guests much of the time. A year ago on the nineteenth of October Donald Clarke II was born. In the spring Gigi (Gloria Lee) was very ill with flu and for a time her heart was affected, but the doctor pronounced her well and ready for school this fall. We have been having heavy rains and floods all over Iowa with much loss to farm products and live-stock. Last summer after frequent and decided denials towards 'such a waste of time' I took up golf, but golf is incidental, babies still come first."

Doris Berrieu, '25, has returned to Sullins College for her Sophomore year. "I made the Varsity Basket Ball Team which was the champion team of the southwest and received my Varsity letter for having played in every game. I also received my class numerals and our team, of which I was captain, won the class cup in Basket Ball. I was elected president of the Athletic Association of the College for 1927, an honor of which I am very proud."

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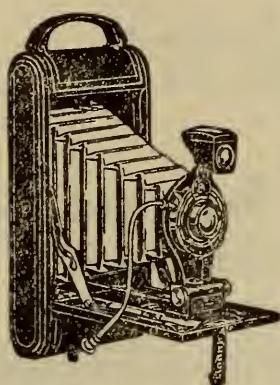
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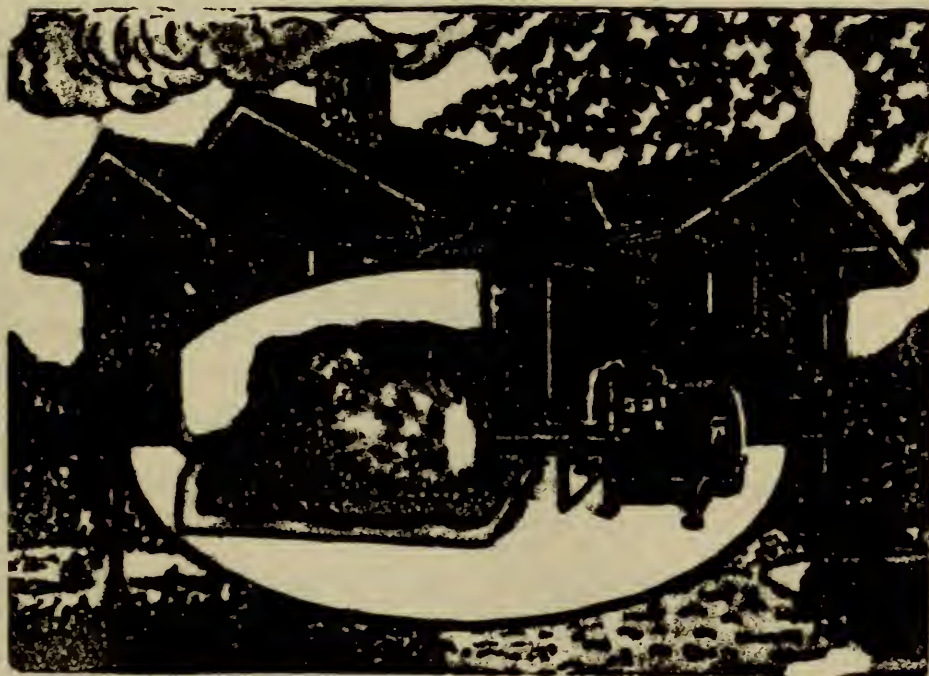
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EDITORIAL

THE IDEAL OF EDUCATION

Our modern education has as its basis an ideal. Woodrow Wilson has said, "The ideal at the heart of the American Universities is intellectual training, the awakening of the whole man, the thorough introduction of the student to the life of America and of the modern world, the completion of the task undertaken by the grammar and high schools of equipping him for the full duties of citizenship."

The schools of today are giving material expression to that ideal by liberal training and their object is discipline and enlightenment. The average thoughtful American does not want his daughter narrowed in all her gifts, thinking to a particular occupation. He wants her to be made free in the world in which great people think about and understand great things; to meet

obstacles, and to be able to handle them with perfect ease and discretion, in other words, an education wherein one learns a considerable degree of adaptability aside from the training in that so-called experience. People famous in our estimation have become famous only through their own ability to adapt themselves to any and every situation. If once they fail in their purpose it does not crush them entirely so that they feel they have made a failure of life but they immediately reorganize themselves and start again, sometimes becoming complete successes due to their being able to assimilate themselves to new environments and new interests. Furthermore, this being able to adapt oneself can be used in every day life in any school, college or society. A person learns by constant association with different types of people "to make himself at home" to use the common expression, with any one or group of these types of people, whether they be persons of culture, business or the like. There are exceptions in many cases, of course. But this brings us, however, to another element which colleges in particular, supply,—the sifting of human creations!—to be able to "know a good man when we see him." One learns how to be a good judge between what is first rate and what is second rate. You may ask "Where can one find specific instances of that teaching?" In every school, literature is taught and it is largely about masterpieces, great minds, types who have stood the test of time; by this one acquires standards of the excellent and durable. And then when you see how diverse the types of excellence may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms "better" and "worse" may signify in general. Our critical senses grow both more acute and less fanatical. We sympathize with men's mistakes, admire the admirable, show disgust for what is cheap and trashy—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense of ideal values.

RENASCENCE

Burst forth, ye buds, in sudden ecstasy,
Color this earth with white and yellow bloom,
Proclaim the coming spring from hill and lea,
Throw off your sheathes and greet the happy morn !

Oh sing, ye birds, pour forth melodious song,
Lift lilting arias to the azure skies,
Chant to a weary world that's waited long
To hear your joyous hymns, in glad surprise.

Awake, O world, rise up from Winter's sadness.
Let every heart beat with a hope new-born,
Praise Him in songs filled with eternal gladness:
For He is risen this glorious Easter morn.

EMILY HUSSEY.



THE CASTLE OF LOVE

I

For on a great day in spring there was born in a noble castle set far back in the heart of some unnamed mountains in the southern part of England, a prince—and a great feast was being held with many dainties and especially cooked food for such is the manner in which they celebrated, everyone clad in his best, the king on his high seat with his knights and ladies seated about him in order of their degree. There was meat, there was mirth and there was joy; and so on until the end of the third day whence began a day of prayer and fasting—all in honor of the new life which someday, they hoped, would bring renown and bountiful conquests to add to those of their present well-beloved king.

Then, on the morn of the fifth day sad news interrupted the usual solemn Mass. The Queen was dying! Her strength was fast leaving her frail body. The king was summoned to her bedside and there looked upon the face of his wife quite distorted by pain. She greeted him with a sweet look and spake, hesitatingly——

“My dear lord, as ye can well note, I am dying—I can hold on no longer to this life which has been so sweet to me—but a little advice I do give thee—as a token of my undying love and worship, I am leaving you this babe. Bring him up as ye wouldst have him—in your footsteps—and if he should fail thee, woe be unto him, but fear not for long, since love conquers all else. So alas, my dear husband, fare ye well and pray that my journey to that unknown land be a safe one.”

Then the king stood a great while sorely grieved; with that he paused to kiss his fair wife for the last time and left this room never seeking to cross its threshold again.

II

Now many years have fleetingly passed and Prince Amadis is grown to manhood with all the outward traits of a valiant

knight, broad of chest and shoulders, slender of waist and all his features of like fashion; but men disdained, for he possessed a heart as black as night and as cold as steel; in truth, the blood of a true knight had never stained his worthy lance. For sooth, the good king was disappointed in this his only son, that he should turn thus against his people; nay, all people.

And so the king spake unto his son one day, "Son, thou hast not become the man thy mother feign wouldst have thee—thou art cowardly by thyself but bold in battle, thy heart is like stone and thy ambition forever selfish. Therefore, I trow, that it is unwise to tarry longer in my words to you—tomorrow, a sturdy horse shall be prepared which will carry you to stranger parts of the world and thou shalt swear me by thy troth, that thou shalt never return to me until thou hast learned to be worthy of the name 'prince or knight', thy heart has melted and the good of the kingdom, which in truth, is thine at my passing, is thy aim."

At the first, the prince stood astounded when he had heard the words of his father—he had not conceived that his deeds had been marked so unknighly by the people of this household. for he was a youth with a self-confident heart, thinking not of the troubles of the court—he, in sooth, sought only amusement and adventure for himself—but these selfish thoughts within his heart must not be opened to the disdain of those who were more worthy of the name "Prince". So lest he let no sign of this be seen, he must speak to his great father in words of deceit.

And so the prince kneeling answered, "Father, I have borne myself ungallantly and let thy own court blame me for my misdeeds. I shall go from hence as soon as tomorrow's sun appeareth—never, as thy covenant saith, to enter my foot within these gates until I have found that which in sooth, thou wouldst have me find; bravery, unselfishness and love."

Then, the king commanded his son to rise, and he rose quickly and knelt down before him and kissed his sword, and the king kissed it and lifted up his hand and gave him his blessing, and bade him be strong in heart and mind for the mighty task he had before him, "Care for thee well, my son, and return quickly for, in faith, thy father's life boasts not of many years."

III

And ere the sun was well up and on its course, Prince Amadis had left his bed and asked for his armor, and they who brought it to him were not in much sorrow for they loved him not. Then, he called for his helmet and set it upon his head. He took his shield which was of bright red, in accordance with his armor, with the royal crest painted thereon and his lance in hand and mounted his faithful steed, smiting its sides with his spurs as he sprang away in the dim light of the morning. No one saw him stop by the edge of a brooklet to give his horse a drink, except a few birds who chirped piteously here and there on the bare branches—it was late autumn and very cold. So rode the prince through the thick forest which surrounded his father's castle. On every side high thickly wooded mountains and down below deep valleys of twisted oak and moss covered rock greeted his eager eyes.

He rode fast, pricking his steed sharply with his golden spurs so that much country might be covered before night fell with its heavy darkness. As he rode through a rough thicket, close by a bank beside a grove he came anon to a dale, an ill-looking place, he thought, and his heart stood still. He drew in his steed but saw nothing to urge his heart to beating faster and yet, he could not calm it. He lighted down, tied his steed to the branch of an oak and stepped forward, helmet on head, lance in hand, to a high place quite covered with burnt brush. Of a sudden, he heard a fierce noise that resounded through the valley. He waited and with that called aloud "Who hideth behind this mound? Come out and show thy courage!"

At that request, two ugly looking giants sprang from behind the mound bearing swiftly down upon him—fierce and sudden being their attack, they were in sooth, not equal to the force of the grim weapon more quickly drawn by the Prince. Striking at all sides and aloft, the Prince, with a mighty purpose of slaying both of them, wounded only the first giant, the bolder of the two, but not waxing faint of heart as he had done in former battles, he continued his blows, dealing them with powerful strokes which left the remaining giant breathless and weak. An

he had wounded him thrice, the giant cried out: "Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows, thou hast killed my brother and wounded thrice my poor body so leave me to go my way. Thou well hast proved thy courage and stood our strokes without flinching; therefore, this land is thine."

The Prince, thirsty and fatigued, got on his steed and departed. And ere he had gone far he felt the need of water but knew not where to find it in these strange parts. It was getting colder with signs of snow. He knew, too, that all the brooks and rivers would be frozen and yet, he must have drink since night was near at hand.

Then, as he was about to give up hope, he found himself riding out upon soft green turf which, in truth, had not yet been touched by the cold fingers of winter, so guarded was it by trees and brush. His heart gladdened to this noise and he leaped from his steed maddeningly in such need was he of drink. Then as he was about to fill his hands cupped to hold the precious liquid, he heard a cry some distance away. He fain would have drunk the water but he saw that there were but a few precious drops left. But why should he not have it? And with this thought, something gave away in his heart. Anon, the cry came again and springing on his steed, he hastened away to seek the distressed. Not far, he came upon an old man, barely alive, poorly clad and bleeding from a deep wound. The Prince, sore at the sight of such an old man in pain, knelt down and spoke.

"Pray, tell me what I canst do for thee?"

The poor man looked at him, sad of eye, and replied: "Kind sir, mayhap thou wilt bring me a few drops of water to ease this feeling in my throat. Not far back some wicked men did attack me and gave me this wound; so bear with me until I can find peace in death."

Then the Prince, unaware that he was performing any great deed, betook himself to bring the water to the old man. He succeeded in returning to him quickly and betimes, he began to think of the barren life he had lived at the court—amusement, gay adventure, and all that he might wish for at his command. But, marry, never such pleasure as had his cruel heart felt today. With that, he thought of his father and the words he had spoken

to him. He turned about, determined to make himself the man his father wanted him to be and to his great amazement, found not the old man, only the faint impress in the velvety carpet where he had lain. At this, a shudder went over the Prince's body as if some mysterious power was forcing him on to an unknown end. But betimes, the Prince, hungry and fatigued, left this desolate wood.

He followed many a strange road and unbeaten path and when at last night came, he lay himself down companionless except for his steed and Him who watcheth over all. Many nights he spent thus, often in his steel armor to shelter his poor body from the snow and sleet which fell unbeknownst upon him in his slumber. Yet, he cared not for these hardships for the new covenant he had made in the wood ever goaded him on to that end which he was now seeking.

Sometimes, he fought with dragons and wild animals such as wolves or bears or more often with strong men who inhabited the hidden caves and niches of dark forests. Once, while following a winding path around the side of a knoll which he must pass over in order to reach the other side, he was met by a blunt wall barring his way—and lest he retrace his steps to the very point from which he had started, hours would be lost in trying to find some secret passage. Then he gathered together all his strength to fight this stubborn enemy with his sword cutting away grass and dirt in single strokes. And since his errand was now a worthy one, indeed, a hidden part of this door o'er hung by vines closely interlaced suddenly touched by the point of his sharp sword immediately fell away, leaving a space just wide enough for him and his animal to pass through. Such encounters might have daunted the courage of many a youth as young and unworldly as he but always remembering the wise words of his father, he sought not to turn back lest he be considered lacking in his endeavor.

IV

He rode alone until Easter morning and in that tide, he questioned whether he should find that end which he sought. On that morning, he rode by a hill and came into a thick forest,

wild and drear. On each side were hazels and hawthorns with their trailing boughs intertwined. The Prince passed lonely amongst them, oftentimes lamenting his misdeeds. And ere he was aware, he came upon the fairest castle that ever he had seen, built on the bank of a river and enclosed on almost every side by mighty trees stretching their gnarled branches to the sky. The Prince was also aware of a deep moat and a strong iron bridge. Then he prayed to Heaven that the gods of his fate would grant him fair hostel.

As he approached near to the castle making his way through an avenue of stalwart oak, the bridge was suddenly drawn up and the gates close shut. The walls surrounding were strong and thick. The Prince on his charger abode on the bank of the river. These four walls rose to a wondrous height; they were of hard hewn stone, and beneath the battlements adorned with carvings were turrets, set in between with many a loophole. Indeed, it was a mighty barbican. And, thought Prince Amadis as he looked within upon the chalk white chimneys and the shining roofs, it might have been a castle of snow, so white it seemed. Yet, there were other colors, red, blue, and green, but so well blended were they that the Prince could see but a dazzling rainbow light as the sun shone thereupon.

He spurred on his steed until he came to the great high door where he called aloud. And there came a porter with a kindly countenance who greeted this knight and asked his errand.

“Good sir,” quoth Amadis, “wilt thou go mine errand to the high lord and tell him I crave lodging?”

“Yea, by Saint Peter,” quoth the porter, “I trow ye be welcome to dwell here as long as you like.”

Then, he went and came again and opened the great door for the Prince. He led him into a spacious hall all shining with the gleam of gold and silver armor hanging thereabout. The Prince’s heart warmed to this noble place and felt as if the walls were reaching out to take him in. In sooth, he felt a great change come over his body—new blood pouring into his veins—which urged him he knew not where. He wanted to fight in battle with brave knights or to sacrifice his life for suffering people. In truth, the heart that had been locked against un-

selfish deeds and good thoughts, was now bursting with an undaunted eagerness—an eagerness which demanded instant release!

And then, at the end of this long hall an iron door suddenly opened—and there came forth a lovely lady with many lovely maidens. The fairest of ladies was she in face and figure, dressed in a rich robe of the choicest hue, her forehead wrapped in silk with many folds and a white wimple over her chin.

She stepped forward to greet the Prince who raised his helmet and dropped down to kiss her fair hand.

“Fair lady—’tis a high quest and a pressing, that hath brought me unbeknownst to this castle, for I am seeking a certain place but I know not whether in this part I may wend to find it.”

And then the Princess Felice, (for of such a position was she), spake in a soft voice and commanded the Prince to rise.

“Sir, trouble thyself no longer, for I needs must tell you that thy weary journey is over; thou hast fought with giants and proved your courage; helped an old man in distress who would have died had you not given him drink. But to fulfill your father’s covenant thou dost lack one deed to prove that there is love in your heart! Betimes thy noble father, since thou hast stood the trial of courage and sacrifice so gladly, has had a castle made, after his own device so that it would never dread the assault of enemies. The castle is ever full of love and grace for anyone who has need of succor. The castle is painted outside in three colors which cast forth, far and near, such light that when men behold it, it greatly comforts their sight. The castle within, is ever blanced as white as snow. Many fair streams flow out and join the mighty river and so fair and good is the water, that he who drinks has great bliss. The castle, white and staple, is the heart of him who serves God without fear. The green color is truth in its steadfastness and the blue reflects the enduring hope that saves mankind and the burning red is like unto the burning love of God and man. The walls so great and strong, so fair to see, are the four virtues, strength, soberness, righteousness and skill. All that any man has need of is in this castle; he who has its help has happiness enough.”

Prince Amadis, astonished at these words, and taken back with the beauty of this fair lady, remained without speech. Then he questioned himself—shouldst he tell her of his past misdeeds, his selfish thoughts, his love for none but himself, and lose forever this “Castle of Love” and the presence of so pure a maid as she? Or shouldst he not tell her and receive the reward of his father, falsely? This was the greatest trial of all! He again looked upon the princess and thought in truth, that he would never have such a lady look upon him in love unless he gain it rightly. So the Prince spake hesitatingly but fearlessly—he told of his life at the castle, the place where he enjoyed nothing but luxury, feasts and great balls given in his honor; his lack of desire to fight for favor and pleasure, his utter disregard of love for man and the disdain of his father’s court. Then, his crowning wrong, deceit. At the very sound of these words he could but bow his head in shame lest he meet the accusing eyes of the princess. He related to her the manner in which he had made his father to believe that he would change and become a valiant knight and afterwards when he had traveled many weary days and companionless nights, he began to realize what great disappointment he had brought to his beloved father. Anon, he told her what help his mother might have given him had she lived and how much the court missed her stately presence.

So having revealed it thus to this sweet lady, he bowed low making ready to depart.

But at that Princess Felice came near and touched lightly his arm while she spake smiling.

“Nay, forsooth, fair sir, do not leave until thou hast heard me. My words were only spoken to show thee wherein thou hast missed the joys of life. Love conquers all thy mistakes—and thy father, king of knowledge and experience, has put this castle here only to make thee see this for thyself.”

Prince Amadis with much joy spake swiftly.

“Fair princess, it is your love and tenderness that shall be my guide—without you I might never have discovered the secrets that this castle holds! But now let us think of my father—

and haste unto him so that I may bring to him the joyful news of the accomplishment of my quest."

With glad assent the gay princess took his hand and together they left the castle. At the bank of the river they did come upon a beautifully carved shallop with delicately tinted sails, garlanded with flowers and ready to catch the first puff of wind. Hardly had they stepped within and seated themselves side by side, than the boat, as if moved by an unseen force, began to quiver and move. At the first bend in the river, these two in wonder did turn to glance back at the castle; but to their amazement the sky seemed suddenly to open and the "Castle of Love" slowly faded from their sight leaving behind only swiftly-moving clouds perpetrating a last rainbow glow. With this memory shining in their hearts, let all the world leave them sailing down the river of Life, ever clinging strongly to their craft, lest some powerful wave o'erturn it in a moment of madness.

LUCILLE MARKS.

MEMORIES

Memories of childhood! Is there anything so dear to our hearts as memories of our childhood? Is there anything that is more fun than to dream of the playdays of youth, just a few years back?

Think of the wonderful times you had when you played "hide-and-go-seek." It is impossible to forget "eeney-meeney-miney-mo—catch a nigger by the toe, if he hollers let him go—you're it!" and then for a *wonderful* hiding-place where no one could ever find you. And too, it was just loads of fun to play "Red Lantern" or "Cheesit." You remember you were *never* caught in that game; and then in "tap-the-finger" how you always wanted to tap, and you never failed to be caught so of course had to be "it?"

And your dolls. Were they not the pride of your heart? This one with her long curls, and this one, a baby, who cried "mamma" when you laid her down and she closed her eyes. Her tiny little arms would be stretched up to you, and her little fat, dimpled, bow-legs doubled up beneath her. And still another one, with such perfectly gorgeous eye-lashes and such bewitching dimples. These now are dressed in their best finery and put away in a chest in the attic, but are they not most dear to your heart?

Was it not exciting to get a poor little girl some afternoon to tease? To play hide-and-go-seek with her and always make her "it" by some new, secret way of counting out? To initiate her into some newly formed secret society in Grandmother's barn? To play with her all afternoon and then tiring of this play, to run away from her? Such wicked children, and still, were we not all alike?

But is not one of the dearest memories of your childhood going up into Mother's old sewing-room to get "dressed up?" There was no more fun or excitement than to go there, do up your curls with as many hairpins as possible and then to don Grandmother's favorite beautiful Spanish comb. And cosmetics! Were they not the apple of your eye? To get into Sister's room and put on as much powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-brow pencil and perfume as possible, was a big ambition. Then to the old chest in the attic. Such gorgeous lace-curtains have never been found! How thrilling it was to find a long curtain, drape it over one shoulder, wind it as tightly as possible about you, and of course, make the skirt very long like Mother's, having a train in the back. And here, a beautiful red rose for your shoulder, a rose-bud to match in your hair and last but not least, back to Mother's room for a pair of high-heeled, bronze, beaded shoes. Were you not charming? Were you not a queen? And Mother said you looked so beautiful!

LAURA THOMAS.

SURF IN THE MOONLIGHT

The full orange moon shone brightly in the star-studded sky, forming weird, fantastic shapes with the rough, uneven surf-beaten rocks along the shore. A wide path of golden ripples changed to blue-white spray as the massive waves hurled themselves against the monstrous rocks, and leaped high in the air. Little pools caught and held the white foam that the waves had cast aside in their frantic fury. In the distance, the bright gleam from the tower of the lighthouse blended itself with the moonbeams on the blackness of the water. It was moonlight—after the storm.

DOROTHY MIGNAULT.

PUNCHINELLO

He laughs with glee throughout the day,
As he sings his song and makes us gay,
But his heart is heavy.

He laughs to make us laugh, and yet
As we laugh with him he can't forget
His heart is heavy.

His bright blue eyes are filled with tears,
His burden is the weight of years,
But he makes us happy.

His is a hard role to perform,
One life is gay, one life is scorn,
As he makes us happy.

'Tis hard for those whose hearts are heavy
To keep the bright side firm and steady
And make us happy.

And so poor Punchinello laughs,
And makes us titter at his chaffs,
But his heart is heavy.

SUSANNAH R. DEACON.

ONCE MORE: REALISM

Since life itself is the greatest art, a true representation of it must be the highest ideal which any writer can hope to attain. Realism has become one of the standards by which literary worth is measured. Decidedly it is a step in the right direction. Life in its various phases is not only of greater interest to all mankind than any other subject could possibly be, but each part if correctly understood is a complete artistic unit which could not be excelled in perfection and beauty.

For this reason the tendency toward realism in all modern literature should be a welcome one. Yet in many cases there is much protest against it. Readers claim that books which should be enjoyable and a source of inspiration are depressing and leave them feeling that nothing is worth while. Nevertheless, these same readers add grimly that of course the book is very true to life.

When the books are considered it is found that the unhappy ending brought about by weak, base, selfish human nature and the immeasurably poor environments which this wicked world offers us is the favorite theme. For example, one writer sees through a pessimistic eye innumerable unattractive features of a small western town and immediately uses it for the setting of his "realistic" novel. He selects the prosaic uninteresting characteristics of a man and the dull, conceited side of a young woman and would have us believe that the two people he portrays for us are real human beings. Life then, we might conclude after some five hundred pages, is for everyone in a small town what these leading characters find it. The author is making no attempt to interest readers in a condition which might be bettered. "Life as it is" is the excuse for such a book. Another of our modern writers opens his book with the intention of a young girl to escape the drudgery her mother knew. Because her character is somewhat over-balanced with selfishness and shortsightedness, tragedy ensues for many. This, we are left to conclude, is the inevitable result of any young woman's seeking a business career.

After countless books of this type, the reading public is not so enthusiastic. Could it be that they do not appreciate art? Since the reading public is largely made up of intelligent and educated persons, this scarcely seems possible. It is easier to believe that the interpreters of life are wrong. When a man sees only the sordidness of life's surface, he shows himself lacking in one of the fundamental characteristics of an artist—penetrative imagination. There are few even among those who profess to be cynics who really believe that this world and its inhabitants are as petty and worthless as modern literature makes out. No amount of creative genius can make up for the lack of vision apparent in these would-be realists. Their work fails in every purpose of art and for the most part would be better left unwritten. If a man discovers in himself an ability to create, to teach, let him take care that he uses this gift rightly and contributes something to enrich this world and the lives of those about us. If it is his mission to interpret, let him do so honestly. This does not mean that he may select as he pleases half-truths and restate them for whole ones. It is small wonder that the readers have tired of the falsities disguised under fine words and phrases.

The movement for realism will continue. When it is achieved, it will be through the efforts of men, rich in understanding, humble in their knowledge, who have seen fellowmen triumph over wrong conditions and master their own souls; men who have found goodness in the hearts of great cities, who have known the beauty of the out-of-doors. From their experience, they will fashion a work worthy of the name of art. It will be a true representation of life interpreted with vision. It will be *Realism*.

MIRIAM KELLAM.

CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND

Yesterday the ground was all brown and soppy and there were puddles everywhere. The trees were very black and bare. It wasn't particularly beautiful with squares of dirty, disappearing snow, but the air had just a hint of coming warmth and

softness, that made you throw open your coat and skip and hop, laughing. Everywhere was such a deceptive atmosphere of spring. The sky was a pale robins-egg blue and the horizon was clear-cut and black against it. Everything looked so awake and alive. It was so easy to think of silver pussy willows and a lively imagination had no trouble at all in skipping ahead to budding trees and even a very forward patch of mayflowers half hidden by their heart shaped leaves and right next to the stubborn ghost of one of the winter's snowdrifts.

Today the brown, soppy ground is nearly all white and frozen. The bare, black trees are fast gaining modest cloaks and the air is filled with tiny, swirling particles which touch your face softly and melt and make you hold your coat collar up close. The pussy willows are probably still there, but their roots are fast bound in ice and they shiver dejectedly under their spotless laprobe. As for the mayflowers—they've disappeared, curled up, no doubt, under their protecting leaves, sighing at the thought of the snowdrift which is growing—growing until it covers them all up. The snow erases all distinction between the sky and the horizon. There is just a changing, eddying curtain shutting out the distant objects and lending magic and enchantment to the nearer ones. The world seems gently sleeping once more.

LAURA MERRILL.

NIGHT

Night with her myriad stars and blue blackness
 Comes softly—gradually
 She creeps nearer, nearer,
 Actualities are obscured in her dusky hair.
 Then without warning she descends swiftly,
 Pinning back her veil with stars and enveloping all with her
 dark mantle.

Soft, gentle, calm,
 Her great lamp hanging high in the heavens.
 Night with her myriad stars and blue blackness.

SUSANNAH R. DEACON.

BOLINE

His Italian father gave him his fawn-like body, his olive skin, and his noble features. Boline's build is similar to that of almost any Latin youth but still he is an extraordinary looking boy, for he is but a boy.

It almost seems that his head may have been chiseled from marble so smooth is his complexion and so fine and regular are the features of his nose and mouth. His big, deep set, brown eyes are different, however. They are filled with awe and wonder and unspoken volumes, and I often wonder if perhaps Boline himself sees things other than those material. And his beautiful head is crowned with a wealth of hair as shiny and black as the finest satin.

He has a shop, a queer shop, somewhere on Lime Street. It is a dry, musty, dusty shop and once you are there you delight in just staying on. You know the sort of place? But truly it is because of Boline and not his place that you find it hard to get away.

It is while he is here, among his books and his collection of treasures, that he is the true Boline.

When you enter he is courteous and makes you feel that you are welcome just to stroll around and enjoy his things. Even that will make him happy and if you'd rather not purchase, Boline is not offended.

He has many books, and when he takes a volume from its shelf, he handles it almost caressingly as though the pages contained priceless incidents in his life. Boline seems shrouded in mystery.

Late one afternoon I went in to buy a collection of poems for a dear friend, and Boline was sitting on a low stool in a far off corner mumbling softly to himself of "The shores of that turquoise sea." Fully three or four minutes passed before he felt my presence in the shop. Why was this? I have been told by one who knows him well that this side of his nature was inherited from the little French mother, Bolina.

MARION SMITH.

FAVORITE ANTIPATHIES

One hears so often in the daily round of life the remark, "my favorite antipathy is such and such," or words which convey the same meaning, that one might deem it well to weigh the subject seriously, and to form an honest opinion as to the merit of such a valuation. This is a simple matter for consideration but one which, however, is unfortunately left clear, for the most part and heretofore, to the field of those who meditate deeply upon the more serious questions of life.

There are two sides between which one may choose in an argument upon this subject: whether a "favorite antipathy" is detrimental to the pleasure of a human-being because it subtracts from the enjoyment of a moment by the natural fact that it is a dislike, or whether it adds to the enjoyment because it affords the pleasure of a lengthy and vehement discourse which in many cases erases from the mind of the orator a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction which has long been accumulating in the innermost recesses of the brain.

The only possible way to come to a conclusion in such an argument takes into consideration the character of the victim of this antipathy, and by victim I mean the person in whom the dislike is rooted, deciding whether he is one who is naturally inclined to loquaciousness or one in whom the fires of hatred and aversion smoulder unseen beneath the surface.

If the person is of the former division, a favorite antipathy may be classed as a mode of pleasure, as a recreation, and as a means of relieving the mental fog which forms on occasions in the minds of even the most well-balanced. Every born talker knows the joy of a long and well-directed speech in a matter of personal interest in which the author's opinion is well-defined and most vehement. But it is often found that in one of these flights of oratory on a subject which is very close to the heart of the orator but which deals with a favorite antipathy, the point of the speech is very often lost in the flow of words, the humor that a situation so trivial to the outer world should have attained to so great importance in one's mind, is reflected, and the

atmosphere of suspicion, dislike, and anger is cleared, leaving a sense of self-ridicule for allowing oneself to become so incensed over such an apparently unimportant question.

If the person is of the latter division there is something to be feared in the acquiring of a favorite antipathy because in these persons a flow of spirited words is impossible, the dislike lingers in the mind, setting a prejudice against any phase of its object, embittering its possessor, and gradually forming an active hatred which nothing can alleviate.

LAURA MERRILL.

LE BEAU IDÉAL

Twice Joanne Gay moved around the small white room—touching this, exploring that. A little understanding smile lighted her face at times, and again, it vanished suddenly leaving in its place a hint of sadness. Her white fingers fluttered through the pages of the little horde of books that had waited ten long years for her return—pages with lines heavily scored and a girlish scrawl in their margins.

A soft, dreamy look stole into the beautiful face as Joanne picked up "The Old Curiosity Shop" and the book opened of itself to an illustration called "The Death of Little Nell." What a dear, imaginative little girl she had been. How real "play acting" had been to her. When the moon had thrown a path of light into the room how she had hurried to slip into her cotton night-gown. How eagerly that strange little creature had climbed into bed, smoothed the counter-pane around her, spread her short curls fan-wise over the pillow and pretended that she was the pathetic little Nell. Or later, after she had died the death of Nell to perfection many, many times, how the dream had changed to the Lady of Shalott drifting on her barge to Camelot.

Joanne put the book back on its hanging shelf and turned to the chintz covered chest beside the little bed. The same hands that had garnered the trophies it contained now sorted them tenderly. There were a few of her first attempts at poetry and

story writing, two vivid but unintelligible landscape sketches, several empty flowered boxes saved to use on special occasions which had never happened to arise, a small pack of letters received from her French mother's people, and mementoes of her school days in the Burrville Grammar School. These last were the ones over which the hands paused longest. They brought back pictures of a boy whom she had idolized when a little girl, and of whom she still thought too often. A boy who had seemed to the shy, sensitive little girl a superb being—someone whose boldness and leadership and dominating personality were to be worshipped. Through all the years his remembered forcefulness had attracted her.

From the very bottom of the chest Joanne drew forth a crumpled pink dress with a cascade of stains down its front. It had been cut and ornamented according to the fashion of the times; there were ruffles around the neck and sleeves and surmounting the three flounces that composed the skirt, was a gorgeous yellow satin sash—a futile attempt to draw attention from that relentless shade of pink. It had been created by Aunt Minnie's own hands for the occasion of Miss Crocker's reception. The elite of Burrville had turned out that night to view the results of ten lessons in Social Dancing, to praise their offspring, and incidentally, to depreciate the efforts of somebody's else Jimmy or Alice.

As vividly as though it had taken place but a few days before, Joanne saw eleven little girls whispering and giggling on one side of the hall, eyeing the fourteen boys who, the minute the music began, pushed past one another to get to the prettiest ones first. Ten times she, the most graceful girl in the class and the most outrageously dressed, smoothed down her ruffles, crossed her feet in a lady-like way, and gazed hopefully at Jerry. He had not been rude intentionally, Joanne thought; he had just never happened to notice her. And so it was with the other boys—in the order of their wit or prettiness the other girls were chosen till no one remained except Joanne. Nine times Miss Crocker spoke to one of the three extra boys who with dragging steps and a bored look on his face backed Joanne around the room till the music stopped. When the tenth and last dance

began and Miss Crocker, who was talking with a pair of proud parents, had neglected to come to the rescue, Joanne had, for one long, humiliating minute, tried to look happy and interested in the pretty scene before her. Then, in desperation, she had walked to the punch bowl around which the three boys, Jerry among them, had grouped themselves. There had been a silence as with shaking hands and eyes scalded with tears Joanne tried to fill a glass. A hand jostled her elbow as she raised it to her lips. Down the front of her dress, even splashing her pumps, went the punch. Then the voice of Jerry was in her ear. Perhaps there was a hint of contrition in it—but Joanne had not for one instant thought of fixing the blame on him. The kindness of the magnificent Jerry in wiping off her dress with his own handkerchief, the nice way in which he had tried to sooth her wounded feelings—these were the things that Joanne remembered of that evening. The humiliation of being a wall flower for nine long dances was forgotten in the rush of pride and happiness at being the object of Jerry Hollis' attention for five short minutes.

The far away look quite left her face as a pair of feet clattered up the steep stairs, and a shrill young voice said, "Ma has the front room fixed up for you, she says to come and unpack when you're ready."

Docilely the idol of the Parisian stage followed her messenger to the "front room."

"Aunt Minnie, this is very sweet of you, but I would rather take my own little room."

"Land sakes, child, you can't be staying there. When I saved it for you I didn't think you was coming back an actress."

"But see. I haven't changed. I haven't even dyed my hair—remember how I threatened to?"

"You have changed. You didn't use to joke about that. I always said if you'd only not take things so to heart. Remember long ago, when I took you with me to a church supper? Somebody said something about your hair and you didn't get over it for weeks."

Yes, Joanne remembered more than that, though she did not say so. She was thinking of an eager, excited little girl in

her best dress and hair-ribbon, waiting for Jerry Hollis to see her and perhaps share her box lunch. She remembered the feelings of that little girl, sitting on the edge of a high chair, her eyes down and her hands demurely folded, when a tall, awkward boy of fourteen crossed the room. How her heart had pounded when he came toward her—and how it had ached when he had passed and gone straight to Myra Jenkyns! And then, in her flight from that suffocating room, that last blow. Jerry, by way of making conversation with the favored one had said, “Where’s Carrot-top going in such a hurry?” With many eventful years between herself and that incident Joanne still felt the sting of that thrust.

Swiftly, to cover the silence that had fallen, she asked, “Won’t you come up to my room and chat with me while I unpack?”

“Well—it isn’t often that I leave my work to go and gossip, and I’ve got a sink full of dinner dishes, and baking.” There was a pause in which no one doubted the outcome. Then, “Jennie, you set to work on the dishes. Call me when the bread has riz.”

The two started for Joanne’s room but not before she had stopped to tell Jennie that she would hurry through her unpacking so that she could help her with the dishes, and to whisper in a willing ear, “I’ve got something for you!”

Then she hurried to catch up with slow, puffing Aunt Minnie, leaving behind her a completely captivated Jennie.

Only once during their chat did Joanne evidence an especial interest in any of the townspeople. Again the object of her interest was Jerry Hollis.

“And he is a reporter on the Burrville Daily? I can’t understand it. He planned to become the editor of a city newspaper.”

“He has sacrificed his ambition to stay and serve these people,” was the explanation she gave herself. “Has he married?”

“No, and never will, I’m thinking. There’s some as says he’s serious about that Jenkyns girl—but she’s been setting her cap for him ever since she was knee high and I can’t see as she’s gotten anywhere.”

"Perhaps," murmured Joanne, " he is waiting for someone."

"Humph, tain't likely," was the only reply that Aunt Minnie cared to make.

When the two had exhausted every topic and Joanne had painted for the settled, middle-aged woman a picture of the life of an actress, the latter rose to go to her work.

"Will you go to the meeting of the Sewing Club with me tonight?" asked that simple, kindly woman. "The ladies would be proud to have you."

"Oh please, Aunt Minnie, don't breathe a word about my visit till I've gone. I came, you know, just to see you and to get a short rest before I start on my tour. Let me take life easy these two days. But you must go to the meeting tonight. I should be sorry if I felt that I had kept you at home. Jennie will keep me from getting lonseome."

Aunt Minnie offered a few objections, but what real resistance can one offer when an auburn haired angel wants something very much and asks for it with a dazzling smile and a pleading look in eyes that are a pure azure?

2.

Such perfect peace! Sunk deep in a chair before a glowing fire, Joanne lay, her half closed eyes, beneath their arched proud brows, filled with memories—memories of her girlhood in this little town, of her journey to France to visit her mother's people, and of the long years of hard, gruelling work before she had reached fame. And, too, she could not exclude pictures of Jean, his kindness in initiating the young American girl into the ways of the French, his devotion through her struggle for recognition—years when she was hardly conscious of him because of the intensity with which she had given herself to her art. Now, when everything she had worked for was hers, she gave him even less thought. He was hovering somewhere in the background, she knew. Strange that a man of his family, a family of extremely practical people with no interest outside the business world, should be attracted to her. At first it might have been the red-gold hair and blue eyes, but that attraction does

not last forever and she knew that Jean's devotion would. He had only made one attempt to explain, in terms that Joanne, the artist, found easy to understand—"Jusqu'à votre arrivée j'avais vu la beauté seulement dans les œuvres des grands arts. Mais j'ai trouvé la beauté-même en vous." She remembered the light that had shone in his brown eyes, and then, the quick smile that had tried to belie the truth of what he had said and the sincerity with which he had said it.

It was curious too, she mused, that she could never think of him without pictures of Jerry Hollis rising up and blotting out the persistent, worshipping Jean. Jerry the athlete, his sweater decorated with every kind of honorary letter, passing off his feats with a nonchalant wave of the hand. Jerry, the social lion; the conscious object of much scheming and coquetry on the part of the girls. And another Jerry whom nobody knew, not excepting himself; a Jerry to whom she attributed her own qualities of sensitiveness and imagination and sincerity.

"With all this time to think," mused Joanne with a crooked, tired little smile, "I may discover why I agreed to make this tour of the 'States' and why I chose this particular place in which to rest."

Joanne was motionless. The slow monotonous tick of the grandfather clock in the corner echoed through the room. The heavy, fringed eyelids of the girl had closed. There were umber shadows about her slightly sunken eyes, and delicate hollows beneath the cheek bones. Hers was a beauty far more poignant than that painted for her in words by Dickens and Tennyson.

Suddenly, the eyes flashed open. Joanne jumped to her feet and whirled. Slouched in the doorway was an opulent young man with a lazy, indolent smile on his face which she seemed to recognize.

"Jerry Hollis?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"But you can't be," was the unusual, uncomplimentary reply.

Unheeding, Jerome Hollis, Special Correspondent to the Burrville Daily News came to the object of his visit.

"I found out this afternoon that you were back in the old town. So I thought I'd come up and get a statement from you, if you are at liberty." Whipping out a notebook and poising a pencil, "What are your sensations at viewing again the scenes of your childhood?"

"I'm stunned!"

The answer was jotted down in the repertorial notebook. Question after question followed, concluding with, "When do you intend leaving your native town?"

"On the next train."

And, as the important looking notebook was about to be closed, the low, vibrating voice that had enthralled all Paris halted him. "Just one moment—as a reporter you will appreciate the favor I am about to do you." The slim figure of the girl, poised against the back-ground of the glowing fire, straightened to its full height. "I choose this time to announce my engagement to Monsieur Jean De Miers!"

SARAH BRAMAN.

MY PAL

I want a pal to go through life,
To share its joys,
To share its strife;
I want a pal who'll always be
A lover and a pal to me.

Some say it's foolish and in vain
For which I strive yet do not gain,
But I, I only wait to see
The pal who waits somewhere for me.

SUSANNAH DEACON.

PLANTATION SKETCH

It was one of dem nights when de moon was a big roun' face and de honeysuckle vines seemed everywhere an' all de world ought to' been happy. I was jes' coming up de road from one of our Holy Roller meetin's when what I see over to de big house where Mistah Bob lives but all de lights on an' it getting on to one o'clock.

I was worried for fear Mistah Bob might be in trouble. Lord sakes! I'se worked for Mistah Bob and his family eber since I was a piccaninny and so has my pappy and mammy as far back as I can remember. I'speck dere family's been in Corinth, Mississippi, way back yonder as when de state was 'stablished. I know my granddaddy was de best cotton picker in his heah country round 'bout and hel' a record in dem days. But anyways, my name is Robert E. Lee Harris, de'h calls me Lee for short and I done lived and played with Mistah Bob since we were both two feet high.

I comes up to de kitchen door and I knocks. "Lord above! Mistah Bob, what does yo' all mean stayin' up dis heah way. Anything been a troubling you?"

"No, Lee," he says, "I guess I'm just getting old. Miss Anna Belle's out and hasn't returned. I reckon I'm an old fool but I can't favor these automobile parties and early morning hours. Ever since Anna Belle spent last winter in New York, Corinth can't hold her. You know Anna Belle's all I have now and if anything should happen to her I just don't think I could bear it."

"Lordy! Mistah Bob," I tells him, "you don't have no faith with people. You know Miss Anna Belle wouldn't do nothin' to hurt you but she's young, Mistah Bob, haven't young folks a right to a good time?"

"Yes, yes, Lee, but you don't understand, they have no moderation, these young people of today, they never stay at home. Why, the word 'calling' is obsolete."

"Mistah Bob, I don't know nothin' 'bout dat word you just used but I knows one thing, I banks on Miss Anna Belle—

she's all right. Now, Mistah Bob, don't you tell me you disremember 'bout dat 'ar time you drove back with Miss Anna Belle's mother late at night without old mammy Sue who was s'posed to go with you. You can't talk, Mistah Bob—dars no man in dis heah country's had more fun den you."

"Maybe you are right, Lee. I guess Miss Anna Belle will be in directly."

CATHERINE RUSSELL.

AT THE SKI-JUMP

Setting. They are at the ski jump at the Winter Carnival. Coats—heavy coats, coon coats and squirrel coats. Scarfs—yellow scarfs, blue scarfs, orange scarfs. Hats—black hats, green hats, red hats. Faces—sparkling eyes and red lips. All against a background of white.

Cynthia is one of those tiny breath-taking creatures buried in a squirrel coat, a jaunty little hat pulled over her smart bob. She wears the flimsiest of frocks, cobweb stockings, while her small feet are encased in absurd satin slippers with extremely high heels.

Hugh is one of the outdoor types, especially an enthusiast of ski jumping. In his big coon coat and galoshes, he far exceeds any of the men and he feels quite proud of this vision clinging to his arm.

Cynthia, yawning luxuriously while gazing around, "Really, Hughie boy, I don't ever remember seeing so much snow."

Hughie, "Well, dear, you are dressed more appropriately for a garden party! Not even galoshes! But say, we are going to see some neat jumping soon."

Cynthia, absent-mindedly, "Jump? Oh yes, of course."

Hugh, "There goes Parker up now. (Savagely.) He's the one who would dance with you so much last night! (Softening.) The man's clever at skiing, though. Quite a champion around this part of the country, too. You know he's be-

ginning to get write-ups in the sports magazine now and it is quite possible he will soon be a noted man."

Cynthia, "Oh, you mean Lee? I think he's perfectly thrilling looking. He has the most fascinating smile, and, Hughie, he held me so—so tenderly while dancing. (Hughie looks sharply at her and mutters a few monosyllables. *Cynthia*, unaware of this, continues.) You know he is the first man I ever met who did not say clever things just for the idea of suggesting a 'line.' He, very simply and sweetly, told me that my—Hughie, have I provocative cherry lips?"

Hughie (taken back), "Really, *Cynthia*, I have no line, can't say clever or original things."

Cynthia (turning so that she gazes in the direction of Parker), "Oh, don't be provincial, Hugh."

After a minute's silence.

Hughie, "Just watch Parker, *Cynthia*. He skis gloriously, appears so calm and unconcerned. He certainly has perfect control of himself."

Lee Parker is poised like a bird ready to take flight. Eyes, brown and blue, and cherry lips, are in his direction. The noise around stops and a sudden hush sweeps over the gayly dressed throng as the name "Parker" is mentioned. Lee commands all attention, for most people recognize his name and ability. Then he takes off gracefully and shoots through air like a shining star falling through the heavens to earth.

Cynthia turns for an instant and lets out a sudden squeal. "Daphne Salvey! Of all the people! My dear, this is such a delightful surprise!"

Cynthia rushes over to a girl dressed for comfort, not for style, and they hug each other as women will. *Hughie*, whose attention has been so abruptly diverted, follows *Cynthia* doggedly and is duly presented. *Cynthia*, unaware of the disturbance she has caused, chatters on.

"You know Daphne and I were suite-mates at Fenway Manor." (Hughie listens with almost forced politeness. The girls arrange to meet later and depart.)

Cynthia, "Don't you think her precious, Hughie—but the clothes! She will never get over the habit of dressing up like

an Eskimo. Really—(she looks toward the ski jump and stops, abruptly.) Why, why Lee has jumped! That was horrid of him not to wait until I saw him. He faithfully promised—”

Hughie, (appears irritated and interrupts)—“You can hardly expect Parker to wait until he sees a smile on your ‘provocative cherry lips’ before he takes off. Besides, you caused a great deal of commotion and made me feel like a fool, rushing off like that just when things were so quiet. Really, Cynthia—”

Cynthia, (interrupting him)—“Why, Hughie boy—”

Hughie boy stops, for what man could be angry at a vision with cherry lips?

EDYTHE RUSSELL.

THE BETTER HALVES

I have always vigorously denied the statement that gossip is a characteristic peculiar to womankind. Of course this may be found in some of us—for instance, there’s Grace. Why, honestly now, she never talks for a moment without telling you something confidentially about someone of the group. I wouldn’t want you to repeat that because Grace is a good friend of mine but it’s true nevertheless. But that is no proof that the rest of us gossip. Personally, I think it’s a petty thing and I never indulge in it and there are a great many of my friends who never do either.

Whenever I hear anyone say that all girls do is gossip from the moment they meet each other, I always thinks of Alice. She is just the dearest girl in the world and wouldn’t say anything unkind about anyone for the world—that is, without saying something nice right afterward. As for gossip, well it’s no characteristic of Alice’s. I think this must be why I enjoy her company almost more than that of any of my other friends. She is very intellectual and talks interestingly upon literature and art, and such things.

Whenever I’m a little bored with the silly talk of some of my other friends I run in to see Alice. We start talking about books right away.

"Have you read James Oliver Curwood's latest book?" asks Alice.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful?" I reply, thinking how refreshing Alice's few words are.

"I think so too, but listen, I want to tell you something awfully funny. You know how high hat Jeanne is every time we mention books. She can't see anyone except that John Hardy or Thomas Galsworthy. Well, I mentioned Curwood's book the other afternoon and she said so sarcastically 'did you like it really now' and exchanged a glance with Margaret. But I didn't mind. Jeanne would be awfully nice if college hadn't spoiled her."

That's just like Alice. She always adds something nice about someone if she ever hints that they have a fault.

After books, we generally talk about art and color and design. Alice has such good taste except that she never can understand that bright colors aren't becoming to her. For instance, she got the worst red hat—Jeanne and I couldn't stand it.

"Don't you think that new apple pink is divine?" Alice asks me enthusiastically.

"I do, and it's not going to be common like that plum brown," I agree.

"Oh," cries Alice excitedly, "that reminds me. Grace was wearing plum brown the other night when a friend of Jeanne's saw her with—well, you know that wreck she's been running around with lately. And she had on that old hat she's worn since the year one. Jeanne said her friend said she looked a perfect mess. And that man she goes with is the worst looking person I've ever seen. But Grace wouldn't be so bad if she'd dress better and go with a nice crowd."

Alice always finds the good points in people. I like to be with her real often you know because it's such a relief to talk seriously with someone about worth-while things. I am convinced that all girls are not gossipy for Alice and I could talk forever and never utter a word of it.

MIRIAM KELLAM.

ONLY FOR A MOMENT

He had sailed the seven seas since the time when he had been a naughty boy, had run away from home, and had never returned. But Hank Furgeson had been a very, very naughty boy and if he had gone back, he would have encountered nothing but scorn and contempt.

Now he was a man, if his type may be called men. Hank had suffered the hardships that belong to the life of a sailor and along with many other things he was guilty of treachery and treason.

He was second mate on a freighter in the port of New Orleans and just back from a profitable cruise along the coast of Southern Africa. Hank had unloaded part of the cargo of ivory, rubber and spices all day but was now on shore-leave.

As he sat alone at one of the smooth-top tables in Tibault's cafe, he watched Madame Tibault and her young daughter, Castine, at play. They were both great favorites among the red-faced, jovial captains and their crews, and Castine danced nightly for their entertainment. Hank, hard and rough, was fond of flirting with the young French girl and he knew that the more admirers she had the more American money Monsieur Tibault would have.

But as his eyes followed them around the smoky room it seemed to him that Castine's mother kept careful watch over her. Even as a mother tiger protects her cub! Hank thought that once or twice he saw fear in the mother's eyes, fear for Castine.

Soon he was in deep thought and he wondered what his own mother was like. When he had run away he was eleven—forty-three years ago. He could scarcely recall what she looked like even now, but for the first time, he realized that she must have loved him too, that she must have suffered untold agony when, as time went on, she heard nothing from him.

And within that burly, bruised body the heart melted and tears filled those eyes.

But only for a moment, for Castine was coming towards his table—and he must be ready for her.

MARION SMITH.

POEMS

MEMORY

Though my eyes so dimly see,
 Life has meaning yet to me.
 From lost ages I can hear
 Footsteps—and devoid of fear
 I can answer—for I see
 Figures in my memory.
 Some are stately, great, and tall,
 Life has made them leaders all.
 Others seemed to find their place
 In some still unpeopled place.
 Some have beauty, some have wit;
 Their candle in fame's fire is lit.
 And I—alone—content to be
 Their friend, but a nonentity.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

The sun is bright—yet shadows fall,
 Its brightness makes the shadows fall.
 And so my love, so bright, so true
 Will bring its doubts, so dark, so blue.

MY SONG

My thoughts were drab, self-centered, black;
 The world was far away from me.
 My feet went on—they were not mine
 But lead.

A linnet sang. His mellow song
 Pierced through my thoughts e'en as a light
 Shines through a fog—and tells one of
 The world.

How could a linnet be so bright
In this dark wood? But roses bloom
On ancient graves. And I have life
To sing.

So may I sing when all is gray
When life itself has almost gone
And bring the sunshine of my soul
To you.

"HAVING TASTED OF SWEET HONEY"

Having tasted of sweet honey
What before was sweet, seems sour.
So now life, once bright, seems dreary
After that most precious hour.

Having felt the touch of angels
Mortal hands can bring no thrill.
Having seen the heavens open,
Life is vacant, empty, still.

DOROTHY EDWARDS.

MY MOTHER

Even when I was a wee child, I can vividly remember this kindly face with its tender brown eyes, small red mouth, delicate pink cheeks. The wealth of auburn hair was fixed loosely so that ringlets framed the face.

She was short of stature, inclined toward plumpness, but decidedly not stout. Her tiny pudgy fingers always held a particular fascination for me. They were so white and delicately veined. The two rings worn on her left hand puzzled me exceedingly for I could never understand why one was so plain. I did love shining, sparkling stones!

Her well-modulated voice was rarely raised in anger but when in disgrace, I could just feel those dark eyes looking at me in sorrow and disappointment.

Her good-naturedness was an achievement considering the things she had to contend with. So willing to help and always ready to propose some very delightful pastime.

She was comforting and never laughed at me when I came to her with long tales of childish woe.

One of the most vivid recollections of her is bending over my shoulder and correcting my homework in a most patient and gentle manner.

So considerate, so sweet, patient and kind—my mother.

EDYTHE RUSSELL.

CONTRAST

We were going along a dusty path—my horse and I—a path overshadowed with feathery branches of willows, which grew along the river bank, I, enjoying every inch of the way, because I am happy when riding, and Baron—prancing—delighted to be free of stall and stable. He is handsome, this dear companion of my pleasure time, and we are the best of friends, often spending hours in each other's company. Baron is a rich chestnut, with four perfectly marked feet, a blazed face, and a proud, proud head, well set off by two most aristocratic ears. To me he is beautiful, and when we are finally separated, I shall miss him as I should miss a loved friend.

What a motley mixture of emotions is aroused in one by the sensation of being carried swiftly along, with the freshening wind rushing past one's face, making one feel like shouting with sheer joy. Sometimes, I wonder if that is why we mortals do not have wings, because surely we should not experience this delight if we were accustomed to it.

It would seem that we were racing with the river—so similar was our headlong flight to its swiftly flowing current, now a torrent, tearing madly towards the falls, and now a smooth, silver stream, gliding steadily onwards as though with only one purpose in mind, so determined did it seem.

So we galloped on. Trees and bushes flew past, the red berries of the bushes making a dark, red streak which seemed to race along beside us. And now and then, branches, low-hung, stung my face, as the path bore sharply to the right. Then Baron snorted and stood rigid.

In the midst of a small clearing in the woods, grass and trees vieing with each other in beautiful shades of green, stood a small, white cottage, covered with crimson ramblers, and shuttered by green lattice. Below a small diamond-paned window there was a blur of lavender against the white of the house—a window-box of heliotrope. The door was ajar and I glimpsed the cool darkness of the interior.

Peace, quiet and harmony dwelt here. Only a few moments ago, and so near, I had been filled with the exhilaration of rapid motion. The scene before me was like the touch of a cool, white hand on my hot forehead. The contrast of restful beauty brought to me a realization of the completeness of life. Had my horse also sensed this contrast? Was that the explanation of his unexpected halt? I wondered,—and, still wondering—turned homeward.

MARY ELIZABETH TILTON.

JUST AWAY

One tear trickled slowly down the pink and white cheek of the five-year-old child seated on the couch in the hallway. She seemed worried about something. From the parlor came the sound of older people's voices. Snatches of their conversation reached the baby's ears and she began to sob softly to herself. Presently she arose and went unnoticed to her own little bedroom where she might cry into her soft, white pillow.

The conversation, which had concerned her mother's death, started a new train of thought in the child's mind. Everyone had liked her mother and respected her. No one ever said anything in the least unkind about her. The baby stood directly in front of the mirror on her dresser and looked into her own eyes and spoke: "Your mamma was the nicest lady that ever

lived. You must grow up to be like her. She can see you when you are naughty and it makes her cry. You shouldn't make your poor mamma cry when she loves you so."

She became silent and the room was perfectly quiet for a moment while the child gazed steadfastly at her reflection in the mirror. Suddenly she picked up the framed poem and looked at it. She could not read but she knew what it said for she had learned it. It was James Whitcomb Riley's poem "She is not dead, she is just away."

She replaced the poem and went to lie down on the bed. Her soft, sweet, baby voice spoke to the picture at the bedside. "I know you're here, mumsy dear, but I do wish I could see you just once. It would be lots easier to be good if you were only here to talk to me. Daddy is cross today. He says I'm a naughty girl because I was late home from school but I was just picking flowers for you, mumsy, that wasn't naughty, was it? Was daddy ever cross with you? I'm sure he wasn't 'cause nobody could be cross with you. I'm sleepy now, Mumsie, so I'll have to kiss you bye-bye for today."

The dimpled hand was raised to the puckered lips and a baby's kiss was flung skyward. Very soon came sleep, closing the round, blue eyes, and with it a sweet dream. Mother came to take baby in her arms and hold her close and talk to her once more.

Twelve years later, the same child, grown to girlhood now, stood before the same mirror reading to herself "She is not dead, she is just away." Tears filled her eyes. She moved to the bed and sat quietly as though a great battle were being fought within her. Finally she spoke aloud: "Mother dear, you always helped me when I needed you in childish troubles,—I need you now—more than ever before. Every day, it seems, new temptations beset my way and each one is a little harder to resist. Help me, mother, to face life as it really is, honorably."

Profound silence followed while the young girl knelt with bowed head before the picture of her mother. The minutes slipped away and still she remained motionless. A half hour passed; slowly the black, curly head was raised, a smile illum-

ined the tear-stained face, and a faint whisper came from the girl's lips, "I promise, mother," and she kissed the picture.

People have begun to remark about the likeness of mother and daughter even though mother is "away."

DOROTHY MIGNAULT.

FRIENDS

I am nearly always lonely in a group. Somehow I do not seem to fit. And it is hard to listen, watch, admire, all the time. I've tried and tried to find a place which I might fill, where I might in some small way be needed. It would be very nice to share in things which others do, to feel that I, too, could help to make them glad, to say sometimes just the right word, to do sometimes just the right thing. Perhaps the path which I am meant to take leads not toward this goal of my dreams, or perhaps it is at the *very* end. Meanwhile a little aching something tells me to hide away quite by myself where I do not feel alone: And yet I cannot.

For I am so glad of people; of those who laugh and play and make this world a world of fun; of those whose quick sympathy brightens many a darksome moment; of those who can say easily the things I long to say and win in return a smile of understanding; of those to whom is given so great a gift of leadership that we are proud to follow them; of those whose appreciation of all loveliness extends far beyond my sight; of those who would share with others that which they have learned.

All these and more would I some day put in a great book that they might go out through the wide world into the hearts of all whom life allows them not time to know. If I could make a book like this, I would inscribe it thus:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

IN HUMBLE GRATITUDE

FOR

THOSE I LOVE ON EARTH

MIRIAM KELLAM.

FAIRIES?

Baby Jane lies in her carriage on the porch all the morning, laughing and gurgling. What hidden fancies does she see as she stares with her round, blue eyes at the carriage top? Small, chubby hands with the tiniest of fingers make quick passes in the air. Is it the sunbeams that fascinate her so or does she see fairies flitting there? Her carriage rocks as she shakes with laughter, chuckles with delight. Perhaps some frolicsome elf is tickling her, or a group of fairies are dancing gaily for her amusement. If only our baby, Jane, could tell us of the lovely things she sees!

ESTHER MERRIAM WYMAN.

REVERIE

Dusk, and shadows played along the road high above the valley. The sky was a delicate pink, reflecting itself in the river below, moving along with a lazy motion. Small birds flew through the gathering night as if in haste to reach their warm nests before the chill wind of evening came. A white moon appeared timidly in the broad expanse high above the black, forbidding forest of the mountain side. It was a frail, fair moon, neither gold nor silver, but platinum. It seemed almost an enchanted moon, as if things would happen under it which would never happen at any other time. And I walked along the dusky road, a weary traveler, returning home.

Below in the valley nestled a group of little dwellings. Here and there a light flickered, a shade was drawn excluding the whole world from a fire-lit room filled, perhaps, with the cheery voices of youth or with the more mellow and serene tones of age. A lovely scene, indeed, and I was returning home.

A dark cloud passed over the frail, fair moon, and I was fascinated by its strange beauty. Suddenly it began to grow very cold and the wind arose as if in anger. The tall trees rustled and they almost seemed to whisper a warning. Far below, the little houses were huddled even more closely together, as if in fear of a menacing power.

Of what were they afraid? To me the black forest and the piercing wind were incomparably more kind than the sharp tongues and the willowy characters of the little people who dwelled in it—proud flesh who have not the courage to reckon with the strength of Nature; they who bow to Time and Distance but do not worship at the shrine of God; they who discover beauty as one discovers a small, blue violet, half hidden beneath a rock, and to whom it means little more. For them one must have a heart full of compassion, not scorn.

With these thoughts filling my mind I had hardly realized how slowly I was walking. But perhaps, it was because the road was difficult to travel and it was very dark. Once or twice I sat down to rest, but not for long. The traveler, though weary, must keep on and on, for if not, his goal will ever be in the far distance, only a dream. I remembered a line from Byron:

“The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those who walk in darkness.”

A footfall disturbed my reflection and looking up I saw a very old man, in dark clothes, coming slowly towards me on the road. His back was bent and he walked with a faltering step.

As we passed, the old man nodded but did not smile. Was he also weary and was he returning home?

For a moment I stood very still thinking of him who long ago had held my hand as we dreamed of the future. It all came back to me as lovely music flows over a garden in the still of night. A tear came to my eye as I wondered whether the old man could have been he. But it was too late now. Time in its flight waits for no man.

The wind came down the mountain-side with a sweeping motion. I wondered whether it is the wind which has swept before it many of the things which we humans hold dear. Perhaps it knows far more than it will tell.

But suddenly the wind died down as if by a miracle, and the trees again became calm. Below, in the valley a light flickered out here and there until the whole world was very dark and quiet and at peace. A smile came to my lips and I was very happy, for was I not returning home? ARLENE WILSON.

THE HARBOR

Clean-winged gulls cutting bright arcs
 In the bluest of skies—
 A harbor full of gloriously green waves
 Topped with glistening white caps.

Shadows of clouds sweeping across the water,
 A blinding, golden, orb of a sun
 Hanging high in the western sky—

Boats keeled far over with triangular, ivory sails
 Racing seawards—
 A sea-sled throwing up a long line of foam
 And disappearing
 In a silvery mist of spray.

A gleaming yacht
 Sailing majestically in with all sails spread
 To the east wind.

EMILY HUSSEY.

WOMAN'S VOTE

Now that women have the right to vote after a long and lusty fight, it is expedient for the young woman of today to carry on and perfect that government of city, state and country in which their mothers obtained a hand. Do you realize what a wonderful thing it is that women are allowed to vote? For centuries they have been unable to have any influence at all (that is, not on the surface unless we count the traditional power behind the throne.)

The Roman matron, although she led a freer and less secluded life than that of her predecessor, the bored and hemmed-in Greek mother, was barred from all matters concerning the government of her own country. Many think she may have been compensated for her loss by attending the gladiatorial games. We

see now how much better it would have been if instead she had helped her stern, togaed husbands and fathers rule the empire. But perhaps if this had happened, a few sceptical souls might have said that although woman's place is not at the gladitorial games, through her assistance the decline and fall of the Roman Empire might have been swifter than it was.

As we look back it is appalling to think of the numbers of women who have played no part in the governing of their own country; the German haus frau, who fed her family good, rich food without complaint; the Pilgrim mother, who kept off hostile Indians if the Pilgrim father were not at hand; and lastly, those brave pioneer women, who many times were almost trampled to death by a buffalo or hugged by a grizzly.

No, not until this twentieth century have women had the right to vote. Now, after riots, parades, mass meetings, attempts at starvation by our courageous sisters who seemed to be immune to ridicule, the doors to a bigger and better era have opened.

KATHERINE DYER.

THE SONNENBERG BUGABOO

"Waste" was the Sonnenberg Bugaboo. When little Elsie sat down to her dinner of bread and bean soup she must first thank God that there was food, and then ask Him to bless her Fader and Mutter for getting it for her. Every morning, noon and night, she had it impressed upon her that they especially were to be thanked for it. And the hard, dry crust must always be eaten first so that she would never be tempted to leave them around the edge of her bowl like some wicked little girls that her Mutter knew about. Thrift,—first, last and always!

John Sonnenberg was the janitor in the Newtown Armory and he and his family lived in three back rooms in the northeast corner. The position was very much to his liking; the work was not hard, he frequently found things and if no one came looking for them they were his, but best of all he could look in on Mrs.

Sonnenberg, sometimes to advise her in her housework, often to restrain her reckless spending.

As a family they were the savingest in all Newtown, but individually each had one little weakness. Mutter willingly patched, darned and scrubbed, but when it came to bean soup she grew stubborn. Bean soup every day in the week—it was not necessary—it was far better to have meat! Fader argued that in the Fatherland soup and dark bread were a feast and that meat was not to be thought of in a poor man's home. So they compromised. Every Sunday and holiday in the Sonnenberg home pretzels and bologna took the place of bean soup and bread.

Fader's weakness was quite as bad; when the supper was over he liked to settle back, put his stockinged feet on another chair and smoke. Perhaps he argued (to himself) that "a woman is only a woman, but a good pipe is a smoke" but aloud he reasoned that it was a man's right to take some comfort after a hard day's work and anyways, he only smoked the very cheapest kind of tobacco. In spite of all these excellent reasons the Sonnenbergs were again forced to compromise. When Fader wanted his smoke, he and his pipe must leave the Sonnenberg domicile.

But Elsie's weakness was far more serious than either of these. She wanted to have her pie and eat it too—or rather, she wanted to play with that doll in the parlor and yet comply with the rules and customs of her people. The biggest of their three rooms was kept locked the year around. On Christmas only could they go in and see, perhaps touch, their treasures. Then the shades were raised and the sunlight revealed a luxuriously furnished room. Underfoot was a thick, red rug. At the windows were lace curtains, the walls were closely hung with works of art and the furniture was comprised of a heavily carved oak table, a little three cornered what-not covered with bric-a-brac and sea-shells, and four handsome red plush chairs! On one of these sat a beautiful wax doll with long, brown curls and eyes that could close. Elsie did *so* want that doll—could she have it? No! And here there was no compromise.

SARAH BRAMAN.

FLORIDA

Dark waters lapping on damp sands. A pale sky with faded stars. Growing light on the horizon, then a sudden streak of color—red, orange, changing to gold. Banners of light flung out over the water to the shore. A sudden burst of glory—the sunrise. Flooding light and morning breezes carrying the song of birds. A sudden plunge into the rough green-blue waters, covered with foaming surf.

Hot bleached sands under the baking noon sun, high in the open cloudless sky. Miles of clear sparkling waters. The distant skyline dotted with great steamers, rising, falling, steadily persisting through the open seas! The drowsy half-motion of palm trees touched by sultry breezes. Brilliant striped beach parasols shading resting bathers from the sun. Stillness—languor.

Mingling crowds. Light summer dresses. The broad dusty race track and high grandstand. Sunlight—carefree laughter blending with happy voices. The long shrill notes of the bugle. Muffled voices, murmurs, then a sudden stillness. Spirited, shimmering horses—black, bay, and white. Small nimble jockeys vividly dressed in red, purple, green, blue and orange. A tenseness in the air—and then—“They’re off!” A rush to the railings, excitement, shouting, crowding to see. Field glasses, cries of hope and encouragement. Speeding horses, fleeting colors. A sudden breathless moment—the crashing through of the winner! Shouts! Hats in the air! Surging of thronging crowds. Laughter—sunlight.

The cool tang of salt air breezes fresh from the open sea. Graceful white sea gulls floating, soaring, suddenly darting downward to rest upon rippled foam flecked waters. Tiny children, with rosy dimpling cheeks, sparkling eyes and baby voices playing on the warm beach. Wee footprints in the wet sand. Gay little bathing suits. Pails, shovels, sand castles just out of reach of the ebbing tide. Coolness. The parting glow of the sun. The pink, flushed sky. Melting orange and gold fading into lavender—the sunset.

Dancing to soft music. Whispering balmy winds among the swaying palms. A huge orange moon hanging low in the star-powdered sky. The distant murmur of the ocean. Glowing lights. Gay laughter. An evening in the tropics.

BETTY MURRAY.

ON ARISING IN THE MORNING

“It’s nice to get up in the morning, but it’s nicer to lie in bed.” It is nice to lie in bed on a cold winter morning, there is no getting around it. The bed may be uncomfortable and the blankets all twisted—but it seems so heavenly, just to lie there and make believe you don’t have to get up. There are all sorts of reasons why you shouldn’t get up, just yet. It’s cold and maybe it will get warmer if you wait a while, providing your roommate will get up and close the windows. And there are so many people in the bath, it would be foolish to get up right now. Furthermore, you haven’t decided what to wear yet—it’s much easier to decide in bed. So you lie there peacefully, going over all sorts of things in your mind, the day’s English lesson, the rip you forgot to mend, the letter you expect, the one you forgot to write, and on, and on. Then—the clock! Ten minutes to go. “Where’s my towel! What will I wear? I’ll never do this again—I’m going to get up at six o’clock tomorrow!” It’s so nice now you’re up—not at all as you expected. Why did you dread it so? Tomorrow it will be different—but when tomorrow comes, “it’s nicer to stay in bed.”

DOROTHY EDWARDS.

DAPHNE’S DIARY

(Continued)

January 12—I’ve been so very busy that I have neglected you, diary, but after this I shall be more careful and try and make up for it. We have been back a week and though I hated

to leave home it has really been lots of fun seeing everyone again. Martha spent a few days of vacation with me and she is so much in love that it is pathetic. This time it is Charlie Owens of Washington. Poor girl, she is so fickle. I wonder who it will be next time. We all had such heavenly times during vacation that right now it seems that by spring we will still be telling of Christmas. And, diary, Lee spent part of vacation in Chicago and she met Pete Harding. I went to school with him seven years ago and haven't seen him since and Lee says that he is very attractive. I gather from what she has told me that friend Pete was quite attentive while she was there. That must have been lovely. Well anyway, here's to a perfect winter term.

January 29—Well let's see. And I am all at sea. So much has happened since I wrote here last. But most important there has been Intervale and the Andover dance. They were both just great. I hadn't realized that R. H. had so many out-door girls. We can really be the athletic type or presto—and we have feminine charms galore. Martha wore her yellow velvet to the dance and with her rich, dark coloring—well you can imagine, can't you, diary? She and I have had but one quarrel so far this term. It was all over nothing at all and when it had almost reached a climax we both seemed to realize that "roommates is roommates" and we looked at each other and seemed to laugh and cry at the same time. Silly, silly girls. Happy's letters are still forthcoming and do you know, my diary, that he is an awfully nice boy?

February 19—Somehow school all seems so different this term. Maybe it is because I have come to know everyone better and there have been so many pleasant things for us like Mr. Heller's and Mr. Niccoli's musicals, the Valentine Party and all. And then some went to Dartmouth Carnival and others of us went to the Andover Winter Prom. I love it. And now a sad tale for you—I am getting positively enormous. Boarding school plays havoc. To give up desserts or not to eat between meals, that is the question. I have decided not to do either but to get fat and as soon as I go home, get over it. Anyway, who cares?

March 6—More and more interesting is life at Rogers. At least I have found it so this winter term. If it isn't a bridge at

Norcross it is one in the Hall or maybe a yummy tea at Senior House. And I have heard countless whispered rumours of even bigger and better things yet to come. Cae-Kava basketball game and the Exeter tea dance. Can you wait? I have come to the conclusion that boarding school is something that no girl should miss if she can in anyway help it. (What I really meant was that no girl should miss this particular boarding school . . . It is better than the usual run and an illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request.) I am silly rambling on like this but way down deep I am serious.

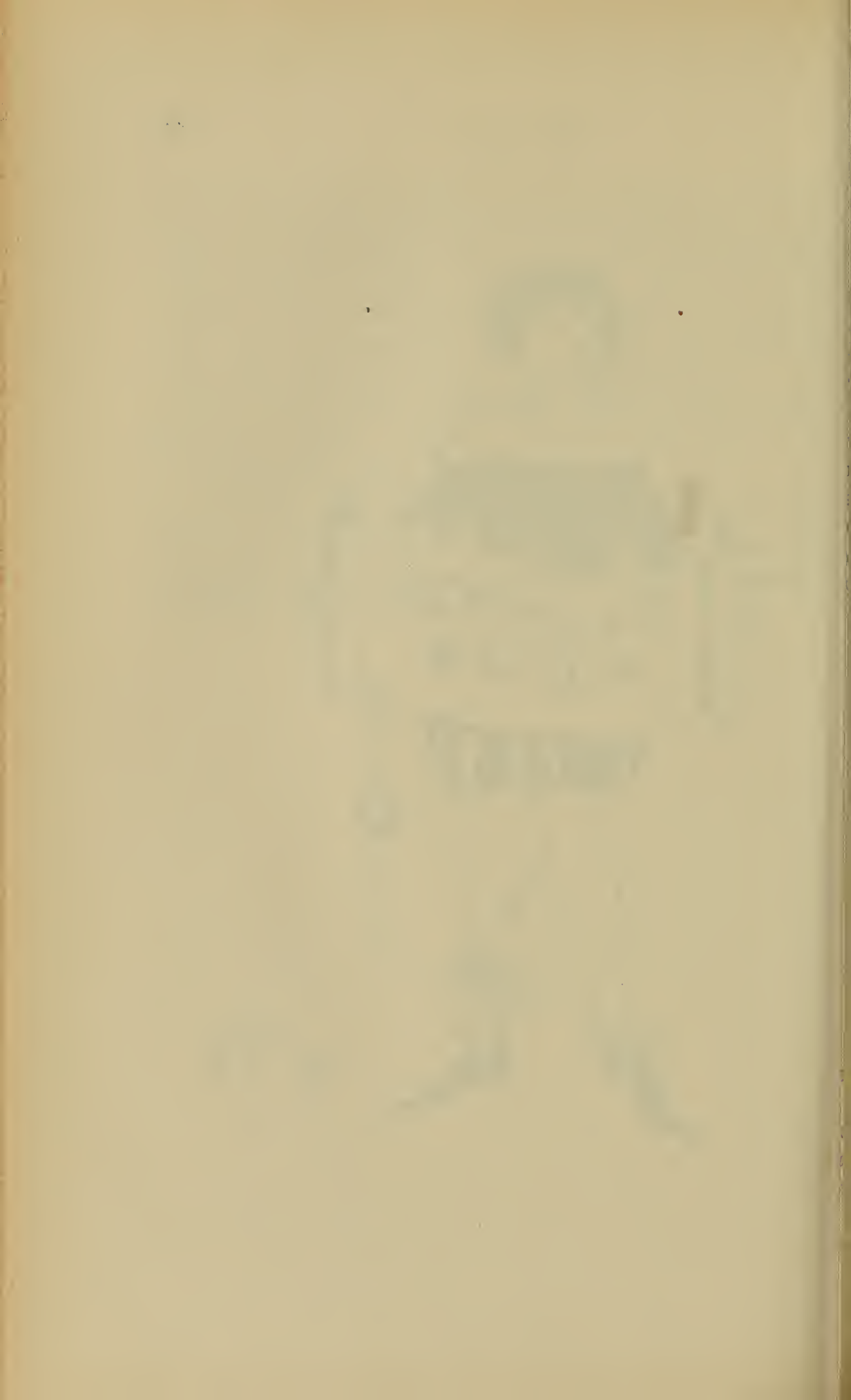
March 23—Exams are over and we go home tomorrow. Two-thirds of a marvelous year gone and—but I can't write more now 'cause I must finish packing. I still have my tennis racket and goloshes and my shower-bath spray to get in the bottom of the trunk and how shall I ever manage?

(To be Continued)

MARION SMITH.







THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The night before leaving for Christmas vacation, the girls of Rogers Hall carried out the custom of giving many of the poor children of Lowell a Christmas party.

To entertain our young guests, Mrs. Tapp's dramatic class presented a charming little play, "The Enchanted Christmas Tree." It was the story of an old man and his wife who hated children and Christmas, and who certainly would not think of buying a Christmas tree. By mistake, a tree is brought to their house, and with it comes a touch of magic. Finally, they realize that after all, life is pretty dull without happy children and the wonderful spirit of Christmas. Special mention should be made of the fact that the entire play was coached and directed by Lucille Marks and Dorothy Mignault. Those taking part were:

Josiah Benton	Virginia Rogers
Ella Benton	Marjorie Allis
An Expressman	Arlene Scott
Another Expressman	Elaine Joseph
Fredericka	Dorothy Mignault
The Judge	Edythe Russell
The District Attorney	Esther Wyman
The Sergeant-at-Arms	Arlene Scott
The Foreman of the Jury	Arlene Scott
The First Witness	Polly Newell
The Second Witness	Lois Fownes
The Third Witness	Euphemia Ganson
Jurors: Martha Bray, M. Imbrie, M. Mills, S. Shuttleworth, C. Kelley, M. Damon, E. Barnes, E. Robbins.		

What is Christmas without a Santa Claus? Such an important person could not be absent at our party. So, after gathering around the artistically decorated tree, laden with packages of all sizes and shapes, Santa Claus stopped in on his way down from the North Pole. Each girl was presented with one of these mysterious packages, and how happy they all seemed.

Just before the party ended, we formed a circle around the Christmas tree and sang many of the beautiful old carols.

MISS MELVIN, HARPIST

On Sunday afternoon, January 9th, the girls assembled in the schoolroom before tea to hear Miss Melvin, a young and delightful harpist, play for us.

Preliminary to her playing, she explained a few interesting details about her instrument and then she gave us an hour of music, consisting of lovely hymns and many other favorite pieces.

That hour seemed to pass all too quickly and the most of us feel that we would like very much to have Miss Melvin play for us again at one of our Sunday musicales we enjoy so much.

THE BABY PARTY

“Backward, turn backward, oh time, in your flight—.” Rogers Hall was confronted with an apparently difficult question, for what person, even though she be a sophisticated seventeen, eighteen or nineteen, would wish to miss a party? Yet the bright poster on the bulletin board invited only those under six years to the gym on Saturday, January eighth. To be “a child again, just for the night” was essential. Dresses borrowed from a shorter roommate or friend took off a few years. Half socks and hair ribbons aided the cause. A lollypop—some bread and jam—dolls and dogs—baby talk. Were we six years old? Not a minute over five and a half. And the party! What fun! “London Bridge.” “Drop the Handkerchief.” “Three Deep.”

“That’s not fair!”

“I won’t play!”

“I’ll tell my big brother on you!”

Really, there is great satisfaction in true self-expression. Then came the surprise—popcorn balls and sticks of peppermint candy. Growing up has its advantages but we concluded after a joyous evening that those infant days held perhaps even more fun than we have remembered.

"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS"

Cecile Sorel, la Societaire de la Comedie Francaise, entertained a very small audience in the Boston Opera House on Friday afternoon, January fourteenth, in that well known play, "La Dame Aux Camelias."

One never can understand the action used in a French play unless he knows what an emotional people the French are! Although American critics of this play claimed that Madame Sorel overdid her part as the repressed Marguerite by excess of gestures and amorous outcries, that does not necessarily lower the quality of the acting in general, calling it mechanical as they say—but discredits the appreciation of foreign art by our supposed-to-be finer Bostonian public.

It would be impossible to describe in detail the elaborateness of the costumes worn by the different characters and the very effective stage settings. Sometimes they were a bit too exquisite and tended to detract from the characters themselves. Another French characteristic! Much improvement could have been shown in the lighting effects which seemed very simple compared to those manifested on our large American stages. But one must not forget the loveliness of the plot behind the acting—the sacrifice of a woman's happiness to save the name of a young man.

One must remember when criticizing Sorel's acting that she is no longer a young person but a woman with a wonderful career behind her. More popular outside of France which is not strange, as we know, no one can take the place of Sarah Bernhardt in the hearts of the French people.

The Drama and English classes considered it, indeed, an honor to be allowed to see this famous actress, and a few were given the additional honor of going back stage to meet her—finding Sorel all of a very charming personality.

ANDOVER DANCE

Our return from Christmas vacation was brightened by the thought of the Andover dance which was held January fifteenth. A very enjoyable musical program was presented to us first, and

then we were introduced to the boys. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves very much. The gym was beautifully decorated with balloons of every size, color and shape. Refreshments were served at the small tables placed around the swimming pool. Each Andover dance which is held at Rogers Hall seems to be more enjoyable than the last—if this is possible—so we hope there will be many more in the future.

MRS. GILSON LECTURES

On January eleventh, the first of two enjoyable lectures was given by Mrs. Gilson. The Nicaraguan situation, which was A very enjoyable musical program was presented to us first, and filling the newspapers, was explained to us thoroughly. The disturbance arose over the fact that the United States had recognized one Nicaraguan president, Sacassa by name, and Mexico had recognized Diaz. This developed into a political situation involving the three countries, Mexico, United States and Nicaragua. Through Mrs. Gilson's lecture on the trouble, we were better able to understand the foreign difficulties, which heretofore had baffled us.

In closing, Mrs. Gilson mentioned the advancement of civilization, through the use of the telephone to convey messages across the Atlantic.

The second lecture, which we liked fully as much as the first, was about the fighting in China. Mrs. Gilson spoke of England offering aid to China, and yet asking something in return, as the "dog who barks and wags his tail." After this talk, we were very much interested in all the future news on this question.

ART EXHIBITION

One of the most notable collections in the field of art was that on exhibition in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, January twenty-second. The first was a collection of Monet's paintings

which are known everywhere for their originality of subject and ingenuity in applying different tones of vivid color to give the startling impression of sunlight. This art has been tried by other artists who have failed because of their lack of perceptive abilities of contrast.

From there we passed on into the room which holds the Paulanship sculpture collection.

The sculpture of Paulanship is very widely known and praised throughout America. This exhibition forms a most remarkable collection in that type of art and shows the artistic genius of the man. Of special interest to us was the large size figures of Diana and Atalanta, the figure of President Thomas of Bryn Mawr and the familiar face of John Barrymore. There are, as one knows, many other rooms containing specimens of all kinds in which one is allowed to roam about and study but it is almost impossible to accomplish this in three or four delightful hours.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

Fate—powerful, mysterious, acknowledged yet never understood. It is the will of some super-being. It is chance alone. It is ourselves. And Echegaray's "The World And His Wife" represents it as still another force—the gossip of idle tongues—relentless and terrible. The Drama class enjoyed the English version of this famous Spanish play at the Repertory Theatre soon after the beginning of this term. The play itself is most convincing and forceful in action and development and the parts were exceedingly well cast. Don Julian—Henry Jewett, Donna Teodora, his wife—Ruth Taylor, and Don Ernesto, a friend and guest at their home—Guy Phillips, were the principal sufferers in the inevitable tragedy brought about by the pressure of scandal so impossible to fight. To the world, that which existed between Donna Teodora and Don Ernesto was more than a friendship. Whispered stories, frank though untrue warnings finally placed before Don Julian's unwilling eyes a screen picturing what they wished him to see and hiding all reality. His

acceptance of the false destroyed his knowledge of the truth and ironically it was his sense of honor which prevented him from seizing upon the one thing which could have restored it—the reading of a letter. His tragic death unites those who had kept faithfully the ties of love and friendship which had bound them to him.

SENIOR TEA

On January twenty-third, a Silver Tea was given for the faculty by the members of the Senior Class. It was held in the Senior House and was the first tea since the organizing of the class—in fact, the very first of the Senior activities. The class is very enthusiastic over the Senior House and feels that it will be greatly enjoyed through the year.

THE TRIP TO INTERVALE

“Great day, what a ride!” — “Did you say dirty?” — “Doesn’t it look wonderful here?” — “I’m just so excited—Oh there’s Manuel’s store, still!” Thus upon arriving at Intervale after a tedious ride, the monotony broken only by a sight-seeing tour of Rochester, New Hampshire, conducted by Clarice, we heard the above and many more exclamations. And indeed it was a sight for sore eyes (from cinders probably) that greeted us in the form of the Hotel Bellevue and HOT water! Nevertheless, after the outside grime was removed it didn’t take us long to get out into the invigorating air, and with the various kinds of amusements provided by Mr. Bassett, we were well occupied until the welcome supper bell.

After B. S. P. E. and House in the Pines sang to us in the dining room, and after we had returned the compliment, we prepared ourselves for an enjoyable evening. Some went snow shoeing with Miss Hill, some sleigh riding with Miss Ball. The latter party had quite an experience in being suddenly dumped into a soft, white drift of cold flakes, about ten miles

from home, the horses tearing off at a great rate and not returning either. However, a kindly farmer took us in until we were carried home in a real live Cadillac! It almost made us homesick (probably would have but for the excitement.)

Saturday we spent snowshoeing, skating, skiing and every other winter sport beginning with the nineteenth letter of the alphabet, to say nothing of all the others. We ate our luncheon on a snowy hillside in a grove of great tall cedars, and the aroma of bacon and coffee was about the most welcome thing imaginable. (Especially after climbing the doggone hill on skis, which we'd never, never been on before!) That afternoon B. S. P. E. and Rogers Hall went trailing jointly—(and jointly we returned, too, but a far different looking spectacle it was!) It was great fun, though, just ask Gertie!

Saturday night we all piled into a huge sled and rode in the crisp air a while, then landed at the hotel where the Beauvais School was staying. They received us royally and treated us even more so, though we were strangers. On the way home, the Kavas and Caes sang together and it was a feeling of regret that we turned at———!

Well, anyway, on Sunday, though it rained a bit, it didn't dampen our feelings—I don't mean outward—I'm sorry you misunderstood. As I was saying, we went ski-joring, etc., and with long sorrowful glances and deep sighs we left Intervale at four-thirty. (Poor Manuel didn't have many decorations left, did he?) It was also with more sad farewells and amid many promises of "Write to me," that we parted from B. S. P. E. and House in the Pines at Dover, and resumed the remainder of the journey to Lowell, reminiscing and sleeping!

S. R. D.

THE OPERA

The opera! That word which brings joy to all music lovers is again heard on every side. On Wednesday afternoon, February second, the first group of girls went to the Boston Opera House to hear the production of "Faust" by the Chicago Civic

Opera Company. Edith Mason, Charles Hackett, and Vanni-Marcoux, the principal members of the cast, played their parts exceptionally well and the girls took the five-thirty train back to Lowell feeling that they had spent a most worthwhile and entertaining afternoon.

The next trip was on Saturday, February fifth. The opera presented that afternoon was "Pelleas and Melisande." Mary Garden headed a cast including Jose Mojica, Vanni-Marcoux, and Alexander Kipnis, all of whom rendered very enjoyable performances.

The following Wednesday, February ninth, another party attended "Carmen." Mary Garden and Edith Mason appeared once more in the cast, assisted by Fernand Anseau.

On Saturday afternoon, February twelfth, we heard the performance of "La Boheme." Edith Mason was again enthusiastically welcomed, supported by Antonio Cortis and Luigi Montesanto.

It was with great regret that we saw this grand opera season come to an end after four afternoons of the greatest pleasure and profit.

THE BALKAN LECTURE

On Sunday evening, February sixth, Miss Huse spoke to us about the Balkans. Her talk was illustrated and was most interesting. It seemed as though we were taking the journey which she had taken such a short time before. We started at Athens and sailed north along the western coast of the peninsula to Montenegro, then by train we went east across Servia and Roumania, and south to Constantinople. Many amusing incidents took place and we met some very quaint people, the fisher-folk especially fascinating us. We had never thought of the Balkans as making a particularly attractive tour but after having heard Miss Huse we have drawn new conclusions.

GUEDALLA'S HISTORY LECTURE

The history classes had the opportunity of hearing a very interesting lecture on the subject of "How History Is Written" given by Phillip Guedalla, a noted English historian now on his first visit to the United States.

Mr. Guedalla defines history as an art, but it must be founded upon facts that are judicially ascertained.

He believes that much of the thinness of the work that is being done is due to the fact that so many historians have no contact with real life. Imagination and writing are essential parts of a historian's equipment and history must be written in a vivid style.

Another trouble with the history in our time, Mr. Guedalla said "is acute indigestion of facts." Much of our history writing is just facts, rough material from which someone else might some day write a book.

Mr. Guedalla suggested that one of the ways of trying to show the living quality of history, is to write it not from the angle of we who are living here and now, but from the angle of the men and women who saw those things happening.

THE VALENTINE PARTY

Of course we knew that Valentine's Day wouldn't go by without some sort of celebration, but what was it to be? No one seemed to know of any plans underway and it was nearly Saturday. Could it be that the day would pass uncelebrated by the inmates of Rogers Hall?

Came Friday noon—in each mail box a torn heart fashioned with brown paper announced that the recipient was most cordially invited by the day girls to a Poverty party on Saturday evening in the gym. Each girl was asked to bring one nail as her admission.

Promptly at a quarter of eight our guests began to arrive in rags and tatters. They were greeted at the door by a red and white "Welcome to Clothes Line Alley" (a sign to be believed,

for in the gym were clothes lines strung across on which articles of clothing—red and white—were hung).

An entertainment was intermingled with general dancing, the first number being an original Rogers Hall Greeting song by Dorothy Mignault. This was followed by a "Raggedy Ann" dance by Dorothy Sargent. Two general dances intervened and then from behind the curtains stepped Nat Gardner, Mildred Damon, Charlotte Howard and Dorothy Sargent as the Ace, King, Queen and Jack of Hearts, respectively, singing "Blue Skies." At the finish of their song, a black face popped out and Dorothy Mignault as the Ace of Spades joined the Hearts in a clever song skit. Two more dances—then Eleanor Robbins and Dorothy Sargent favored us with several selections on the uke, accompanied at the piano by Barbara Damon. Before the dancing began again, our own Al Jolson stepped out with the proceeds of the evening's entertainment which he presented to Miss Hill for the building fund.

Betty Prescott gave us a new version of the "Charleston." This completed the entertainment but our attention was immediately attracted by Kay Clapp, who makes a very fine hot-dog vender. With the assistance of all those on the committee every one was finally furnished with hot chocolate and a dawg!

The party was brought to a close when the boarders all gathered at one end of the hall to give a cheer for their "Dago friends."

THE REVISIONISTS' POINT OF VIEW

On February 16th, Dr. Packard, Professor of History at Amherst College, spoke before the Lowell College Club at the school. The Seniors were invited to attend and were much interested in what might prove to be "The Revisionists' Point of View." Since the Great War, Dr. Packard stated, there have been many conclusions as to what had been the causes of it, the main one being that Germany was entirely to blame. But now a group of "revisionists" have brought forth the startling fact that the

“Triple Entente” was as much to blame as “The Triple Alliance.” One of the most interesting facts stated to prove his point was that many European countries are now publishing their state records of before and during the War. Dr. Packard was a most interesting speaker and, in a clear and convincing manner, made “revisionists” of many in his audience.

LOWELL TEXTILE *vs.* NEW BEDFORD TEXTILE

A long yellow street-car marked “Special” stopping in front of Rogers Hall at 7:30 p. m., February 19th, carried us to Moody Street and the Lowell Textile School gymnasium. There we rushed madly into the hall (so that the damp air would not ruin our curly locks) and beheld many of our school banners welcoming us. After readjusting our complexions, an exceedingly nice-looking young man ushered us into our section of the gymnasium, where we found the New Bedford team practicing for the forthcoming battle! There was much babbling and gossiping until, amid a chorus of snappy cheers, the local team dashed upon the floor.

A whistle blew—the teams took their places—and the game began. Lowell started off in a rush in the opening period and soon had a fine start. They were in the lead 7-4 at the close of the first period.

New Bedford took on a new stride in the second chapter and tied the count at 12 apiece.

Lowell ran wild in the third period, and up went the score. Our hosts had established a fine 25-16 lead at the end of this period.

However, the visitors came back with new life in the last quarter and soon had Lowell breathing heavily by a 27-25 count. But they soon recovered and ran the score up to 31, while New Bedford’s hopes were shattered at 28.

With many a sigh, and our eyes gleaming with excitement, we clambered down from our high perches and formed into seven groups, each group having a member of the faculty as chaperon.

Clutching our tiny red programs, we advanced to meet our hosts! The music began, a buzzing chatter was heard, and the animated couples filled the floor.

After several dances, which we enjoyed immensely, we cooled off with ice-cream, wafers and punch. The refreshments came at a very opportune moment for we were all very warm and happy.

But all good times must cease, and so at 11:30 we were preparing for our last dance. Although we stayed on the floor (in the fond hope that there would be more music) it was to no avail, and with Lowell Textile's Alma Mater song ringing in our ears, we bade the smiling chaperons and our young hosts good night.

MOZART

Saturday afternoon, February nineteenth, again saw a group of Rogers Hall girls at the Boston Opera House. On this occasion the party was composed, for the most part, of members of the French classes who were interested to see Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry in "Mozart." Their keen anticipation was duly warranted. Yvonne Printemps played to perfection the role of "Mozart" and her husband, Sacha Guitry, accentuated her artistic ability by his portrayal of "Monsieur Grimm."

The costumes of the period with their silks and laces, wide skirts and knee-breeches formed an exquisite setting for the animated charm of the young Mozart on his first visit to Paris.

"SPLINTERS" SUPPER

On Sunday night, February 20th, a real New England blizzard was not enough to deter the Splinters board from accomplishing their purpose of a supper in the House. The event was in honor of the birthdays of Lucille Marks and Mary Benger and the table was attractively decorated, be-ruffled old-fashioned bouquets being at the places of the distinguished guests. Also, at the close of dinner, a large box of Page's best was presented to them with the good wishes of the entire board. The literary portion of the group held a meeting afterwards in the library.

“GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE DELAWARE”

On Monday evening, February twenty-first, a short, but interesting play was presented by members of the school in honor of George Washington's birthday.

The performance was opened by the town crier, Marjorie Allis, who gave us a Prologue of the play. The rather amusing sentinel was well done by Elaine Joseph and Virginia Rogers was a good Lieutenant James Monroe, who knew what Washington had to undertake. Young Hamilton, friend and helper to Washington, we recognized as Natalie Gardner. Mary Benger, as George Washington, showed to her audience under what grave and serious conditions the men had to fight and the courage that was needed to make them fight to the end.

Washington's last words before he crossed the Delaware, were, “Victory or Death!”

M. A. B.

CAE-KAVA SNOW CARNIVAL

Washington's birthday and snow everywhere! What shall we do? Of course, there is school—but for recreation, isn't there something different? Yes! a carnival, and at the suggestion, preparations were begun.

“All entries for the cross-country ski race, line up here!” At these words four Caes and four Kavas footed with skis, and breathless with excitement, stepped forth. Miss Ball's “On the mark, set, go!” sent them scurrying quickly on their way, while the cheers of the spectators urged them on.

Before the winners had returned, laughing maidens, their feet a trifle clumsy with snow shoes, raced a merry dash. Kava raised her score by the winning of the ski dashes by some of her fond children.

Then, by far, the most thrilling feature of the day made its appearance. Ski-joring! The name itself suggests something unusual. But with human horses, it proved entirely different! How everyone giggled at the snow-covered participants. And when the winners came in, how the cheers rose! !

Tug o' war! Strength! Noise! and Cae club triumphed in the closing scene of the carnival. It was getting late, so the merrymakers turned their steps to their rooms, and marveled at the fun contained in one short afternoon.

NORCROSS BRIDGE

Norcross House entertained at a very delightful, formal bridge party on the evening of February 26th. The rooms, containing the several bridge tables, were decorated with flowers which made such a charming background for the varied colored evening dresses. There were prizes for those holding the highest scores and how envious we were when we saw such lovely gifts. We were served with the marvelous refreshments for which Norcross is so famous and we left with the usual hope of being invited again.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Some of the girls of the Music Department have been fortunate enough to attend a few of the concerts held in Symphony Hall on Tuesday afternoons. These concerts were given by the Symphony Orchestra assisted by famous artists. Some girls also attended a concert given Sunday afternoon in Symphony Hall by Madame Jeritza, who is world famous for her beautiful soprano voice.

MISS PARSONS' BRIDGE

"Bridge — Formal — Admission twenty-five cents — Proceeds to go to Building Fund." Thus read a poster on the Rogers Hall Bulletin Board on Tuesday, March 1. Excitement ran high ("What *shall* I wear?") It was in celebration of Miss Parsons' birthday and besides the bridge party there was to be a progressive dinner with place cards and everything. At quarter after six everyone had assembled dressed in her best, and beaming with eager anticipation. At last the dining room doors were opened. O-o-oh! how pretty it looked with only

candles for light and with the big basket of fruit in the center of Miss Parsons' table! Each person went to the place posted previously for her on the bulletin board and there found a place card with the numbers of the tables to which she should progress, and a gaily colored snapper. There was a great popping and soon every one was decorated with a most becoming and bright paper cap. After the first two courses and again for the last course each girl, amid much laughter and conversation, moved with her napkin and glass of water (in the conveying of which much adroitness was necessary) to the table indicated on her place card. Finally all adjourned to the drawing-room, the office and the library where tables were ready for bridge. Here a delightful evening was passed with many progressions for some—and *not* so many for others—until the party was ended by the presentation of the prizes. The first prize, which was awarded to Miss Lucille Marks, was a very pretty writing case, while the booby prize, which fell to Miss Mudge, was a small cactus plant. At about quarter of ten we all went to our respective houses, wishing Miss Parsons a very happy birthday and thanking her for the lovely party.

SPLINTERS TEA

The Splinters Tea at Senior House on Saturday, March 5th, was for Miss Ruth Crossman, faculty advisor of Splinters two years ago. Few of the girls on the Board knew Miss Crossman when she was teaching here and we were all glad of the opportunity to meet her and become better acquainted at the tea. Margaret Kip was chairman of the committee and Laura Merrill poured.

THE VALIANT

Warden Holt.....	Laura Moran
Father Daly.....	Natalie Gardner
Josephine Paris.....	Virginia Kern
Attendant	Mary Benger
Prisoner James Dyke.....	Dorothy Mignault

THE FLATTERING WORD

Rev. Dr. Ridgely.....	Laura Moran
Mrs. Ridgely.....	Lucille Marks
Mrs. Zooker.....	Mary Benger
Lena Zooker.....	Virginia Kern
Eugene Tesh.....	Dorothy Mignault

The above casts are those so admirably well chosen for the two plays presented in the gymnasium on March 5 by the "Rogers Hall Stock Company." The members of the company showed a decided versatility as the plays were vastly different in type. The former, as Miss Benger announced, required "the presence of tears and the use of a handkerchief" and the audience surely fulfilled in responsiveness the highest hopes. But all tears were dried when the curtain was raised on "The Flattering Word," a clever little comedy embracing that all charming character, a fond mother who foresees for the most unpromising daughter a great future.

The Splinters reporter was fortunate in getting to see a few members of the cast and hearing their opinions. Miss Mary Benger, in favor of whose role as the fond parent too much cannot be said, assures us that the entire company greatly enjoyed their work especially in such contrasting plays. Miss Virginia Kern, who is able to throw herself so completely into both pathos and comedy, feels that to know your audience is with you is one of the most important factors in good acting. Miss Dorothy Mignault, whose excellent portrayal of the character of James Dyke showed a knowledge of the subtle elements of tragedy, says that the co-operation of every member of the cast is the basis of successful production.

Miss Laura Moran, while very good in the role of Warden Holt, especially delighted her audience by the spirit in which she took the part of Rev. Dr. Ridgely. Some commendation is likewise due the other members of the cast who contributed so largely by their good work and ability to hold the atmosphere of the scene. It is, of course, through Mrs. Tapp's splendid coaching that such different rôles can be so well filled and the excellence of performance attained.

LITERARY CLUB TEA FOR MISS CROSSMAN

On Sunday afternoon, March 6th, the members of the Literary Club gave a tea at the Senior House for Miss Crossman. Miss Crossman gave a very interesting, informal talk on the books she has been reading. Among the most important ones which she discussed were those by Galsworthy, Edna Ferber and Christopher Morley. It was indeed a pleasure to hear her opinion on the new books and one by which the whole club profited. Delicious refreshments were served by a committee headed by Miss Polly Goddard.

BASKET BALL LUNCHEON

Perhaps you didn't know that Cae-Mo Bear and his friend, the Kava Lion, make merry in the gym when there is no one around and Saturday night, March 12th, I heard them discussing the basket ball luncheon.

"You know," Mr. Lion, "that both clubs made a fine showing in the dining room this noontime. And don't you think that their sweaters showed up well?"

"That's right," Cae-Mo, "but you know the songs and cheers particularly appealed to me. There was one that your Cae girls sang that I liked that went something like this:" (and please don't laugh when I tell you that that Kava Lion sat down and really played the piano).

Dearest Cae Club here's to thee,
To thy red banner waving free,
Emblem of strength and purity,
Devotion, love and loyalty.
Here's to our teddy bear true blue,
Fairness in fun his symbol true,
To him we pledge allegiance true,
Through and through.

"Yes, that was a good one and the girls tell me that it was new this year, but the cheer that Kava had about

**GOOD—BETTER—BEST,
KAVA—KAVA—KAVA**

was quite original."

"I wonder why it was that Kava was at the farther end of the dining room and Cae was on the steps this time."

"Just for variety I guess, and anyway the Cae cheer about

1-2-3-4-5-6-7

All good athletes go to heaven,
When they get there they will say,
'Kavas, Kavas, where are they?'

sounded better from that end of the dining room."

"Yes, it did, but do you remember that funny one about Cae Club?"

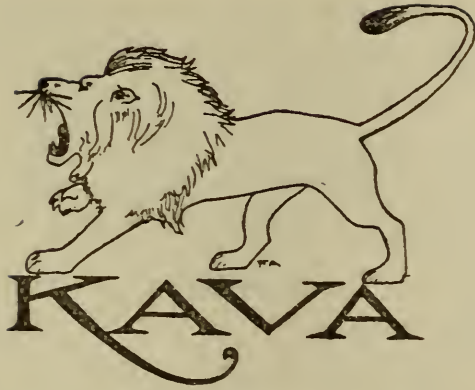
"Oh, you mean

O the Caes dressed up in red and white,
They look like Bolsheviks,
They think they'll fool old Kava Club
With their pretty parlor tricks.
O C-a-e-C-l-u-b-, you think we play for fun
Tuck up your little petticoats
The fun has just begun.
Rah rah, the lion roars
What's that red you see?
Rah rah, it ain't no more
They've run to mama's knee.
O C-a-e-C-l-u-b-, come wipe your tearful eye,
For Kava always beats you see
Each cunning little Cae."

"That's the one. Without the basket ball luncheon the day would be incomplete for me."

"I feel that way too, Cae-Mo."

And they went on to talk about the game.



CAE-KAVA BASKET BALL GAME

I am a brand new basket ball, and have been waiting impatiently to be played with. At last the time has come, and I feel quite honored to think that I am to be the center of attraction in none less than the Cae-Kava Basket Ball Game at Rogers Hall. Why look—I didn't see them before—there are lots of people sitting on the stage. They look very pretty—most of them are in red and white. They seem terribly excited! My goodness—there are people in the balcony, too. There is a huge Kava banner over the railing, and almost every one is dressed in orange and blue sweaters. It's much more interesting when there are so many people around. Wish they would hurry up and play with me. Ouch! Some one just kicked me! There goes the whistle. Oh, I have the funniest feeling—I'm going way up in the air—— Goodness, where am I? Never have I traveled so quickly. My gracious, I just went through an iron ring with a net around it. What next? Here I go again! Why I never thought it would be like this—I don't stay one place a second. There is one girl with an orange sweater who plays with me much more than any one else. She sends me through that big iron ring about every two seconds. Wish she would let me rest a while. I declare I'm tired out! Ah—the whistle—absolutely must roll over into a corner and catch my breath, or I'll never be able to bounce again.

Here we go again. Gracious how they do fight over me! It's nice to be so popular. Phew! They almost took my breath

away that time. I declare I'll never be the same again. First, they bounce me, and then they throw me, and finally I go through that everlasting ring with the net around it. I'm getting sick and tired of this treatment—wish they would stop. There goes a whistle, so at last I can rest in peace. Just think, I've been played with at last and I'll never be a *new* basket ball gain!

Line-Up:

<i>Cae</i>	<i>Kava</i>
Lighton r.f.	captain, Fowler
Rogers l.f.	Ryder
Page, captain r.g.	Earle
Ryan l.g.	Pratt
Goodyear-Muessel c.	Audette
Foster s.c.	Ganson, M.
Subs:	Subs:
Tilton	Ganson, E.
Thomas, M. (substituted for Lighton)	Collingwood
Swan, J.	Howard
.	Pearson

Score—Kava, 47; Cae, 12.

Score-keepers—Marion Andrew, Polly Goddard.

Time-keepers—Miss Nesmith, Miss Sanders.

Referees—Josephine Fiske, Ruth Hatt.

Coach—Dorothy Ball.

THE PAINT AND POWDER REVUE

The Paint and Powder Revue was greatly enjoyed by a group from Rogers Hall on March 11th. The many little song and dance acts were excellently arranged and attractively costumed and—in truth, the whole revue was far above the average amateur performance. It is hard to believe that so much can be accomplished with only two weeks for rehearsals. The disturbing announcement at the outset to the effect that trouble with the scenery would cause perhaps a long delay proved to be a

part of the entertainment. Among the scenes which we liked particularly was the second—a hurdy-gurdy dance to the familiar music “When the Hurdy-Gurdy Plays.” A tragedy of ticket buying entitled “The Coveted Pasteboards” was most amusing in its depiction of an impatient line at the box office. The first scene of Act 2—“At the Broadcaster”—was a clever combination of “The Gay Nineties” with the Twentieth Century, and when “The Harmony Girls” of the former period sang for the pleasure of radio audiences “The Husking Bee”, we were oddly reminded of—well, Rogers Hall. “Cupid’s Auction Sale” brought the conclusion. An “Old Maid”, a “He Maid”, a “Baby Girl”, and a “Gold Digger” were bought and paid for before the arrival of Lowell’s most attractive girls.

BASKET BALL TEA

After the basket ball game on the afternoon of March 12th, the two teams, the alumnæ, and the parents who were here, were invited to a tea at the Senior House. From without the throng looked very merry, and many wistful glances were cast in that direction by the less fortunate members of the school who, however, were greatly comforted by the sale of chocolate ice cream at the House.

BASKET BALL BANQUET

Again the dining room put on its festive gown for the basket ball banquet on Saturday evening, March 12th. A table at the head of the dining room was arranged for Miss Parsons, Miss Ball, and the two teams. The Cae places were marked by cards which pictured a fat, rollicking, little boy with a huge basket ball, and the Kavas found their places with the aid of an orange Kava lion on a blue ball. The girls sang to each individual member of the teams and to the substitutes. Kava won the basket ball cup which was presented to Frances Fowler, captain of the team, by Miss Ball. Miss Parsons spoke

of the remarkable spirit shown by both clubs, but especially that of Kava, whose president, because of illness, was unable to be with them. And then,

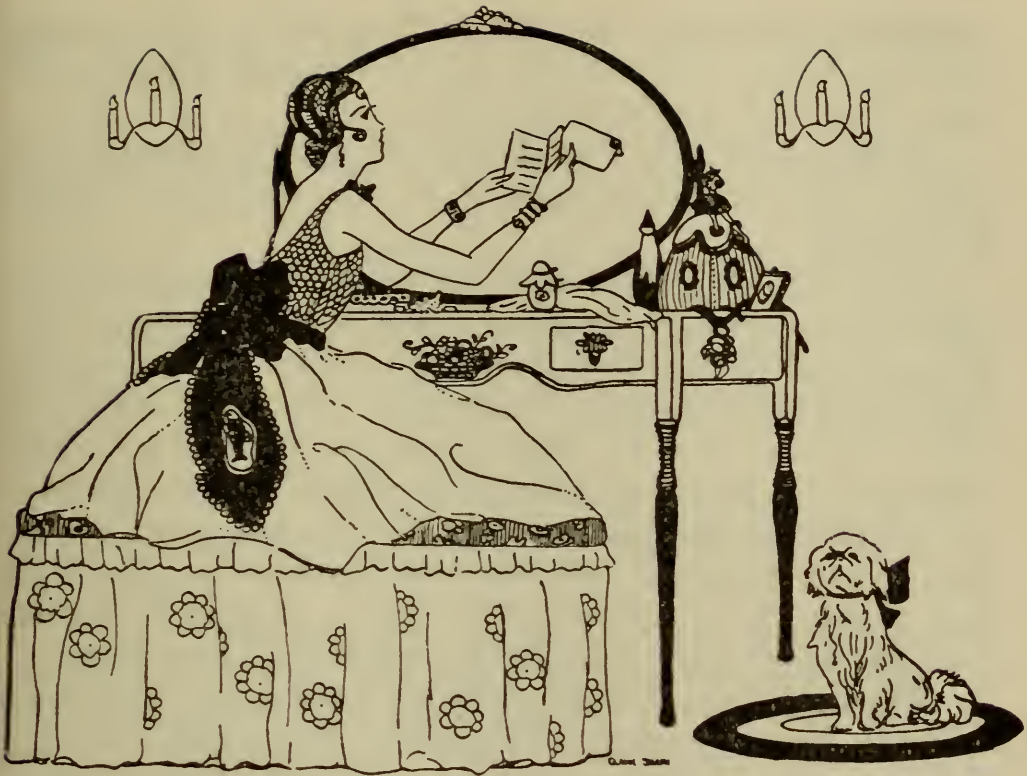
“Oh Rogers Hall, the school we love,
For you we’ll always stand”

“THE MINUET” AND “NEIGHBORS”

The night before school closes, March 23rd, the II Dramatics class is putting on two plays under the able direction of Mrs. Ruth Moyer Tapp and by the individual coaching of members of the I Dramatic class. The first play is “The Minuet” and the second one is “Neighbors”.

It will be interesting to note the development of the abilities of this first-year class since their debut in this art with the production of a Christmas play.





ALUMNAE NOTES

December 28th, Rachel McCalmont, '20, was married to Mr. Sanford Harover Carraci in Franklin, Pennsylvania.

December 28th, Genevieve Saxe was married to Mr. James Clement Lamb in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. After the first of February they were at home at Campbell Court Hotel, Portland, Oregon.

January 1st, Rachel Holt, '24, was married to Mr. Frank Witwer in Grace Episcopal Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. For the winter they will live in Rachel's home as her mother will be in Florida. Mr. Witwer attended the State University of Iowa two years where he was a member of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, and served a year at Fort Worth during the World War. He is president of the Witwer Grocery Company of Cedar Rapids.

January 29th, Pauline Miner Woodbury was married to Mr. Lewis Stanley Fidler in Boston.

February 19th, Catherine Murray was married to Mr. Archibald Anderson Moran in New York City. Mr. Moran attended

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N. Y. For the past two years he has been with the firm of Lewis E. Macomber, interior decorators, at 665 Fifth Avenue.

February 12th, Marjorie Adams, '19, announced her engagement to Dean Jenkins of Dover, N. J. The wedding is planned for this fall.

February 12th, Constance Cleaveland, '26, announced her engagement to John W. Dregge of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. Dregge was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1924 and is a cousin of Frances Dregge Thornquist. Constance has chosen June twenty-third for her wedding day and she and her husband will sail on the twenty-sixth for a two months' trip in Europe.

February 14th, Asenath Mitchell, '22, announced her engagement to William K. Whiteford of Los Angeles. Mr. Whiteford attended Leland Stanford University. Asenath is planning her wedding for June, following her graduation from Smith.

February 15th, Madeline Ellis announced her engagement to Frank Gurney Erskine of Brockton. Mr. Erskine went to Phillips-Andover Academy and later attended Culver Military Academy.

In September, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe D. Taylor (Gertrude Hawxhurst, '13) in Montclair, N. J.

November 19th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tucker, Jr. (Cordelia Durkee, '19) in Jacksonville, Florida.

January 31st, a son, James Currie, 3rd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Collier (Sarah Meigs) in Dubuque, Iowa.

February 4th, a son, Robert L., Jr., was born to Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. Jones (Barbara Brown, '13) in Chelmsford.

February 4th, a son, George Oliver, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Oliver Watson (Arline Dowley) in Chicago.

March 4th, Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18, gave a Bridge party at her home in Waban for the Rogers Hall Building Fund. There were nine tables sold and thirty-eight dollars were turned over to our Treasurer, Sarah Hobson, at the end of the afternoon. Miss Parsons, Miss Gerhard, Miss Hill and Miss Mudge went down from the school as well as Sallie Hobson and Evelyn Dime-

ling. Our president hopes that other sections will give similar parties for the fund.

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, Congresswoman from the Fifth Massachusetts district achieved a signal victory in late February when the House passed an appropriation bill which included provisions for a new postoffice in Lowell at an estimated cost of over five hundred thousand dollars. Originally the committee had recommended only a few thousands for alterations in the original building. As the appropriation bill was not passed by the Senate owing to the filibuster at the close of the session, the money will not be available this year.

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, sent her oldest daughter, Barbara, to Dorothy Ellingwood McLane's camp in New Hampshire last summer.

Florence Harrison, '02, writes: "When I left Minneapolis and came back to the Regional work, I exchanged a stationary for a constantly moving occupation. My district includes Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky, West Virginia and Illinois. I meet with the boards of these states, advise on organization, try to interpret the legislation program, help organize schools of politics and am generally a jack of all trades. I have acted as the League representative at the American Academy of Political Science, at the Williamstown Institute of Politics and last month at the National Federation of American Students. This met at Ann Arbor, Michigan, with nearly two hundred colleges represented, a most interesting gathering. My trips to the different states have brought me meetings with Alice Faulkner Hadley, Leslie Pope Cook and Genevra Whitmore Parsons. Frances Fenton Kelley is a ward officer of the League in Winnetka. When I can 'stay put' for a few days at a time I make my home with Mrs. Hubbard of the National Board here in Winnetka at 840 Wilton Road. In between correspondence and stenographic reports we play tennis or golf together."

Ethel Stark Jones, '14, had to spend nearly a year in a sanitarium, following the birth of her son, William Stark, on November 14, 1925, but writes that she is fully recovered. She and the boy are visiting at her mother's home in Milwaukee before returning to her own home in Pittsburgh.

Katherine Steen Larmon, '14, lost her father the first of February. His death came suddenly after he had apparently made a remarkable recovery from a long illness. "Helen Virginia's teacher informs me she has the vocabulary of a thirteen-year-old child and quite a talent for writing. This afternoon she spent two hours reading Longfellow, by choice! Jay is twenty months now, walks along the radiators, sits on the piano keys and enjoys finding the kitchen sink at an unguarded moment. In fact, the curtain rods and ceilings are the only unscratched spots. He does not fall so that I refuse to look!"

Eleanor Goodrich, '17, and Mary are living with their parents in Brunswick, Maine. There they have, as Eleanor wrote in verse on her Christmas greeting, "A home that's bright with sunshine, where feathery pine trees stand, in rows of stately silence, tall sentinels 'round their land."

Ruth Shafer Hutton, '19, writes: "Our son, William, was born October second and he has gained steadily in good baby fashion. It will not be many years perhaps before you will see him coming down from Exeter to call, for his father is an old Phillips-Exeter boy!"

Eleanora Carpenter Beattie, '20, has a new address and is living at 26 Rawson Road, Brookline.

Alice Brock, '22, writes: "I am sending you the January number of 'Charm,' a magazine put out by a large store in New-ark. I knew you would be interested in the picture of Jane Richman, '22." In this picture "The Open Sea" by Henry Rankin Poore, Jane has dismounted and is standing with her horse on the moors, looking out to sea. It is a splendid pose and looks very like Jane.

By an oversight there was omitted from the last number of "Splinters" the announcement of the engagement last June of Elizabeth Phillips to Dr. Raymond Roscoe Squier.

Helen Babbitt, '25, after completing her secretarial course in Boston, was engaged last fall as secretary of the Lincoln School in Providence.

Rosamond Davol, '25, is teaching dancing in Taunton and has been particularly successful with her children's classes. She is continuing her own training in dancing and the flute.

Charlotte Jealous is doing volunteer work at the Children's Hospital in Boston. February fifteenth she was one of the sponsors of a large Bridge party at the Hotel Beaconfield in Brookline where funds were raised for several additional beds. "Working at the hospital is ever so interesting and most of the children are darling but a lot are very pathetic. Next summer I am going to work on Children's Island, a mile off shore from Marblehead. Most of the patients are sent from the hospital here."

Priscilla Ball, '26, sailed with her mother and sister on a month's cruise in the Canadian Pacific steamer Mont Royal. They will visit the West Indies, Bermuda, Panama and the northern countries of South America.

Evelyn Dimeling, '24, returned to school the first of February and is acting as assistant secretary to Miss Parsons.

Mary Bailey, '26, left Teacher's College at the close of the first semester and has re-entered Rogers Hall where she is taking the secretarial course in the Collegiate department.

Elizabeth Tucker, '26, has given a new cup for basketball. "Of course I am hoping that Kava will win it! I am very busy in my work at Marshall Fields and do enjoy it so much. I am in the leather goods section, selling shopping bags. I have had so many amusing experiences and one certainly gets to know human nature. I see many friends as they pass my counter, for instance, last week Katharine Thayer, '25, and Mary Gittins, '25. Katharine has only recently left the hospital after an operation. The latter part of February, Kathryn Adams is to visit me for a week. She will be en route to Denver and California where she is to visit relatives until early summer."

Miss Van Vleck and her mother sailed for Europe early in January. "We shall spend two months wandering around Italy and Sicily, go to Paris in April and to England in May."

Polly Dowden McKinley has a new address in St. Louis, 6043 Clemens Avenue. "We are only a few blocks away from the old address in a little larger apartment with a splendid yard for the baby. Polly is the blondest of babies and has been perfectly well and consequently angelically good. She looks like Lee except for her very blond hair and blue eyes. She has not

missed a day out of doors this winter and her cheeks are as red as apples! We are going to spend the summer at home with mother in Sandwich, leaving in July, and Lee will join us later."

Amy Cottrell Hocking writes: "My Nancy is a lovely little girl now and is so much company for me. She almost sits up alone although she is but three months old and she has smiles for everyone."

Betty Fisk Brand, '21, is building a house in Wheeling, West Virginia. "It is only a five room bungalow but it looks like a mansion to us! Frances Dregge Thornquist was one of my bridesmaids. I was in her wedding party the year before and visited her later in her new home. Two months before my marriage I visited Dorothy Wayland Gross in New York and I was greatly disappointed that she could not be in my wedding party. While there I saw Marion Evans, '22; she is attending one of the art schools in New York."

Eleanor Whidden, '20 has a secretarial position with Porter Sargent Company in Boston.

The new "sisters" in school this year are Euphemia Ganson (Florence, '26) and Arlene Emmons (Gertrude, '27). There are two nieces: Clarice Connelly (Natalie Kemp Gale, '11) and Elaine Joseph (Helen Joseph). Sarah Pearson is a cousin of Laura Pearson Pratt, '14, and Arlene Scott is a cousin of Elizabeth Tucker, '26.

After April 1st, Catherine Murray Moran's address will be 155 East 34th street, New York City.

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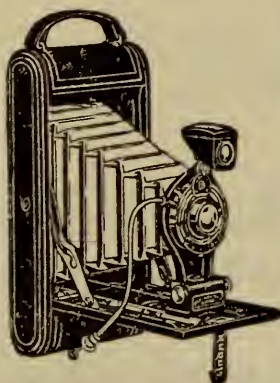
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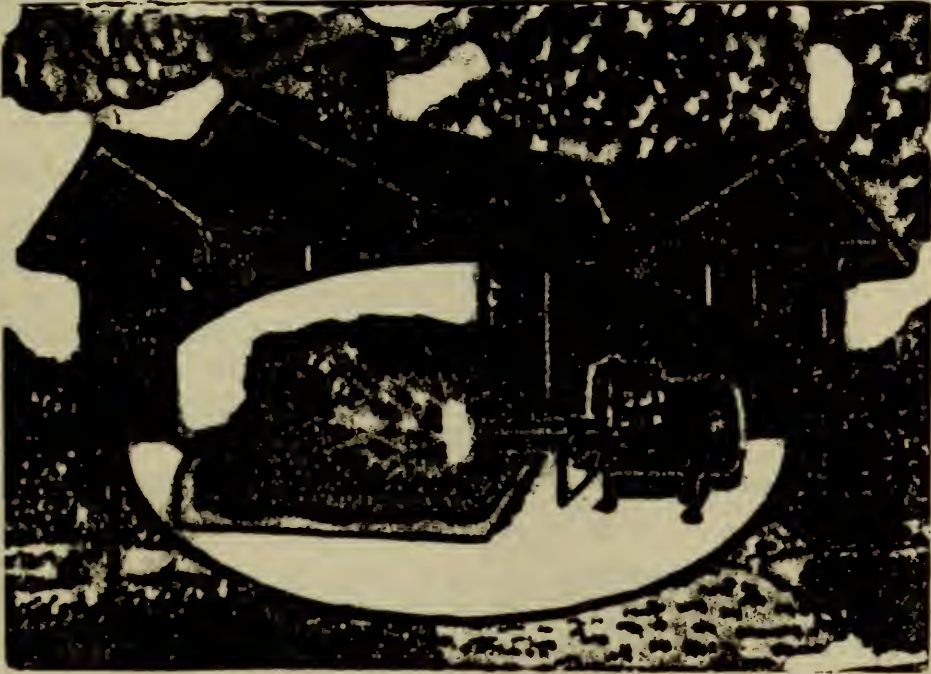
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Senior Section

School News

Alumnæ Department



SENIOR CLASS, 1927



VOL. 36

JUNE, 1927

No. 3

EDITORIAL

OUR HERITAGE

Classes may come and classes may go but their heritage lives on forever! We are just one out of those many classes who have accepted this heritage passed on to us; but like all the rest we have taken it more or less for granted never realizing the great seriousness of it.

Nevertheless, there must be some way in which we can show our appreciation for this intangible gift handed down to us a hundred fold, by those who have spent many happy hours and years here before us. They who have had their hopes realized and their dreams fulfilled within these walls have, in so doing, built up a spirit of love and loyalty for Rogers Hall. And they have left to us an ideal, instilled in the hearts of all of us by their fine examples; a spirit of co-operation, a love for the right, and also this profound loyalty to an institution.

We, the class of 1927, we, the undergraduates, you, the Alumnae, now have an opportunity to give material expression to that loyalty for Rogers Hall by promoting the building fund which is to provide a new dormitory, new class rooms and new club rooms for the Rogers Hall of the future. Thus can we hand down in a strong and beautiful form, our heritage.

BICYCLING OVER BERMUDA

Do you believe in advertisements?

Maybe you do believe that Lux "won't shrink woolens," and that Ivory soap is "94% pure," and that "every skin needs two creams," but would you ever believe such a thing as this?

"—— a beautiful country, ablaze with a riot of flowers, set in an azure sea, where there are neither factories, trains nor autos to pollute the atmosphere with their poisonous fumes, or trolleys to disturb the peace and quiet with their jangling discord. Bermuda, tiny and friendly, sparkling with sunshine and beauty—a little foreign land far from the rush of modern life but only a two day journey from New York."

That was what the advertisement said, and just to see if it was right, a friend of mine and I decided to go to Bermuda for our spring vacation. We were so nearly convinced by the booklet that we talked blithely of the wonders of that country even before we had started, with the result that we found several relatives and a great many friends trying to sign up in our party. We had to remind them gently that we were not going in a party, but that we were going to be quite independent, that we had won the struggle with our respective families about our being able to take care of ourselves, and that we really intended to travel quite regardless of any arranged trips. Our secret fear was that our good friends would be seasick or would not know how to ride a bicycle, and we believed that we were two husky souls ready for roughage and out for adventure.

So we started off for Bermuda, the two of us, with our bags full of summer clothes and one warm costume in case the land had been misrepresented. Ready to brave two days of the roughest sea that ever raged, as our friends assured us, we walked the decks watching for mountainous waves, but we finally sailed into the harbor of St. Georges having felt scarcely a ripple.

Our friends had been somewhat mistaken about the weather, but the advertisements were not wrong in their descriptions. As the boat pushes her way past the bush covered islands close by, you get a picture which seems exaggerated in its vividness. The sea is bluer in places and greener in others than seems possible,

the sky is clear and bright like a colored postal card, and the glaring coral reefs on the larger islands stand out as snow covered against the deep green of the foliage. There is a sense of unreality about it all, and you feel inclined to resort to that childhood trick of pinching yourself to see if even you are real.

The coal black "taxi" man who drove us leisurely in an open carriage smelling strongly of horse and barn and hay, asked us who was to drive us about during our stay, and we made the unfortunate mistake of answering with much enthusiasm that we intended bicycling everywhere. He got back at us, however, by telling us that our fare was two shillings, and by shaking his head when we handed him fifty cents and muttering, "I don't understand that money. I only know dollar bills."

There was a real palm tree outside the hotel, and the very fact that that tree was not growing out of a box convinced me that we were in another land. So, to get into the proper atmosphere ourselves, we rushed to our rooms to get into white clothes and then dashed out again to see if there were banana trees about. We didn't look long for we were too anxious to get our bicycles, and once we had hired them for one week we were all set for our visit.

I shall always be glad that I went to Vassar, for if you never learn anything else there, you do learn how to ride a bicycle up hill without getting off, and down hill without falling off, and around corners without killing people. My roommate did not go to Vassar, so she promptly proceeded to bump into a post and turn her front wheel inside out on our way to town. I ran into a man, but that was because traffic moves on the left hand side in Bermuda and I moved on the right. If you are very old and feeble, or simply young and fashionable, or merely middle aged and lazy, you "taxi" about Bermuda in a carriage at the rate of about four miles or so an hour. If you want to go to the beach to swim or just want to go from one place to another you take the "trolley," which is a beach wagon drawn by two horses. If you have strong legs and want to get about quickly you bicycle. There are two automobile trucks on the island of which the natives are extremely proud, and about which the tourists

continuously lament. There seems to be an endless debate as to whether the people of Bermuda shall be able to have private cars and thus get around conveniently or whether the tourists shall be able to enjoy the unique features of an automobileless land.

After we had exercised our legs somewhat and renewed that desired sense of balance, we were ready to see Bermuda by wheel, and we made our first big venture in the direction of Somerset, along a road which, we were later told, had the most bumps and hills of any on the island. I know that we pumped, and pumped, and pumped until we came to a sign that told us that Gibbs Lighthouse was only half a mile on. That was the longest half mile I have ever known. It was up hill all the way and it was one of those steep hills on which you can't stop once you're started or your bicycle will run backwards away from you. Of course we reached the top, for we knew that there would be something worthwhile once we got there, but even then our climb was not over. There were literally hundreds of small winding steps that left us breathless on top of the great glaring lighthouse. As one well tanned English gentleman remarked after he had stopped puffing and was out on the little balcony, "I say, you know, you can see everything from here, can't you." There was no arguing his statement. About us lay like the painting of a modernistic artist, great splashes of brilliant green waters under which treacherous sands were concealed and cool blue reaching to mysterious depths. The weatherbeaten looking keeper pointed out the little island in the shape of a table crumber, and the one that formed a perfect pair of spectacles, and then, with a wave of his hand, he recognized the various parishes of Bermuda with their low cottages of pink and blue and white, and their shining, winding roads, and their rich fields of growing vegetables. All thoughts of long hills had left us and even the hundreds of steps down from the lighthouse were insignificant after the view we had seen.

It was a glorious ride down the hill from Gibbs Light. You have a feeling of absolute abandon as the bicycle goes flying on, fairly eating up the road and gayly passing every horse on the way. You feel as though you could slide off the seat, over the

handle bars, and into the air and keep right on flying. This has a tendency to end disastrously, so I would not advise doing it.

Since our afternoon's journey did not quite kill us and our bicycles still had air in the tires, we decided to attempt the more ambitious trip to St. Georges, which is about twelve miles from Hamilton, where we were staying. Some people at the hotel shook their heads in despair and said that we could never come back the same day, but we knew that twenty-five miles was nothing to what we could do in a college day. So, by nine in the morning we were off, my roommate, in her coral pink dress and many colored bandana about her head, looking like a carefree gypsy, and I, all in white, as she said, like an English country girl.

It is surprising how much ground you can cover on a bicycle, especially when the going is largely down hill. We had passed Frascatti's, a well known hotel, and were at the Angel's Cove before we knew it. Of course, we had to stop to see the great tropical fish "captured alive" and now peacefully existing in small coral-decked pools. There was the horrible pair of heavy water snakes, and bright blue angel fish, and the great mouthed hamlet which we remembered having eaten for dinner. The colored guide who spoke the most beautiful English, real British, not your southern drawl, recited his little piece about the fish in the same singsong rhythm as the little boy who speaks his piece in Sunday school. Only once did he vary and that was when a baby octopus snapped at him.

We detoured a bit by the famous Mid-ocean Golf Club to see Pink Beach, which actually has deep pink sands after the sea has passed over them. By the time we had pumped our hot and dusty way past the former home of Tom Moore, the Irish poet, and across the Causeway to St. Georges, our one thought was for a drink. We coasted down the narrow street almost into the front door of a Rexall Drug store. When I think of the ice cream soda that the little English boy made for us I think I have never had such a bad one. It served its purpose for that time, however.

One of the most interesting things about St. Georges to me was the fact that one of my class-mates at Rogers Hall—Jean Myers—lives there. We went out to her house, which is ideally located on a hill over-looking the harbor, and saw her and met her family. They are the most delightful people, and we had a very interesting call with them. The best part was that they brought us part way back to Hamilton, bicycles and all, in their motor boat, thus saving us many a hot hill.

As for St. Georges—truly the advertisements were correct. It is indeed a “fairy land of delight”. In fact, I rather think I believe in advertisements now—at least when they are advertising Bermuda.

ELINOR MACBRAYNE, '24.

MOON MAGIC

I sailed away with the moon

One night over seven seas.

Oh, what fun to rove at night

Borne by a westerly breeze!

For the moon works such wonders,

Just as a wizard of old,

Changing the dull gray landscape

Into a mass of living gold.

Painting with pale gold moonbeams,

Using like a magic wand

On grim and sombre castles

In every foreign land.

I watched her work in Venice,

Saw tricks that she played in Rome,

I was nearly lulled asleep

Ere the reckless moon came home.

We sailed from eastern harbors,

Into the far away west;

'Way from the land of daylight

Into a haven of rest.

ELINOR G. CARMICHAEL, '26.

THE FAIRY WOOD

In a wooded dell
 By a crystal well
 By a beautiful grove of rose trees,
 The nightingale sings
 The whole forest rings
 Forth laughter and songs of the fairies.

On the mossy green
 Sits the fairy queen
 Dressed in beautiful gossamer lace.
 Fireflies' lamps alight
 Twinkle all the night,—
 White magic and romance fill the place.

When the moon is high
 In the summer sky
 And the heavens are studded with stars,
 Lovely fairies dance
 Impish pixies prance
 To sweet music from tinkling guitars.

ELINOR CARMICHAEL, '26.

JUNGFRAU

A night vision of this virgin mountain reveals her clothed in silvery mists silhouetted softly against a luminous sky, chaste and spectral in the moonlight. In the presence of this ravishing bride of quietness and purity, boredom drops from the beholder and work takes on a new lustre. No man can look with unbowed head upon the spotlessness of its glittering snowy plains. How elevating to the soul of man is the view of this cloud-draped mount. How base and mean appear the ordinary pursuits of man in the presence of such an awe-inspiring sight. It comforts man and reconciles him to his path in life. It is a source of inspiration to greater deeds of courage, instilling in his heart

high ideals of life and living. This almost heavenly spectacle brings reverence for the far white vales no man has conquered or yet trod. So the maiden mountain still stands solemn and majestic with unvanquished spirit. There is magic of thought in the aloofness encouraging one with the idea that the most perfect joys lie beyond achievement in this world. Even the apparently all-searching moon may have none too curious knowledge, for some mysteries must remain until the end of time.

ELINOR CARMICHAEL, '26.

MEMORIES

The wind blew from over the hills,
A fragrant lingering wind
That brought back half forgotten dreams.
Vague words of a song,
Misty laughing faces,
And filled me with dim longings.
It left me restless,
As the faintly stirring grass blades.

MARJORIE NORRIS, '25.

TRINIDAD

Tall dark palms
Swaying against an opal sky
Waters—whose pearl fringed edges
Lap a curving crystal strand,
While low in the East a molten moon
Rises slowly to greater heights,
Burning with intensity
Into the lives of these people of jet.

Sleek brown bodies
Swerving through slumbering seas;
Strong brown arms slashing the rising waves;
Frail-heavy laden barks

Now tossing and pitching—now resting
On the changing sea,—
And the low crooning of mellow voices
Swaying on the breeze—to softly strummed guitars.

Breathless winds
Searing through fields of sugar cane,
Bowed, bent wrecks of brown humanity
Toiling in the merciless sun;
The heat of warm brown bodies
With gnarled brown hands and withered arms
Swinging with deft strokes
Sharp, strong knives,
While above the grime and filth
The wavering hum of low voices
Plaintively wailing weird melodies
Mingles with the thud of the falling cane.

PRISCILLA BALL, '26.

"O UTINAM"

I wish that mountains were my size
Or rather that they'd stay
Just like they always seem to me
When I am far away.
For I can think of lots of games—
Ooh! 'magine hide-and-seek!
Why, every time you turned around
You'd slip behind some peak.
And if I once began to slide
I think I'd never stop,
They'd be so awful slippery-steep
I'd go from tip to top.
In and out, up and down—
I wish that I could run
To those mountains there and play
I would have such fun!

CONSISTENCY

My disposition's like the sun
For in the earliest day
It's just a cross unhappy red
Because it must get out of bed.
Yet when the hours have wandered
And the stars come out to play,
Then it's a sullen sulky red
Because it has to go to bed!

KATHERINE PRICHARD, '26.

THE LAST SUPPER

'Tis the hour of the evening meal and the streets of Jerusalem are filled with crowds of long-robed men, jostling each other as they hurry homeward. The last rays of the sun gild the high dome of the Synagogues as a warm spring twilight creeps over the city. A man, bearing a water-pitcher on one shoulder, slowly makes his way down a narrow side street. He smiles down on a small boy playing in the dust, as he turns in at his white doorway, then looks up to see two men facing him. Roughly he demands what they wish but his manner changes as he hears the words of Peter. "The Master hath sent us to seek the guest chamber where we shall prepare for the Passover." Without a word he leads them into the house and, setting his jug in the hall, shows the way to a large upper room.

Soon Jesus, with His other ten apostles, arrives and they seat themselves preparing to eat. The room is crowded and very hot. Shrill cries of venders are borne up from the street and the occasional patter of hoofs as some horseman passes by. The disciples sit with bent shoulders, looking downwards and crumbling their bread, hardly daring to look into that calm, beautiful face with the eyes filled with agony and pain. And Jesus sits in the midst of them ever mindful of His coming fate. Judas had betrayed Him and Peter would deny Him this very night.

Most of His family and friends had deserted Him. Had these three short years been worth this bitter ending?

That day by the blue Galilean sea with the multitudes swarming about Him and desiring to make Him king. If He had consented, would He be here now? If He had yielded to their cries and allowed them to hail Him as "King of the Jews," instead of slipping off alone, even now wouldn't He be a leader of thousands, a king above His peoples? Yet in the face of all this there was a warm feeling in His heart, a feeling of content that He had followed where His Father wished and had held His court of the blind and the lame. There was a certain justification in what He would endure on the morrow. God had willed it, was not that enough? Who was He to be weak and to fail His comrades in this hour of their greatest need? Had He not plenty of hope while their last faith was almost gone?

Once more, forgetful of self He rises in His place and the gathering is silent. Then, turning His back on death, a wonderful smile comes over His face and He again inspires His disciples with immortal words.

"Let not your hearts be troubled. I will not leave you comfortless. This is my commandment, that ye love one another even as I have loved you. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

In the quiet that follows, He stands above them for a long minute with arms outstretched and a weary smile lighting His eyes. It is dark, for no candles have been brought, and the figures are indistinct; but He sees a few hands raised furtively to wipe away unmanly tears, and realizes it was not in vain. Turning slowly, He leads the way out into the night.

* * * * *

It is cool in the Garden of Gethsemane and a fresh breeze softly waves the olive branches and fills the air with a faint, elusive fragrance. The city far below is wrapped in deep slumber. Toward an unseen horizon, rolling plains of sand stretch, velvety and still. Above, the clear sable sky is starred with the infinitesimal lights of other worlds. And the lone figure of a man kneels with bowed head before this majesty: "I am the light of the

world—suffer little children to come unto me—blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth—Our Father which art in heaven”—Once more He asks His Father for strength. And in the distance there is the faint, cool music of a brook, serenely flowing over smooth stones. EMILY HUSSEY.

DAY

“I’ll beyond the hills away!
I will welcome coming day!
I grant ’tis much too late for lying—
I can hear the highways crying!

“Then come, ye lads and lassies gay,
Let’s go forth to greet the day!
Then in verdant forests wander
Or in grassy pastures ponder.

“Just ’til shades of night come stealing,
Damp, and dark, with curfew pealing;
Then’s the time to seek your beds—
Then’s a rest for weary heads!”

ELEANOR PARKHURST.

SHEPHERD’S ADVICE

Sad shepherd boy, the same as thou
(A distant worshipper)—I followed footsteps, too,
Because I could not take Alexis by the hand.
To no avail were all thy apples
Or my fresh and fragrant-smelling herbs.
If dew or teardrops glistened on them,
The sun soon rose to dry their sheen.

Oh foolish boy! Go herd thy sheep
And watch them crop the tender green!
If thou woulds’t win Alexis’ heart

Go not with beauteous harvest store,
But take thyself—just as thou art—
And soon will come a day of joy
When he and thou shalt be as one.

ELEANOR PARKHURST.

MOOD

I do not ask for love—no, nor friendship's happiness. These were relinquished long ago and I seek something less.

Love, with all its glory and unselfishness, is but an imperfect thing and it does not fully satisfy the desire in one's soul for something deep, and everlasting—a something which is not tainted with the earthly touch of cynicism and forgetfulness.

And so, because I have failed in this quest for something beautiful and divine, I seek a lesser thing.

Give me a tranquil bark with which to sail a stormy sea. Let me hear the tumultuous clash of the waves against the rock—the surge of the angry sea.

And let my frail craft be tossed about upon the dark mountains of water.

There shall be a black, forbidding sky above, and the clouds shall pass over a brilliant moon with a mysteriousness which will fascinate me and hold me breathless.

But I shall not be afraid—no, for this will be life itself and it will stir me to the very depths of my soul.

The sea shall rise with a restless motion to meet the sky, her dark lover. And the lashing sea, in its passion, shall meet her lover at the horizon and they shall blend in a purple blackness.

Then—after a night of adventure—the dawn shall come and with it the quietness and peacefulness that are always a part of it.

I shall look across the calm, blue sea to the horizon, and when the sky begins to color, with lovely shades of pink and lavender, then—and not until then, my tranquil bark shall sink in the quiet sea.

ARLENE WILSON

FIRE

Having written verses
 I'll destroy them—
 They'll be good to light a fire—
 Put the keen white cold to rout!

And I will have (*what* consolation!)
 Warmth upon my hands, my face!—
 When I had wished, aye *longed*
 To set your very hearts on fire!

Ah well—'tis ended now—
 And since I'll never be a poet
 I'll just try to be a friend—
 Come, brother—draw nearer to my fire!

ELEANOR PARKHURST.

FLORENCE

Her quaint beauty lingers in my memory and calls across the sea.
 An artistic atmosphere pervades her many crooked streets lined
 with tiny houses.
 Red-tiles, blue skies, arched bridges, a motley array of colorful
 clothing.
 Fairy-tale shops and pleasant shopkeepers,
 Rustic silverware and rare gems,
 Beautiful paintings and marbles of a forgotten age.
 A quiet, peaceful feeling in high vaulted churches with stained
 glass windows,—Florence.

SUSANNAH DEACON.

NOVEMBER

A heavy grayness hovers impending over the rocky shore.
Great geysers of blown spume are madly dashed against it,
As if the sea in a sudden fit of anger

Were trying to split the earth in two.
The gray gulls, with widespread wings,
Swoop down and up and down again,
Always watching—waiting.

“The gulls—the sea—
Always watching—always waiting—
To split the world in two”
Is echoed eerily by the whistling wind.

SUSANNAH DEACON.

POEMS

FRIENDSHIP

Together both in work and play,
Bound by a living sympathy,
We knew for a brief yesterday
The glories of a friendship true.

Today you have forgotten that.
And should I, dear, forget it, too,
Because another stands where I
Still long to be—a friend to you?

Though you may have not one small part
In all its joys and griefs and hopes,
To see within a human heart
Is then to glimpse eternity.

And so through aching loneliness
I, grateful, ever seek to see
How I may to another give
What you, my friend, once gave to me.

JUST PASSING BY

You smiled at me and made to sing
Within my heart anew,
A quiet song of happiness
One day when I was blue.

So when I met along life's path
Another feeling sad,
That day I gave your smile away
And hoped you might be glad.

PLAY DAYS

And so my heart was something new
Which won a hesitant smile from you,
A strange, new toy you could not decide
Whether to love so laid aside,—
Until one day when you had grown
Tired of familiar things, alone
Upon a shelf you saw this one
With which you played till day was done.
A game it was for just that day,
And yet so charmingly you play,
I hope my heart again by chance
May meet the favor of your glance.

DREAMS

In dusky light
Of coming night
A secret key
Unlocks for me
A dream of you.

The sharp bright ray
Of coming day
Hurries to steal
What night made real
A dream of you.

MIRIAM KELLAM

FANTASY

Dreams—

Like April dew upon the velvet green,
Glowing in the twilight
Gleaming in the starlight
Glistening in the moonlight
—You came!

Dreams—

Like white shadows of an ivory day,
Flaming in the sunlight
Flashing in the clear light
Flaring in the gay light
—You go!

CARMEN BEAUDIN.

DAWN ON THE PRAIRIE

When the morning star is flickering
And vanishes from sight,
And the eastern sky grows rosy
Driving away the light;
When the dew is on the sage
And the mist rolls away,
I love to ride o'er the prairie
At the coming of the day.

When the cattle are slowly drifting
Across the plain below,
And the coyote ceases barking
At his midnight foe;
When a whiff comes on the eastern wind
Of lovely new-mown hay,
I love to ride o'er the prairie
At the coming of the day.

When the gopher scampers across
The trail ahead,
And the sage starts to flutter
Just up from its bed,—
Then, my horse pricks up his ears
As if he'd like to say,
"I love to ride o'er the prairie
At the coming of the day."

DOROTHY SARGENT.

GRIEF

Why, yes, she was glad to stir up a cake. It had been a long time since she had worked around the old-fashioned kitchen. The floor had warped into a series of rolls. The figure of the linoleum was no longer distinct. And how the old cabinet shook when she beat the cake. The room was much lighter since the walls and woodwork had been changed but somehow it didn't seem quite natural without the sombre, red woodwork and dark paper. Goodness! She had forgotten where things were kept. How unhandy the place was. Someone was still knocking on the door. Grandmother and Aunt Jane were busy. She'd answer it herself. Oh, more flowers. Words of sympathy. Strange that she had nearly forgotten why she had left her work and come back to this tiny village. So grandfather, that quiet little old man, with thick white hair, bright, merry eyes deep set in the wrinkled face, the short mustache, the gold teeth which had so belonged to his generation, was gone. She had loved him, oh, so much. He was close to every one of the dearest childhood memories. Yet where was that fierce pang of grief? Could a few years away make such a change? Was it that one's goal, one's work barred one's heart so completely against the going of loved ones? She had not forgotten. She was glad she had written often. Yesterday afternoon she had found on the window sill by his accustomed place her last letter, and on it, in an almost illegible pencil scrawl, "Good-bye, my dear, good-bye." It was for no other eyes but hers, and it would go into a little

pack of treasured letters. Yet there had been no ready tears to fight. The flowers were lovely, and such sights of them. He had not been very sociable—preferring always to remain quietly at home. Yet of evenings many had dropped in to enjoy the dry humor of his infrequent words; in winter the coziness of his jealously guarded fire glowing in the many eyed coal stove, or in summer the cool of the large veranda. He would be glad to know there had been so many friends. Why! She had smiled and nearly spoken as she passed the chair beside the window. Of course he wasn't there.

* * * * *

She sat only vaguely conscious of the curious eyes. Nieces, nephews, one or two old friends soon no doubt to join him, neighbors. They had come out of respect for her grandfather, yes. But, too, they would seek to measure, these village people, by her every move, her face, her very dress, her love for him. The voice of the minister seemed far off. It would be noted that she did not cry. Time-dimmed memories crowded up. The biggest strawberries in the patch always saved for her; melons cut and tasted behind the house though grandmother had said no more for little girls that day; contraband goodies when she was being punished; stories, so many stories—the battle of Chattanooga, the time grandfather's regiment had gone right through the rebel troops under cover of night. Where had that been? She had forgotten. She would ask—oh, no, she couldn't. She couldn't talk to him again.

* * * * *

The car passed quickly through familiar streets. She had not cried. It had been lovely in the cemetery with its solemn hush of beauty. There had come one of those rare moments of seemingly comprehending all the great force of life—a faith intense, unreasoning. Strange that she should feel almost happy. Should she speak to her aunt and grandmother? No, they would not understand; but grandfather would. He always had. The car had stopped. She got out quickly, eagerly. Oh, but the chair on the wide veranda was empty. Why! She had really expected to find grandfather there. Of course he wasn't there. She couldn't talk to him again. MIRIAM KELLAM.

"IT WAS A LOVELY GARDEN"

It was a lovely garden
And, oh, so very dear,—
With pure white lilies
And a large jardiniere.

There were pansies, roses and what-nots,
Set in beds so fair to see,
Shadowed by the rosy blossoms
Of a gnarled apple-tree.

O'er its close-clipped grasses
Vaunted peacocks, one by one;
And a silvery fountain tinkled
'Neath the noon-day sun.

There at night when shadows
Crept across the lawn,
Faery folk in faery splendor
Danced beneath the moon.

BARBARA DAMON.

I WANT TO BOUNCE THE MOON

The moon is, oh—so awfully big
And bright and gold and round,
I wish that I could pull it down
And bounce it on the ground.

I'd play and play and play with it
'Til it was worn quite thin,—
Then quickly I would toss it up
Into the sky again.

BARBARA DAMON.

THE REVERENDS

(*By a Daughter of One of Them*)

They are a queer species of mankind! I, who have met many of them during my life, have often wondered about them and have come to many conclusions concerning these ministers of the Gospel. The first of these and by far the most important, is that they are seldom what they seem. This is sad but true! A minister, however saintly and good he may be in the eyes of loving parishioners, is nothing more than a mere man in the confines of the parsonage. As witness that bugbear, the weekly sermon. Around Tuesday the minister begins to be late for breakfast after thinking of a subject for his sermon while shaving, to the ire of a family who desire to brush their teeth. But the climax comes on Saturday morning. At some hour inconceivable to a modern family, the head of the house breakfasts and retires to his study. The door is closed and there is silence. Then someone starts the victrola. The door is flung open and the wrath of the gods descend on the culprit. Silence again but only for a short time. The mail arrives and some well-meaning person thinks that the minister should be dragged down to the earth of bills and advertisements. She is seen to bravely enter the study but to return almost immediately with a subdued and chastened spirit. And so it goes. Really, it lasts until the following morning when, at an early hour, with precious manuscript under his arm, the reverend starts for church. He then assumes a saintly expression and, for a time, is very near living up to what is expected of him.

When the Sunday sermon is rather poor and the delivery terrible, more often than not one makes up a weak excuse for the minister and lets it go. True, there is an excuse for him but it probably is the fact that he is unusually conscious of the wife and children, prim and proper in their Sunday-best, seated below him, noting carefully all his mistakes and ready to call them to his attention at the supposedly peaceful dinner which follows. At the same time he may be trying to think up the many little pleasantries which he is required to pass out to his loving

parishioners at the close of the service. Or he may possibly be thinking of the weather.

It seems strange that Sunday, to the despair of all ministers, is usually a good day. The week before may be very stormy, but at the end it always clears up and our ministers think longingly of green fairways or blue waters as they pour helpful words into the ears of a congregation composed of old maids and grandfathers.

For ministers are the most enthusiastic of sportsmen. They very rarely know too much about them, at least one seldom finds a minister as a tennis champion or, perhaps, swimming the English Channel, but they are always ready to attempt anything. It would seem that their parishes expect nothing of them except to pray for their souls and, therefore, I am afraid would hardly condescend to recognize them on any warm summer's day in the oldest of clothes, with an ancient vile-smelling pipe clamped between the teeth, lying comfortably back in a sail-boat. Or perhaps, determinedly chasing a tennis ball around the court 'neath a broiling sun.

And minister's families! Who is there who has not at one time or another repeated that ancient remark "Ministers' sons and deacons' daughters—" leaving off with an expressive shrug of the shoulders? No matter how good and saintly their father may be, his family is always getting "in wrong" with the parishioners. There is one minister, unusually angelic looking in the pulpit with his small blue eyes and light hair making a halo for the background, who has a son noted for his misdeeds. Recently Dickey, with a boon companion, took a short walk and in the course of it passed by the Catholic cemetery. It being soon after Memorial Day, the numbers of brightly colored flags decorating the graves of our heroes caught his eye. Hadn't father said that flags were needed to beautify the coming Sunday School party? And there were plenty of them! What a nice surprise it would be to take them home. Needless to say, it was a surprise and one with sorry results—for father was forced to gingerly approach the local K. of C., demand a list of soldiers' graves and spend a whole afternoon replacing the flags!

But, you now ask anxiously, are our ministers never what we think they are? Are they always either enjoying themselves or else turning a bold face to the world? Well, it must be admitted, that a times they come quite near to living up to what is expected of them. When they are preaching that most solemn of all things—and the hardest to be borne by the family—the Christmas sermon. Or, more likely, when they are with a group of other ministers wholeheartedly discussing that most reverential of all games—golf!

DAPHNE'S DIARY

(Prom)

May 31—Busy with exams and rehearsing and packing so won't have time to write much now, diary, but will make time to tell you about Prom because it was so awfully cute. Long will I remember that famous day, Saturday, May 21. Never saw more perfect weather anywhere for any Prom. All the cutest boys for miles around were here and it was simply precious. Tea dance in the dining room was so cute and the gym looked gorgeous at night. It was decorated with palms and evergreens and overhead was a huge spider's web hung with moss. Supper was downstairs around the swimming pool with more palms and water-lilies. And oh, Japanese lanterns in the garden! You know, diary, how good the Tech Tunesters always are, I have told you before, but the night of Prom they were better than I had ever heard them. Happy came down from Hanover and brought Gerry Fairfax down with him for Martha. (She asked Charlie of course, but he didn't have any "cuts" left so couldn't make it.) Martha had some darling ear-rings but she couldn't wear them because she wasn't a Senior. I had a terrible time with my hair but finally got it up and lo, it stayed in place the rest of the evening. The trials of letting one's hair grow are many, I tell you. But it wasn't all over Saturday night. No indeed! The boys who stayed in town over night met us at church and walked home with us and Miss Parsons asked them to come in the afternoon for tea. Wasn't that too sweet? The

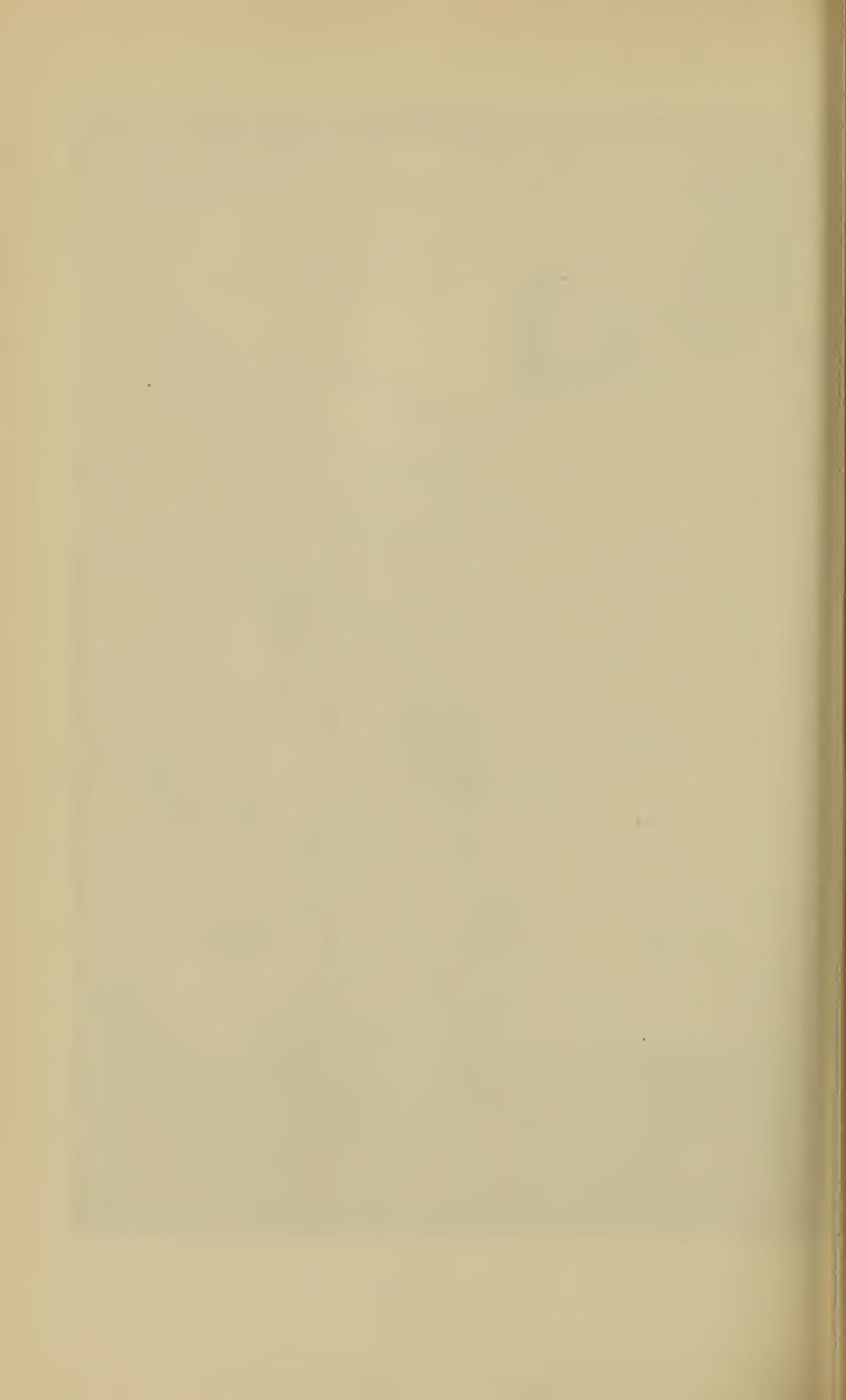
Seniors entertained at Senior House but honestly we had just as much fun over here at the Hall. Now, diary, I bet you wish you could have gone to Prom too. Don't you? Well, here you go into the trunk until we get home and then there will be lots of other things for me to tell you.

MARION SMITH.





M. ATWELL



SENIOR POEM

Burn, fires; which have so recently been kindled,
 Flame brightly with new hopes of coming days.
 And some, with beauty and with joy commingled,
 Shall spread afar, fanned by the winds of praise.

And some will rise high in a glorious splendor,
 And all the world, in honor, reflect their gleam.
 And some shall sink to a small glowing ember
 In ephemeral beauty with a veiled beam.

A few, when by chance breezes blown about,
 Shall burn maliciously in a secret place.
 And some, perhaps, shall gently be put out
 And grey ashes remain to keep their faith.

Shine, fires; keep ever burning that small spark
 From which ye sprung, in days only just flown,—
 Burn with a steady light throughout life's dark
 Dim ways, and try to make the world your own!

EMILY HUSSEY.

CLASS PROPHECY

(Fond parents, interested friends, curious acquaintances, and loving enemies—bless your hearts—we ask your attention for the curtain is about to rise upon a scene of no small significance. The stern and grizzly old walrus, “Time” has proven himself a soft-hearted fellow who can’t keep a secret when thirty pretty girls pout charmingly. Handsome, dashing Fate, cruel though he is, could not this time resist bright tears and so we have our answer in the large living-room now before your eyes, bright with the June sun of an afternoon just fifteen years from this very day. We have arrived in time for an informal tea. What could be nicer? Particularly when the hostess is our well loved Lucille Marks or “Sue.” My! My! we are unexpectedly

fortunate for upon second glance we recognize many familiar faces.)

Sue (exchanging an understanding smile with a charmingly gracious woman receiving a cup of tea) : It's so good to have you here today. Why, it's been ages since we've seen you in real life.

(The person addressed leans forward to give Sue a little pat upon the shoulder. Yes, of course, it's Mary Benger.)

Mary : I'm so glad I could come. I was just beginning to feel that I needed a little relaxation.

Virginia Woodworth (who we have heard now bears an European title) : Well, Mary, what are you doing now?

Sue : Why, haven't you heard? Mary is making a great success in the role which Dorothy Mignault—who by the way is writing as well as acting—created especially for her.

Virginia : No? Really? What is it? Musical Comedy?

Arlene Wilson (joining the group with the same quiet manner of old) : Now, Virginia, you really should know better than that. It's a very difficult character role comprising both comedy and pathos and you really must see it.

Mary : But speaking of musical comedy—where is Giny Bishop? You knew, didn't you, that she had the leading role in that one making almost the greatest success ever known in New York?

Virginia : No? Really? Well tell me—

Sue : Arlene, your critical essays on the classics are simply splendid.

Mary : Yes, aren't they? By the way is Deb Grubb here today?

Virginia : No, one can't get her to go anywhere now-a-days.

Mary : That's right. I had heard that she simply toasts her feet upon the fender and sips a cup of tea. Odd she's never married, isn't it? Why, Susie dear, who? Why! I'd heard—but—it can't be Bunny Adams! Why, Bunny dear!

Marian Adams (looking very lovely in a straight simple gown emphasizing her slenderness) : Yes, quite a surprise, isn't it? Just wait until I tell you what I'm doing—modeling for Kip.

Virginia: Kip is still abroad, isn't she? I saw her just before I left.

Marian: Yes'm, she's buying some lovely fall things for her shop. Jeane Peterson is with her as she is so clever at copying many of the styles.

Virginia: Oh, no! Really?

Mary: That reminds me, is Ernestine Humphrey here? What is she doing now?

Marian: Oh, she's teaching at B. S. P. E., and is very enthusiastic about it. You must hear her talk about her work.

(A slender, gentle woman dressed in a soft shade of brown approaches. Her face is lighted with a wide but charming smile. An extremely bashful youngster clings to her hand. We regret we cannot place her.)

Sue: Well, Virginia, how did you leave the baby?

(Can this be Virginia Kern!)

Virginia: (with quiet enthusiasm) Oh, he's so good—cutting teeth but not a bit cross. You know you said you had such a time with your two.

(Our attention is turned from this group by a hearty laugh which we place instantly as belonging to Mil Thomas who stands talking with Marie Sevigne. We note with surprise that Marie has changed. She is dressed in a dark, tailored suit and wears heavy, flat-heeled, sport oxfords.)

Mil: As I was saying, I get up every morning at five-thirty to get my husband's breakfast. You see we live quite a ways from the city and he must be at work early. Yes, I do all my own work and really enjoy it. My experience at Norcross has proven invaluable. And you know, Marie, this isn't a bit more surprising than your being matron of an orphanage.

(Fayette Audette, now a world famed concert pianist, joins them to inquire for Emily Reed.)

Mil: Oh, yes, she's still living in Rochester. She writes very enthusiastically about a campaign she is managing for "Bigger and Better Kodaks" and the Eastman Company just couldn't get on without her. Yes, she still takes a great interest in football.

Fayette: Well, I must hunt up my roommate. There she is with Mary Page. Can you get over Leona Schaddelee and Mary Page being librarians?

(And once again our attention is turned toward another group by a characteristic laugh which this time we recognize as Katherine Dyer's. Katherine has married an artist and spends most of her time cruising. "Just anything" we hear her remark, "to keep out of New York." She is talking with Emily Hussey and her secretary, Carolyn Fountain.)

Katherine: Emily, when is that book of poetry coming out? I thought it was almost ready the last time I saw you. But think of dear old Laura with all those new chemistry theories. Her book is said to be revolutionizing the scientific world. I hear she's spending all her time in the laboratory—couldn't be here this afternoon because of her work. Ah! what's this, what's this, —not Miriam's well-known book on "How to Grow Thin?" Sure enough, and who does not remember the poor girl's struggle to keep on a milk diet back at Rogers Hall? Of course she's on the ranch now. Here comes Eleanor Pratt—or, ah—Emily, quick what is her name now. I remember hearing she was married but—

(Greetings are quickly exchanged and we perceive Eleanor has a great deal of news.)

Eleanor: The most adorable and unusual tea room Laura Moran is running. Virginia Rogers planned it—an Eskimo Igloo. The waitresses all wear the most attractive fur costumes. It's such a novel idea and going over so big that they are thinking of starting a chain of them. With Nat Gardner managing the financial end it is sure to be a success. Star Ryan and Gertrude Emmons will have charge of the branch in Lowell.

(The curtain begins to fall slowly—we imagine, reluctantly, as a tall, very attractive blond enters hurriedly, with the words: Oh, Sue dear, I'm so sorry I'm late.

Chorus: Katherine Russell, here we've been waiting and waiting to hear about the Adult Immigrants. Do tell us—

(Why did that curtain have to fall! We wanted to hear about the Immigrants, too.)

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the members of the Senior Class of Rogers Hall School, being of sound mind (we hope), do hereby bequeath in our last will and testament:

1. Virginia Kern's golden locks to Connie Kelley on condition that she uses only 99 44-100 per cent pure shampoo to retain their shining splendor.

2. Marion Adam's ballet slippers to Elizabeth Fisher.

3. Star Ryan's head band to the Imbrie Twins. (They are to take turns wearing it.)

4. Natalie Gardner's dignity to Mildred Damon.

5. Emily Reed's art of making faces to Anne Muessel.

6. Virginia Bishop's rendition of "Liebestraume" to Virginia McFarland.

7. Lucille Marks' brother to the entire undergraduate class.

8. Marie Sevigne's athletic ability to Margaret Ganson to be developed to its fullest extent.

9. Virginia Rogers' sophistication to Arlene Emmons.

10. Laura Moran's new bathing suit to Polly Newell. (We hope it will be large enough.)

11. Caroline Fountain's alarm clock to Marion Mills. (May it continue to run smoothly.)

12. Emily Hussey's pep to the Joy twins (to be divided equally.)

13. Ernestine Humphrey's modesty to Helen O'Connor.

14. Eleanor Pratt's fogs to Charlotte Howard.

15. Mildred Thomas' voice to Mollie Goodwin.

16. Fay Audette's hair to Kinty Earl.

17. Miriam Kellam's lorgnette to Marion Andrew.

18. Katherine Dyer's laugh to Ellie Goodyear.

19. Mary Benger's Andover Society to Marnee Smith.

20. Margaret Kip's frivolity to Shirley Coburn.

21. Laura Merrill's deviltry to Laura Thomas.

22. Mary Page's dramatic ability to Gertie Lighton.

23. Gertrude Emmon's drama mark to Hilda Shaw.

24. Virginia Woodworth's appetite to Lou Sible.
25. Leona Schaddelee's friendship with Fay to Betty Foster and Liz Carver.
26. Catherine Russell's punctuality to Anne Phillips.
27. Arlene Wilson's permanent wave to Eleanor Robbins.
28. Jean Peterson's eyebrows to Martha Bray.
29. Deborah Grubb's telegrams to Phemie Ganson.
30. Dorothy Mignault's conceit to Elaine Joseph.

Signed and sealed this seventh day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven.

ELOISE VIRGINIA KERN, President

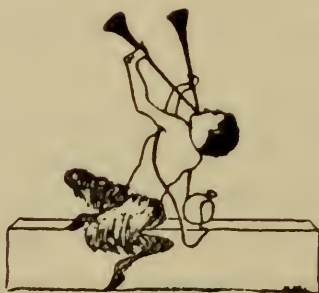
NATALIE GARDNER, Secretary

DOROTHY MIGNAULT, Notary Public

Witnessed: EDDY

WILLIAM

THE POSTMAN



SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

	Senior Vote	Undergraduate Vote
Best Looking.....	Virginia Woodworth.....	Mildred Thomas
Neatest.....	Mary Benger	Mary Benger
Best All Around Girl.....	Fayette Audette.....	Leona Schaddelee
Best Athlete... ..	Leona Schaddelee.....	Leona Schaddelee
Most Modest.....	Ernestine Humphrey.....	Ernestine Humphrey
Most Talented.....	Dorothy Mignault.....	Dorothy Mignault
Hardest to Rattle.....	Natalie Gardner.....	Virginia Kern
Most Eccentric.....	Katherine Dyer.....	Katherine Dyer
Wittiest.....	Marian Adams.....	Katherine Dyer
Best Natured.....	Marian Adams.....	Marion Adams
Most Capable.....	Mary Benger.....	Lucille Marks
Most Prominent.....	Virginia Kern.....	Virginia Kern
Most Respected.....	Margaret Kip.....	Margaret Kip
Most Original.....	Dorothy Mignault.....	Katherine Dyer
Least Appreciated.....	Miriam Kellam.....	Miriam Kellam
Best Student.....	Arlene Wilson.....	Miriam Kellam
Most Useful.....	Laura Moran.....	Jeanette Peterson
Laziest.....	Ernestine Humphrey.....	Ernestine Humphrey
Biggest Bluffer in Class.....	Virginia Kern.....	Virginia Kern
Brightest.....	Miriam Kellam.....	Katherine Dyer
Most Promising.....	Dorothy Mignault.....	Dorothy Mignault
Best Jollier.....	Marian Adams.....	Virginia Kern
Best Dressed.....	Margaret Kip.....	Margaret Kip
Most Popular.....	Virginia Kern.....	Virginia Kern
Done Most for the School....	Katherine Dyer.....	Virginia Bishop
Best Dancer.....	Virginia Bishop.....	Fayette Audette
Biggest Eater.....	Virginia Woodworth.....	Virginia Woodworth
Noisiest.....	Virginia Kern.....	Mildred Thomas
Best Influence.....	Lucille Marks.....	Margaret Kip
Class Baby.....	Virginia Rogers.....	Emily Reed
Best Figure.....	Deborah Grubb.....	Virginia Rogers
Most Sophisticated.....	Arlene Wilson.....	Marie Sevigne
Most Misunderstood.....	Mary Page.....	Mary Page
Sweetest.....	Virginia Rogers.....	Lucille Marks
Most Indifferent.....	Marie Sevigne.....	Mary Page
Tardiest.....	Catherine Russell.....	Catherine Russell
Most Reserved.....	Margaret Kip.....	Margaret Kip
Best Sport.....	Leona Shaddelee.....	Leona Shaddelee
Most Artistic.....	Jeanette Peterson.....	Jeanette Peterson
Most Musical.....	Virginia Bishop.....	Fayette Audette
Most Attractive.....	Mildred Thomas.....	Mildred Thomas
Most Conceited.....	Laura Moran.....	Laura Moran
Most Sarcastic.....	Mary Page.....	Mary Page

SLAM

Name	Nick-name	Favorite Expression
Adams	"Bunny"	"Oh lady"
Audette	"Fay"	"Uh-huh"
Benger	"Bengie"	"Say"
Bishop	"Bish"	"Do you know what?"
Dyer	"Dyer"	"Well deah"
Emmons	"Gertie"	"Ea-ah"
Fountain	"Carrie"	"M-M-M"
Gardner	"Nat"	"Oh Gee"
Grubb	"Deb"	"Ed"
Humphrey	"Ernie"	"Stop"
Hussey	"Hussey"	"I don't know"
Kellam	"Kellam"	"No I don't think so"
Kern	"Kern"	"I'm a big wreck"
Kip	"Kip"	"Um"
Marks	"Sue"	"Look out for my nose"
Merrill	"Laurie"	"Oh my dear"
Mignault	"Dot"	"Listen"
Moran	"Morgan"	"I come from the south"
Page	"Pagie"	"Don't be nasty"
Peterson	"Pete"	"Don't I know it"
Pratt	"Ellie"	"Oh, really"
Reed	"Em"	"Thanks a lot"
Rogers	"Ginny"	"Blah"
Russell	"Kay"	"Yes, indeed"
Ryan	"Star"	"OI"
Schaddelee	"Shad"	"Oh Shure"
Sevigne	"Sevink"	"Do you think so"
Thomas	"Mil"	"Oh Em"
Wilson	"Nemo"	"Mm well"
Woodworth	"Ginny"	"No, really?"

TABLE

Pastime	Antipathy	Chief Talent
Gossiping.....	Rhythmics.....	High-jumping
Giggling.....	Work.....	Dramatics
Writing to.....	Taking orders.....	Giving orders
Playing "vic"	Physics.....	Blushing
Murder cases	Studying.....	Taking people for "rides"
Sewing.....	Dog-carts	Laughing
Playing cards.....	Arising.....	Ringing fire bells
Caring for the sick....	Policemen.....	Lowell Courier-Citizen
Ed.....	Bill.....	Ed
Taking iron medicine...	Enthusiasm.....	Red flannels
Letting hair grow.....	Drinking milk.....	Athletics
Ranching.....	Norcross.....	Swimming
Powdering.....	Dark hair.....	Modesty
Disturbing	Talking.....	Looking superior
Buying shoes..	R. H. Slang	Singing
Telling stories... ..	Chemistry	Dancing
Acting	Getting work done on time.....	Algebra
Singing	Brothers.....	Running R. H.
Swimming	To be teased.....	Antagonism
Being artistic.....	Flattery	Sarcasm
Painting.....	Frivolity.....	Harmony
Making faces	Being jilted.....	Being nice to people
Playing golf	Nothing.....	Playing "uke"
Being late.....	Promptness.....	Punctuality
Being stubborn.....	Certain people.....	Latin
Acting insane.....	Studies.....	Swimming
Color combinations.....	Flat heels	Walking
Andover.....	Quietude.....	Long distance calls
Philosophizing.....	Talk	Working
Opening windows.....	Cosmetics.....	Eating

SENIOR SONG

(To the tune of "California")

Dearest classmates, dearest classmates,
 Now the time has come when we must say farewell.
 Dearest classmates, dearest classmates,
 What the future holds, no one of us can tell.
 But the good times we've all had together here,
 Are the things that make friendship true.
 Dearest classmates, our dearest classmates,
 We're sorry we're leaving you.

Rogers Hall, Rogers Hall
 There is only one beneath the sun like you.
 Rogers Hall, Rogers Hall
 That's the happy memory we will hold of you.
 Oh, the girls and the clubs and the teachers, too,
 Are the things that make school life dear.
 Rogers Hall, dear Rogers Hall
 We're sorry we're leaving here.

UNDERGRADUATES SONG

(To the tune of "Consolation")

There's a word of grief the sounding token of this year,
 There's a word enjeweled in bright tears;
 It's the saddest word that any ears have ever heard,
 Just the one that breaks the chain of years—

Chorus:

It's a little word with tender meaning for you all,
 And we sing it with our truthful feeling to you girls:
 Just a wish for happiness
 Just a hope expressed
 That we might meet you once again
 The memories it crystallizes cannot die—for it is called
 "Goodbye."

CANTEEN

Dearest:—

A thousand apologies for not having written before but I truly am so busy that I don't have a moment to spare, even for my best friends. At the merest suggestion of a war in China, we have fallen in with the idea and gone back to war days by opening a canteen, for the Building Fund. Hence my afternoons are filled and I have no time in which to write.

We have opened this canteen in Senior House and you can't imagine the work it is. Girls begin storming outdoors before we even think of opening and when we do open it is to admit a howling mob of hungry schoolgirls. They descend "en masse" and demand in loud, quite unladylike yells, to be waited on immediately. It is no joke to spend one's afternoon trotting obediently back and forth between icebox, stove, and counter, laden with ginger ale, ice cream, or hot dogs, as the case may be, and at intervals, attempting to take twenty-three cents out of a five dollar bill, with the cries of the multitude ringing in one's ears.

The ice cream days are, by far, the worst. I now am able to sympathize deeply with those who preside over soda fountains after a football game for I have been in similar situations many times during the past week (I do not mean to imply by this that Rogers Hall has at last succumbed to football!). With two kinds of ice cream and two kinds of sauce, we dash hither and thither like mad men trying to fill the needs of our schoolmates. Many the shoulders which ache after digging into ice cream, hard as the ice surrounding it, with a scoop which always sticks at the crucial moment.

And sandwiches! When I think of the seven loaves of bread which we cut up last Saturday and spread with cold-boiled ham and mustard, is it any wonder that, when one mentions a ham sandwich in my presence, I have an unholy desire to hit them gently over their innocent heads with the handiest implement and send flowers? If you read your papers as you should, don't be surprised to see my name in headlines under the caption, "Girl, Sandwich-Mad, Murders Innocent Friend."

Whenever you get hungry, journey right up to Rogers Hall and we'll see what we can do about it. This afternoon we're serving tea and eclairs for ten cents. Where else could you find such delicious bargains? Who said we were "highway robbers"?

BRIDGE AT THE VESPER-COUNTRY CLUB

On Saturday, May 28th, Dorothy Mignault gave a bridge-tea for the Senior Class at the Vesper-Country Club. The day pupils very kindly used their cars to take us up to the club. Many of the girls had never been there before and so were particularly delighted with its attractiveness. After an afternoon of bridge, we went into the dining room where a long table was arranged for us. The favors at each of the places were green candle holders containing white candles. The center lamp was decorated with green and white paper and a large gold R. H. The tea concluded with the singing of the Senior song. Each one left feeling that she was particularly fortunate in belonging to the Class of 1927.

COMMENCEMENT

LAST SENIOR SUPPER

How many, many times during the week have we said that word—"last?" Now comes the most sorrowful of all, the last Senior Supper. According to custom the undergraduates came over after dinner to sing their song. Hark here they are! "There's a word of grief—" and then the Seniors answered back "Dearest classmates, dearest classmates, now the time has come when we must say farewell," amid a shower of forget-me-nots and candy kisses. Afterwards the Seniors had their last regular meeting, when the slam table, and the choice epithets for publication under our pictures in "Splinters" were read to the evident enjoyment of all present.

CANOBIE LAKE

The last Saturday in Rogers Hall found us back to our childhood days of lolly-pops and merry-go-rounds. We ventured forth to Canobie Lake ready to try everything once, even canoeing on the lake, and without a doubt our picnic was a success.

That night we had our one and only dress rehearsal for the play. With great difficulty we managed our wigs, and other frills and ruffles. A flashlight picture, which caused much excitement, was taken of the cast.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

Sunday morning the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in St. Anne's church by the Reverend Doctor Percy Edrop of Belmont, whose words to our graduating class were very inspiring.

CARMICHAEL TEA

"Oh here are the cars! Is everybody ready? At last we're starting. Does it seem possible that it's a year since the tea for last year's class? They all talked so afterward about the wonderful time they had. Isn't it sweet of Mrs. Carmichael to ask us this year? Here's Rolfe street. Oh what a precious garden!" Our expectations were certainly fulfilled. The Seniors of last year had not been too loud in their praise of the charming hospitality and the delicious food! Regretfully we left when the afternoon was over, taking with us one of the pleasantest memories of our Commencement.

STUDENTS' RECITAL

On Sunday evening Mr. Heller, Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Doyle presented their pupils in a musicale held in the gymnasium. The numbers which the Glee Club sang were especially enjoyed, and showed the excellent training of Mr. Heller.

Programme

Prayer		Beethoven
	Glee Club	
At the Convent		Borodin
	Ernestine Humphrey	
Prelude in (G) Minor		Czerwonky
	Virginia Swan	
At Dawn (Two Pianos)		Friml
Arr. by William C. Heller		
	Virginia Bishop and Mr. Heller	
Prelude from Cycle of Life		Ronald
Si Mes Vers Avaient Des Ailes		Hahn
	Laura Moran	
May Night		Palmgren
	Martha Bray	
Le Kangarou		Wachs
	Miriam Kellam	
Sundown		Old Irish Air
	Glee Club	
Fantasy in (D) Minor		Mozart
	Eleanor Parkhurst	
Dance of the Dryads		MacDowell
	Janet Swan	
Waltz (Two Pianos)		Brahms
Arr. by William C. Heller		
	Eleanor Nye and Mr. Heller	
Prelude (Two Pianos)		Rachmaninoff
	Eleanor Robbins and Mr. Heller	
Etude Melodique		Huss
	Eleanor Pratt	
Margaret at the Spinning Wheel		Schubert
	Laura Moran	
Hungarian Polka		Alfody
	Edythe Russell	
C. Frasquita		Lehar
Arr. by Kreisler		
	Clarice Connelly	

Prelude in (C) Minor		Czerwonky
	Fayette Audette	
Scotch Poem		Macdowell
	Mary Benger	
Valse		Mokrejs
	Shirley Coburn	
Cradle Song		Brahms
Sing On		Denza
	Glee Club	

CLASS DAY

The first exciting event of class day this year was the Senior Luncheon at one o'clock. One long table charmingly decorated in the center of the dining room with the Seniors flitting from one place card to another was indeed the cynosure of parental eyes. Everyone finally found her place. Soon bursts of laughter filled the room for the Seniors were reading the poems dedicated to them by the undergraduates. Before this time nearly every one had peeked at her gift from the undergraduates and now in full view, these presents proved to be beautiful green leather picture frames with the Rogers Hall seal in gold embossed on them. The last laughter came when the Seniors pulled the ribbon attached to their forks and drew forth joke gifts from the folds of little Miss Rogers Hall's skirts. At a signal from the president, the Seniors arose and sang their song to the undergraduates who responded tearfully with theirs.

At four-thirty in the afternoon the school room was once more the scene of an exciting hour. Parents and friends filled the chairs across the front of the room, Seniors stood on the right and undergraduates on the left. Virginia Kern presided over the meeting.

The first event was the presentation of the shrubs by each Senior to some undergraduate. Immediately after this, the class poem by Emily Hussey was read. The will and the prophecy, written by Dorothy Mignault and Miriam Kellam respectively, were then read and were the cause of much merriment, among the undergraduates in particular.

From the formation of Seniors and Undergraduates, the girls changed to Cae and Kava and for the last time sang heartily to their respective clubs ending with the Rogers Hall Song. The athletic awards for the year were then presented as follows:

Field Day Cups—Eleanor Goodyear, Clarice Connelly.

Individual Swimming Cup—Mary Page.

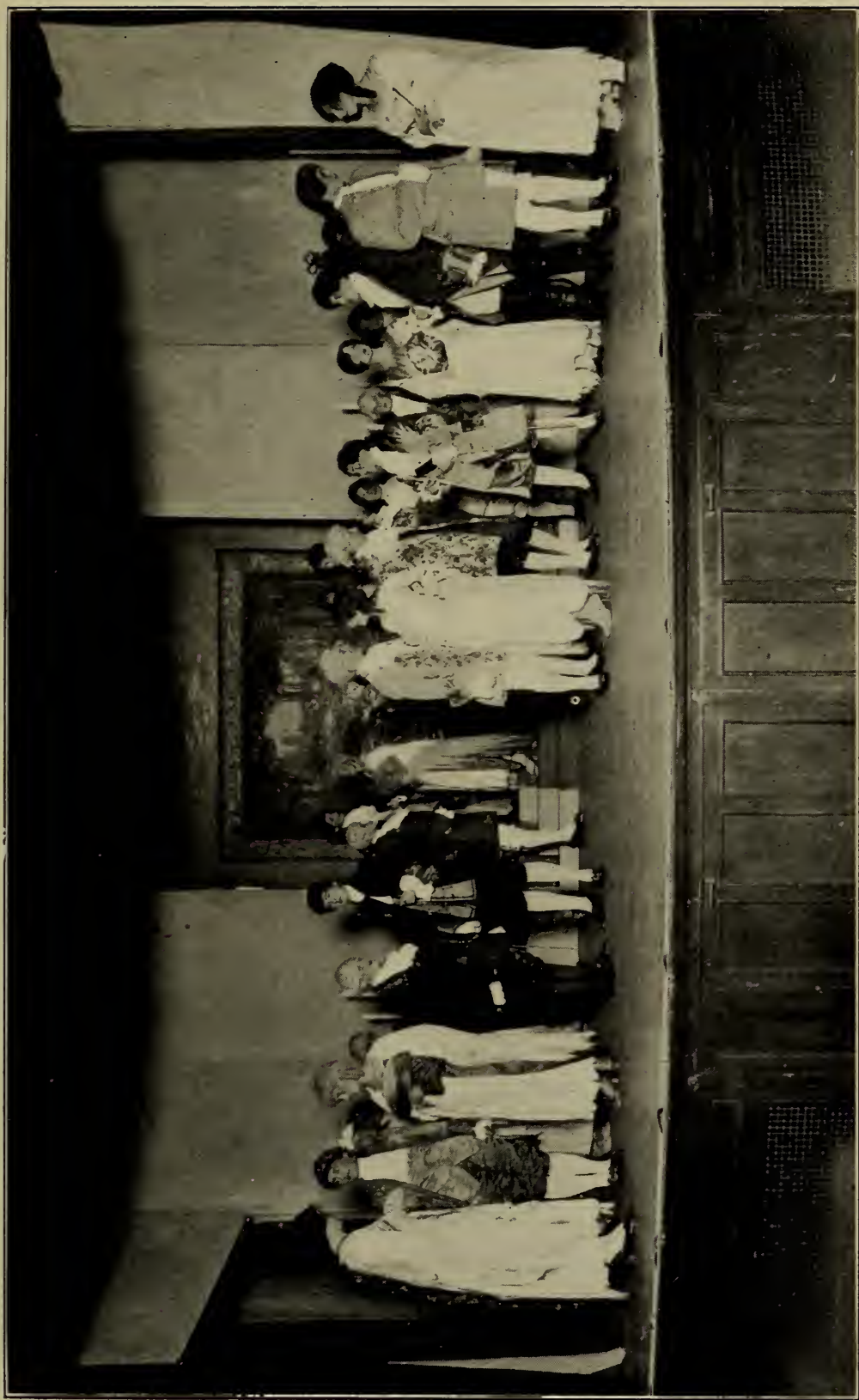
R.H.'s—Fayette Audette, Natalie Collingwood, Frances Fowler, Gertrude Lighton, Mary Page, Eleanor Pratt, Star Ryan.

Honorable Mention for R. H.—Betty Foster, Charlotte Howard, Lucille Marks, Jeanette Peterson, Mary Eveline Ryder.

“MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE”

The dramatic class reached the peak of success in their skillfully staged presentation of Ethel Hale Freeman's dramatization of Booth Tarkington's romantic novel “Monsieur Beaucaire.” Natural talent and ability had been so developed under the masterly coaching of Mrs. Ruth Moyer Tapp, dramatic instructor, that the production was very nearly professional. The atmosphere was well created, of course primarily by the stage setting, which Miss Clark arranged so perfectly; then the costuming which was most minutely planned and carried out even to the smallest detail. The very pronounced broad English accent was a strong factor in transporting across the seas as was the difficult slightly broken English spoken with a French accent most cleverly mastered by Dorothy Mignault who as “Monsieur Beaucaire” astonished the audience with the forcefulness of her acting. She made us all love this romantic young French prince who fully believed that the end justified the means. She especially held her scenes well.

The high and mighty English society leaders who, fearful lest their inner sanctuaries be penetrated by some members of the more plebian world, failed to recognize true royalty simply because he came in disguise. Lady Mary Carlysle, the essence of this spirit, was exquisitely portrayed by Virginia Kern who



"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"



MARION FAULKNER ADAMS, Augusta, Maine—"Her mirth the world requires: she bathes it in smiles of glee." Cae Club.

FAYETTA YVONNE AUDETTE, Manchester, New Hampshire—"My soul still flies above me, for the quarry it shall find." Kava Club, French Club '26, Prom Committee '26, '27, Basketball Team '26, '27, Baseball Team '26, '27 Captain, Tennis Team '26, Honorable mention for R. H. '26, "Sherwood" '26, Athletic Committee '27, Sub Hockey Team '27, Student Council '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27, R. H. '27.



MARY ADELAIDE BENDER, Auburn, Massachusetts—"The glory of a firm, capacious mind." Cae Club, Student Council '26, Prom Committee '26, Splinters Business Board '26, Business Manager and Treasurer of Splinters '27, Dramatic Club '26, '27, Glee Club '26, '27, "Sherwood" '26, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27, Underhill Honor, '27.



VIRGINIA ALPAUGH BISHOP, Elizabeth, New Jersey—"When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that." Kava Club, Cheer Leader '26, Council '26, French Club '27, Glee Club '27, Literary Club '27, Athletic Committee, '27.

KATHERINE HUNTRESS DYER, New York, New York—"The fairest garden in her looks, and in her mind the wisest books." Cae Club, "Pirates of Penzance" '23, Mandolin Club '24, Pageant '24, '25, Council '25, '26, Glee Club '26, Graduation Marshall '26, Literary Club, '26, '27, Prom Committee '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.



GERTRUDE JUSTINE EMONS, Lowell, Massachusetts—"Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts." Kava Club, "Sherwood" '26.



CAROLYN ELLEN FOUNTAIN, Middletown, Connecticut—"Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor." Kava Club, "Sherwood" '26, French Club '27.

NATALIE GARDNER, Lowell, Massachusetts—"A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature." Kava Club, Student Council '26, '27, Prom Committee '26, "Sherwood" '26, Splinters Business Board '26, '27, Dramatic Club '26, '27, Secretary and Treasurer of Kava Club '27, Kava Athletic Committee '27, Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.



DEBORAH ELAINE GRUBB, Akron, Ohio—"Infinite riches in a little room." Kava Club, Student Council '26, Cheer Leader '26, "Sherwood" '26, Prom Committee '27.



ERNESTINE LOUISE HUMPHREY, Pittsfield, Massachusetts—"And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace." Kava Club, Glee Club '26, "Sherwood" '26, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.

EMILY MORGAN HUSSEY, Plymouth, Massachusetts—"Where the streams runneth smoothest, the water is deepest." Kava Club, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, Literary Club '26, '27, Glee Club '26, French Club '27, Splinters Literary Board '27, Splinters Prize '27.



MIRIAM KELLAM, Toledo, Ohio—"Fool! said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and write." Cae Club, "Sherwood" '26, Student Council '26, '27, Splinters Literary Board '27, Canteen Manager, Splinters Prize '27.



ELOISE VIRGINIA KERN, Toledo, Ohio—"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." Cae Club, Cheer Leader '26, '27, French Club '26, Glee Club '26, Student Council '26, Dramatic Club '26, '27, "Sherwood" '26, Song Leader '27, Secretary and Treasurer of Literary Club '27, President of Senior Class '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27, Splinters Business Board '27.

MARGARET KIP, Passaic, New Jersey—"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." Kava Club, Literary Club '26, Glee Club '26, "Sherwood" '26, Graduation Marshall '26, Splinters Literary Board '26, '27, Student Council '26, '27, President of Student Council '27, Chairman of Prom Committee '27.



LUCILLE FLORENCE MARKS, Old Forge, New York—"Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know." Kava Club, Splinters Literary Board '26, French Club '26, "Sherwood" '26, Dramatic Club '26, '27, Glee Club '26, '27, Baseball Team '26, '27, Hockey Team '27, Athletic Committee '27, Editor-in-Chief of Splinters '27, Song Leader '27, Student Council '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27, Underhill Honor '27.



LAURA MERRILL, Old Bennington, Vermont—"The secret of success is constancy to purpose." Cae Club, French Club '26, Sub Swimming Team '26, "Sherwood" '26, Glee Club '26, '27, Literary Club '26, '27, President of French Club '27, Student Council '27, Splinters Literary Board '27.

DOROTHY BRUCE MIGNAULT, Lowell, Massachusetts—"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear." Cae Club, Pageant '25, French Club '25, '26, '27, Dramatic Club '25, '26, '27, Literary Club '26, Sub Baseball Team '26, Basketball Team '26, Swimming Team '26, "Sherwood" '26, Literary Board of Splinters '27, Hockey Team '27, Athletic Committee '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.



LAURA MARY MORAN, Okmulgee, Oklahoma—"The living voice is that which sways the soul." Cae Club, Dramatic Club '26, '27, Glee Club '26, '27, "Sherwood" '26, Student Council '26, Splinters Business Board '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.



MARY BANKS PAGE, Melrose, Massachusetts—"To be great is to be misunderstood." Cae Club, Swimming Team '26, Tennis Team '26, Athletic Committee '26, Glee Club '26, "R. H." '26, Hockey Team '26, '27, Baseball Team '26, '27, Basketball Team '27, French Club '27, Student Council '27, President of Cae Club '27, R. H. '27.

JEANETTE PETERSON, Sandusky, Ohio—"Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul." Cae Club, Graduation Marshall '26, "Sherwood" '26, Athletic Committee '27, Hockey Team '27, French Club '27, Literary Club '27, Student Council '27, Secretary and Treasurer of Cae Club '27, Prom Committee '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.



ELEANOR PRATT, Lowell, Massachusetts—"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content; the quiet mind is richer than a crown." Kava Club, Hockey Team '24, '25, '26, Pageant '24, '25, Dramatic Club '24, '25, French Club '26, Secretary and Treasurer of French Club '27, Literary Club '27, Prom Committee '27, Baseball Team '27, Basketball Team '27, Splinters Business Board '27, R. H. '27.



EMILY REED, Rochester, New York —“She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think on.” Kava Club, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, Glee Club '25, '26, French Club '26, Literary Club '26, '27, Prom Committee '27.



VIRGINIA ROGERS, Lowell, Massachusetts—“The pursuit of the perfect, then, is the pursuit of sweetness in life.” Cae Club, French Club '26, '27, Student Council, '27, Basketball Team '27, Dramatic Club '27, Prom Committee '26, '27, “Monsieur Beaucaire” '27.



CATHERINE RUSSELL, Dallas, Texas—“Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.” Cae Club, “Sherwood” '26, French Club '27.



MARGARET MARIE STAR RYAN, Lowell, Massachusetts—"I am the Master of my Fate, I am the Captain of my Soul." Cae Club, Sub Hockey Team '25, '26, Baseball Team '27, Basketball Team '27, R. H. '27.

LEONA SCHADDELEE, Grand Rapids, Michigan—"To set the cause above renown, to love the game above the prize." Kava Club, Athletic Committee '26, Hockey Team '26, Basketball Team '26, Baseball Team '26, Sub Swimming Team '26, Tennis Team Captain '26, Individual Field Day Winner '26, "R. H." '26, Glee Club '26, "Sherwood" '26, Hockey Team '27, French Club '27, President of Kava Club '27, Athletic Medal '27.



MARIE SEVIGNE, Winthrop, Massachusetts—"There are souls like stars that dwell apart." Cae Club, Pageant '25, Glee Club '25, '26, Secretary and Treasurer of Literary Club '26, Chairman of Undergraduates '26, Prom Committee '26, President of Literary Club '27.



MILDRED THOMAS, New York City, New York—"The Gypsies stole my heart, and gave a gypsy heart to me." Cae Club, Dramatic Club '25, Pageant '25, Glee Club '25, '26, Athletic Committee '26, Literary Club '26, '27, Hockey Team '26, '27, French Club '27, Basketball Team '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.

ARLENE WILSON, Buffalo, New York—"Sometimes thou seems't not as thyself alone, but as the meaning of all things that are." Kava Club, Pageant '25, Hockey Team '27, Baseball Team '27, Prom Committee '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.



VIRGINIA FALLS WOODWORTH, Larchmont, New York—"She walks in Beauty." Cae Club, Swimming Team '26, Tennis Team '26, Glee Club '26, "Sherwood" '26, French Club '27, Prom Committee '27, "Monsieur Beaucaire" '27.

showed remarkable skill in always being able to wear this mask of hauteur.

Laura Moran managed her very difficult part with ease and grace which befitted her title, the Duke of Winterset. It is not easy to play to an audience which one must constantly antagonize, as one can never establish that bond of understanding which means so much.

Mary Bengier was very capable as Mr. Molyneux, who seemed to recognize good birth and breeding even under a cloak of disguise.

Marjorie Allis must be mentioned for her success as Lady Malbourne, the hostess at the ball. The role of the young painter, steadfast in his allegiance to French royalty, was effectively played by Virginia Rogers.

Natalie Gardner as a quick tempered young officer together with Lucille Marks, as the charming Lady Clarise, caused a great deal of humor and amusement and added an element of romance.

The rest of the cast deserve great credit as they kept up the story of intrigue and jealousy, and gave atmosphere with their little flirtations and combats.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" showed the result of skill, real talent and extremely capable coaching.

The play was given under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Moyer Tapp, assisted by Miss Louise Clark, Miss Mary Pratt, Miss Carol Mills, Miss Helen Pease and Miss Dorothy Ball.

People of the Play

M. Beaucaire	Dorothy Mignault
Duke of Winterset	Laura Moran
Mr. Molyneux	Mary Bengier
Harry Rackell	Virginia Rogers
Captain Badger	Natalie Gardner
Beau Nash	Eleanor Goodyear
Lord Townbrake	Virginia Woodworth
Mr. Bantison	Corinthia Earl

Sir Hugh Guilford	Mary Bailey	
Henri de Beaujolais	Marion Smith	
Marquis de Mirepoix	Fayette Audette	
Lady Mary Carlisle	Virginia Kern	
Lady Malbourne	Marjorie Allis	
Lady Clarise	Lucille Marks	
Lady Rellerton	Arlene Scott	
Lady Baring-Gould	Mildred Damon	
Estelle	Edythe Russell	
Marie	Katherine Clapp	
Francois	Elaine Joseph	
Victor	Katherine Dyer	
Jean	Servants to Beaucaire.....	Gertrude Lighton
Louis		Arlene Wilson
Berquin		Jean Peterson
Pierre		Constance Kelley
First Gentleman		Catherine Runkle
Second Gentleman	Ernestine Humphrey	
Servant to Beau Nash	Catherine Runkle	
Incidental music between the Acts was played by William Heller and Alessandro Niccoli		

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Another class has graduated from Rogers Hall. The morning of June seventh dawned gloriously clear, and the sun shone on the many friends and parents of the graduating class who were gathered to greet them in the drawing room. In the receiving line were Miss Parsons, Miss McMillan, the wives of the trustees, the alumnæ trustees, Hon. Edith Nourse Rogers, Miss Julia Stevens, and the Seniors, gowned in white and carrying beautiful bouquets.

At ten-thirty the entire school formed a procession and marched into the gymnasium, which was charmingly decorated with gladioli and greens. The audience stood as the procession entered to the stately rhythm of Elgar's "Pomp and Circum-

stance," played by Mr. Heller. The different groups of the school were preceded by the following marshals: The undergraduates, Eleanor Goodyear; Special Seniors, Virginia McFarland; Faculty, Marion Andrew; Miss Parsons and Miss McMillan, Janet Swan; the Seniors, Virginia Swan.

After the Seniors had taken their places upon the stage, the Reverend Charles R. Joy gave the invocation. The Reverend Appleton Grannis, president of the Board of Trustees then introduced the speaker of the day, Doctor John Edgar Park of Wheaton College.

In his address Dr. Park said: "The motto of New England seems to be that nothing must ever be done for the first time. The graduates here assembled have, as far as I know, never been here before, and what they do in life, they will do for the first time. My advice to you, is to avoid doing everything as everybody else does it. Education has for its end to try to keep us from falling into the common evil of deceiving ourselves. Education must be more and more the art of teaching young people to know themselves. Let us remember that none of us are heads but that all are branches of one Great Firm, the same Firm responsible for this beautiful June day; the same Head who makes life so gorgeous and so glorious. When a girl lives as a part of that Great Force, then we have an educated woman."

The Reverend Alfred R. Hussey addressed the graduates, closing with a fitting poem in which bravery and courage formed the theme.

The diplomas were then presented by Reverend Appleton Grannis and Miss Parsons. The President of the Senior Class, Miss Virginia Kern, speaking of the fulfillment of dreams, presented a check to Miss Parsons for the Building Fund.

Honors were awarded as follows:

Athletic Medal—Leona Schaddelee.

Splinters Prizes—Prose: Miriam Kellam; Poetry: Emily Hussey.

Underhill Honors—Highest Scholastic Standing: Lucille Marks; High Scholarship combined with influence: Mary Benger; College Preparatory Award: Charlotte Howard.

Scholarship honor list, an average standing of eighty-five per cent and above, the list given in order of rank:

Mary Imbrie, Margaret Imbrie, Sarah Braman, Elizabeth Murray, Miriam Kellam, Virginia Rogers, Alice Joy, Laura Moran, Anne Phillips, Martha Bray, Shirley Coburn, Mildred Damon.





KAVA CLUB



CAE CLUB





LEONA SCHADDELEE
Kava President

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

April 8.....	Mrs. Gilson's Lecture
April 9.....	Trip to Wayside Inn
April 10.....	Talk by Mr. Harlow
April 16.....	Trip to Mrs. Gardner's Museum
April 17	Recital by Miss Smith
April 23.....	"Pickwick"
April 28.....	Democracy Class and Tea
April 29	Baseball Game
April 29.....	Textile Show—"Applesauce"
May 7.....	Founder's Day: Field Events
May 8.....	Recital by Mr. Heller and Mr. Niccoli
May 13.....	Edith Nourse Rogers' Address
May 14.....	Harvard Double Quartet
May 15.....	Talk by Reverend Mr. Joy
May 18.....	Mr. Hussey's address to Literary Club
May 21.....	Senior Prom
May 22	Prom Tea
May 28	Bridge for Seniors at Vesper Country Club
May 29.....	Senior Tea at Mrs. Carmichael's
May 30	Contributors' Supper
June 2.....	Cae-Kava Suppers

COMMENCEMENT

June 3.....	Swimming Meet, Last Senior Supper
June 4.....	Picnic at Canobie Lake
June 5.....	Baccalaureate Sermon, Students' Recital
June 6	Senior luncheon, Class Day program Senior play, "Monsieur Beaucaire"
June 7	Commencement Exercises

TRIP TO THE WAYSIDE INN

On April ninth, the first Saturday after Spring vacation, we were very pleased to hear that a trip to the Wayside Inn at South Sudbury had been planned for us. At ten o'clock the orange busses stood before the gate and we all piled in. Our way led through the sunny New England countryside just beginning to be touched by the Spring. It seemed but a short while before we arrived at our destination. We were delighted with the quaint, low-ceilinged rooms and were very much interested in hearing some of the history of the old inn before having our luncheon. After luncheon some of us went to see the old schoolhouse—a relic of the “little red schoolhouse” days and the school of “Mary and her little lamb.” Others went to visit the equally interesting mill with its picturesque old mill-wheel and quiet stream. All too soon, it seemed, we were seated again in our busses ready for the homeward journey, bearing with us a pleasant recollection of this historic spot.

RECITAL BY MISS SMITH

The song recital by Miss Ethelynde Smith was most enjoyable. Her delightfully chosen program of unusual songs proved how fond she is of her art and of her audience. The characteristic songs of various countries, and the aria “Madame Butterfly” were an excellent medium for her accomplishments. The group of children’s songs appealed to us in so much as it brought back days of not so long ago.

Miss Smith possesses a true soprano voice with remarkable tone color. She sings with ease and poise and her technique is especially evidenced in her breath control. Her interpretations show that she has not only an artistic feeling but a keen intellect.

Mr. Heller proved a most able accompanist, showing his skilled and artistic musicianship in his rendition of the songs.

The parents and friends of the girls were the guests of Miss Parsons at the recital, and remained for tea afterward.



KAVA ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

BASEBALL GAME

In the midst of the whirl of Spring term came April 29 and the baseball game. The teams were chosen—captains elected, and on Friday Cae and Kava again faced each other as rivals. The game was a fast and heated one ending in the fifth inning with Cae Club winning. The score was 8-7. Everyone played their best and it proved a very interesting game to observe from the side lines. Lineup:

<i>Cae</i>		<i>Kava</i>
Janet Swan	pitcher	Fayette Audette, capt.
Eleanor Parkhurst	catcher	Frances Fowler
Mary Page	1st base	Natalie Collingwood
Elaine Joseph	2nd base	Mary Bailey
Mary Tilton	3rd base	Betty Prescott and Charlotte Howard
Constance Shurtleff	short	Lucille Marks
Star Ryan	r. fielder	Eleanor Pratt
Katherine Clapp	c. fielder	Elizabeth Carver
Gertrude Lighton, capt.	l. fielder	Arlene Wilson
Umpire: Jack Sawyer		

MRS. ROGERS' TALK

On Friday evening, May thirteenth, the Lowell Business and Professional Women's Club met at the Rogers Hall gymnasium to hear Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, the Congresswoman from Massachusetts, speak. An invitation to attend this lecture was extended to the Rogers Hall girls who eagerly accepted it. Mrs. Rogers, an alumna of Rogers Hall and a trustee, reminisced delightfully about her days at school and talked informally about the duties of Congress, giving us a very interesting view of that august body. Afterwards refreshments were served and we all had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Rogers.

FIELD DAY

Field Day dawned bright and clear this May seventh, and the dew was still on the grass when several be-middied and bloomed people were out on the field trying to run the kinks and "charley horses" out of their legs. Soon, however, they hurried into the schoolroom at the call of the bell and listened to a very interesting talk on the history of the school by Miss Parsons and an account of school life here by Miss Julia Stevens at the time when she was here. It was amusing to note the changes that had taken place in the intervening years and—but space won't allow us to go further into detail, much as we'd like to.

It wasn't long before the alumnae began to arrive with adorable children who romped over the grounds emitting wild whoops of joy, and when they had their pictures taken—well that was just the crowning event of the day for them!

Speaking of events, Field Day was surely exciting this time. No one had any idea how things would turn out and we were quite surprised how the final moment brought an added zeal to some of the contestants who won first places. The results were as follows:

50-Yard Dash—1st, Goodyear; 2nd, Foster; 3rd, Kellam.

Shot Put—1st, Audette; 2nd, Connelly; 3rd, Page.

Junior 50-Yard Dash—1st, M. Damon; 2nd, Sargent; 3rd, Robins.

Running High Jump—1st, Audette; 2nd, Connelly; 3rd, Goodyear.

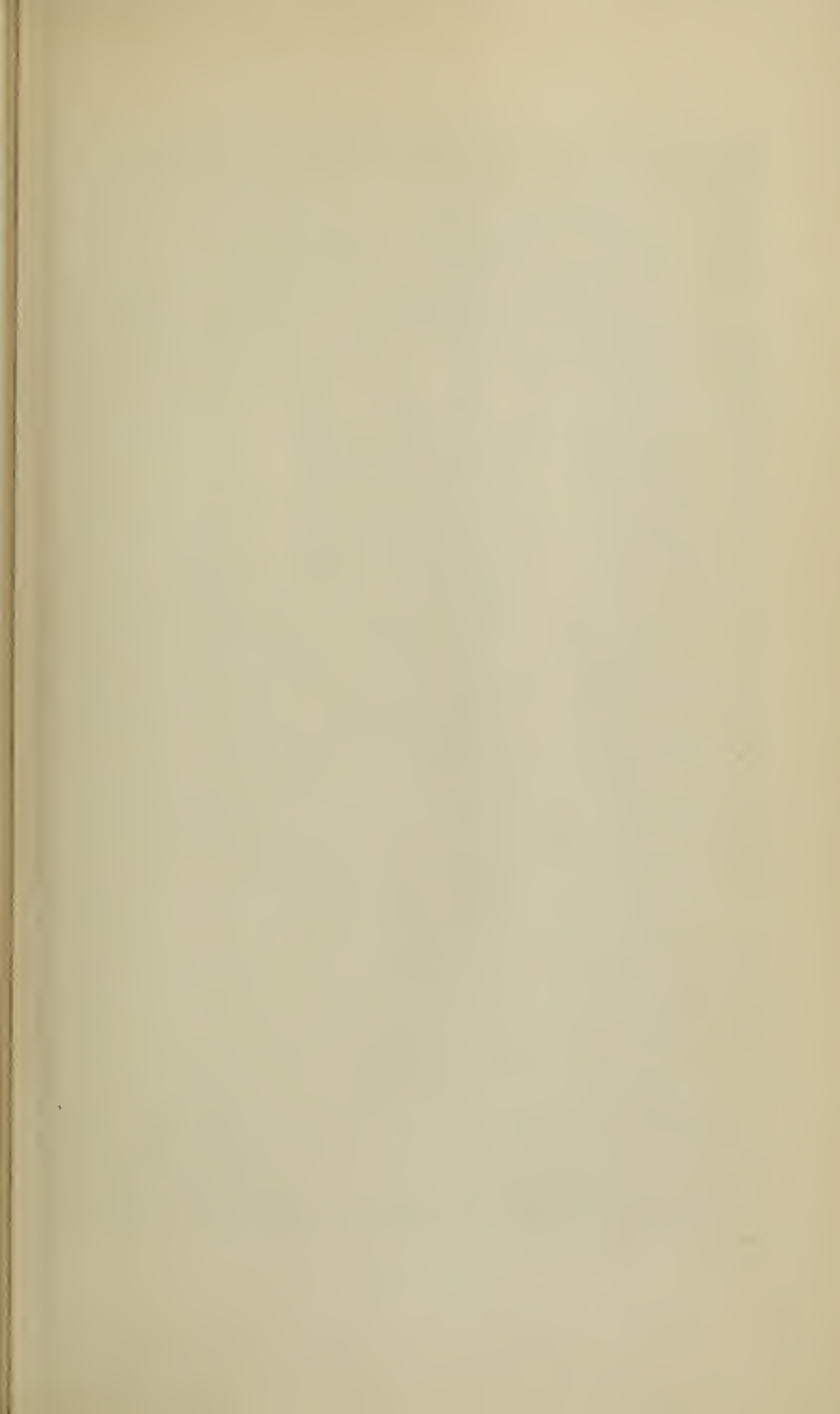
Basketball Throw—1st, Connelly; 2nd, Audette; 3rd, Coburn.

Relay Race—Won by Kava Club.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Goodyear; 2nd, Peterson; 3rd, Kellam and Ryan.

Three-legged Race—1st, Foster and V. Swan; 2nd, M. Damon and Sargent; 3rd, Clapp and Bagshaw.

Baseball Throw—1st, Connelly; 2nd, Fowler; 3rd, Audette and Parkhurst.





MARY PAGE
Cae President

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, Goodyear; 2nd, Foster; 3rd, Ryan.

Hurdles—1st, Pearson; 2nd, M. Thomas; 3rd, Page.

Obstacle Race—Omitted.

Judges—Miss Olive Parsons, Miss Miriam Sanders, Miss Carol Mills, Miss Dorothy Graff, Miss Dorothy Ball.

With the excitement of the morning still uppermost in our minds we trooped informally in to a most appetizing luncheon and then assembled in the schoolroom to hear the final club scores and to see the winners receive their ribbons. There are two cups this year, one presented by Katherine Prichard to Clarice Connelly, Kava, who tied with Eleanor Goodyear, Cae for first place. Virginia Ruggles is presenting the cup to her clubmate. Each of these girls had sixteen points to her credit and were followed by Fayette Audette of Kava Club with thirteen and a half points and Betty Foster of Cae Club with eleven and a half points. The club scores totaled fifty-five and a half for Kava and thirty-nine and a half for Cae.

The annual Alumnae versus School baseball game took place in the afternoon. The umpire, while probably in favor of the alumnae, was very fair and the school won with an overpowering score. The line-up is as follows:

<i>Alumnae</i>		<i>School</i>
E. Knapp, '26	Pitcher	J. Swan
M. Bailey, '26	Catcher	E. Parkhurst
P. Ball, '26	1st Base	M. Tilton
H. McLain, '26	2nd Base	M. Page
K. Prichard, '26	3rd Base	F. Fowler
E. Carmichael, '26	Shortstop	L. Marks
E. Page, '26	R. Fielder	G. Lighton
V. Ruggles, '26	C. Fielder	E. Pratt
K. Jenkins, '26	L. Fielder	A. Wilson

CONTRIBUTORS' SUPPER

On Monday, May thirtieth, the combined boards of "Splinters" invited the contributors of the magazine to a supper in the Senior House. After the delicious food had disappeared, Lucille Marks was presented with a pair of book-ends, as an appreciation of the work she had done during the year. After singing to all the celebrities present, the contributors departed vowing to write many more things in the coming year, if they were to be rewarded with another similar supper.

CAE AND KAVA

"Parting is such sweet sorrow——"

How unthinkable it would be to have the even tenor of our ways unmolested until the last long goodbye. Everything must ceremoniously be enacted "for the last time." Thursday, June 2nd, was chosen for the final club suppers. The Kavas were at Norcross; the Caes at the Senior House. But the evening held more than sheer enjoyment of farewell. Girls might come and girls might go, but Cae and Kava must go on forever. Nominations for the respective presidents were in order and excellent candidates were secured. For Kava, Corinthia Earl and Marion Andrew; for Cae, Eleanor Goodyear and Gertrude Lighton. Leona Schaddelee and Mary Page were presented with traveling clocks by the members of their own club in appreciation of their splendid spirit and excellent work through this year. The evening concluded with the singing of the club songs.

On Sunday, June 5th the final voting took place which resulted in the election of Corinthia Earl, Kava, and Gertrude Lighton, Cae.

SWIMMING MEET

The swimming meet on June third brought several innovations. The teams were not chosen ahead of time as previously, but fifteen entries were allowed from each club. The five girls





CAE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

on each side winning the highest number of points received places on the team. Events:

1. Free style, two lengths, won by Page, Bishop, Nye.
2. Breast stroke (form), won by Cae.
3. Back stroke race, won by Page, Reed, Kelley.
4. Side stroke (form), won by Cae.
5. Breast stroke race, won by Page, Muessel, Bishop.
6. Trudgeon (form), won by Cae.
7. Diving (form), won by Kava.
8. Three length race (breast stroke, back stroke, free style), won by Page, M. Ganson, Muessel.
9. Plunge, won by Kava.
10. Relay race, won by Cae.

Final score: Cae 102, Kava 85.

Individual winners: Page, Lighton, Bishop.

Judges: Miss Dorothy Ball, Mrs. Leonard French, Miss Miriam Sanders, Miss Carol Mills.

TEAMS

Cae:—Page, Lighton, Shurtleff, Muessel, Peterson. Subs: Kelley, Runkle, Ryan.

Kava:—Bishop, Coburn, Collingwood, Wyman, Nye, Reed. Subs: Pearson, Sargent, Andrew, Audette.

COUNCIL—SPRING TERM

President, FRANCES FOWLER

Sec. and Treas., POLLY GODDARD

Corinthia Earl

Dorothy Edwards

Marion Smith

Lucille Marks

Natalie Gardner

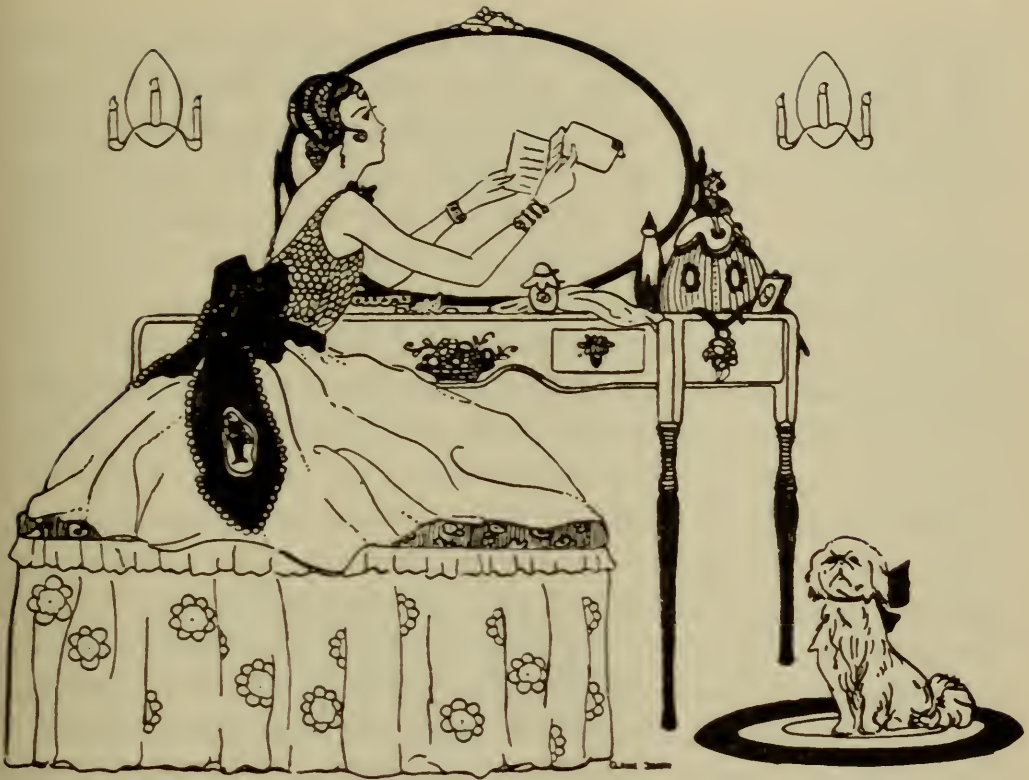
Mary Page

Mary Evaline Ryder

Laura Merrill

Margaret Kip

Virginia Rogers



ALUMNÆ NOTES

In April Miss Parsons went out to Cleveland, Ohio, and met the Alumnae of that vicinity at a tea given by Jeannette Rodier Wiebenson, '17, at her home on Shaker Heights. Returning by way of New York, Miss Parsons entertained the girls of that section at a tea at The Women's University Club.

The following Alumnae and children were present at Field Day this year: Betty Akeroyd Walker, '19; Lillian Andrew Baraclough; Bessie Baldwin Thompson and twin daughters; Priscilla Ball, '26; Charlotte Greene Blaney, '12; Sonja Borg Hunt, '20; Dorothy Bramhall Waterhouse; Barbara Brown Jones, '13; Leslie Brown Stump, '11; Lorna Bugbee Symmes, '20, and son; Elinor Carmichael, '26; Frances Carmichael; Ellen Cloutman Jenkins, '22; Harriet Coburn, '95; Marian Coburn Sawyer and Polly; Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, '19;; Mary Dewey Smith and three daughters; Evelyn Dimeling, '24; Betty Eastman, '13; Dorothy Ellingwood McLane, '04, and Patty; Louie Ellingwood

Swan, '00; Betty Ellis Clapp,, '22, and daughter; Madeline Fox, '24; Florence Ganson, '26; Louise Grover de Mesquita; Louise Grover Pihl, '18, and son; Carol Heath Mowry and Faith; Dorothea Helt, '26; Helen Hill, '99; Sally Hobson, '10; Ethel Hockmeyer Clark, '13, and Lincoln, Victor and Constance; Mary Holden Eastman, '14, and Kimball; Leslie Hylan, '14; Estelle Irish Pillsbury; Katherine Jenkins, '26; Katherine Jennison Dunton, '16, and Jane and Sewall, Jr.; Virginia Jennison Hayden and two boys; Anne Keith Uhleuhaut, '18; Natalie Kemp Gale, '11; Edith Knapp, '26; Hester Lambert Emerson, '21, and daughter; Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, and Clive, Jr., Vincent and Langdon; Eugenia Meigs Clark and three children; Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10; Helen McLain, '26; Harriet Nesmith, '05; Helen Nesmith, '10; Hilda Nesmith Thompson; Isabel Nesmith, '05; Katherine Nesmith, '16; Mary Jane Pattee Robertson, '18; Laura Pearson Pratt, '14, and Hildreth, Laura, Amasa, Ann and Blanchard, Jr.; Maroe Pratt, '22; Katharine Prichard, '26; Virginia Ruggles, '26; Helen Sands Linn; Martha Sheppard White and Pollard and Sheppard; Sue Simpson Hylan, '98; Margaret Smith, '22; Julia Stevens, '97; Deborah Trull, '26; Helen Tyler; Dorothy Wadleigh, '21; Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11, and Carol and Marjorie Ann; Helen Weld, '21; Eleanor Whidden, '20; Edith Whittier Holmes, '14, and Topsy and Sylvia; Ardis Williams, '24; Mary Whitner Mercer and Mary Louise.

April 6th, a daughter, Maria Louisa, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Maria de Mesquita (Louise Grover) in Lynn, Mass.

Florence Armstrong, '25, was in the Junior League Follies in Buffalo this spring.

Roccy Ashley Wolfe, '99, spent Easter with Marian Ashley Ahlborn, '97, in Wilkes Barre. In April Roccy met Ruth Wooster, '99, for luncheon in New Haven.

Dorothy Beeler Long, '19, has a new address, Scarswald Apartment, Scarsdale, N. Y. "We have been living in Bronxville for the past six months, waiting for our apartment to be completed. We own our new apartment so that I hope we are settled for some years at least. I am enclosing a snapshot of

Dotty Jane, taken at the age of seventeen months. I wonder if you will recognize her when she is old enough for Rogers Hall. June first we are leaving for Colorado to spend the entire summer. I expect to stop in Altoona and see Theo McEldowney Isenburg, '19. on our way west."

Amy Curtis de Romero-Hermoso, '18, writes, "I had expected to return for Field Day but my husband had just returned after eight months in South America and we spent that week-end on the Cape. We shall stay in Jamaica Plain until the last of August and then we go to Chile to live in South America for a year or so."

Elizabeth Essick, '22, is on a trip around the world with her parents. She writes from Calcutta, "I saw the sun rise over Kinchingunga, Darjeeling. We rose at two in the morning and rode seven miles on horseback to view it. The scenery was gorgeous. Here in Calcutta it is 105 degrees in the shade and tonight I start across India to Bombay where I shall meet our boat again. I expect the trip overland will be a hectic experience, but interesting. We were in the earthquake at Kobe, Japan, and got out of Shanghai the day before the uprising against foreigners so that there has been no lack of thrills on our trip."

Anne Fidler Berman sends a new address, 349 Beacon Street, Lowell, instead of the one on Audubon Road.

Helen Kilborn Russell, '22, is now living in Germantown, at 7009 McCallum street. "I enjoy living here very much and recently have discovered I am living only a block from Carlotta Heath Moore, '11. I hope to meet the Rogers Hall girls of this vicinity through the Philadelphia branch of the Alumnae Association. Marion Dawson, '22, has been visiting me and on the way from Providence we stopped off to visit Barbara Audrae Hubbard, '22, in Hartford. At Christmas time I saw Margaret Fox, '21, as I passed through New York. I expect to spend the summer months in Portland with my family. Ruth is still training to be a nurse at the Springfield Hospital and we are proud to hear excellent reports of her progress."

Una Libby Kaufman is very busy making plans for the summer visitors at The Double L Bar Ranch, in Ishawoda, Wyoming. "Bob has become engaged and is in business in Chicago where his fiancée lives so that I am running the ranch by myself. Still I love the life so much that it is no burden."

Grace MacDougall, '25, is as enthusiastic as ever about her training in the Montessori School. "I hope I can see you soon so as to interest you in the Montessori Method, (I feel as if I were trying to sell you some Real Estate when I use that phrase), but I hope that some of the girls in the Senior class may be considering the career of trying to be 'a guide to younger children.' The course has been lengthened now to a three-year course so as to meet the requirements of the Public Schools. . . . I had a letter from Mermie Gittins, '25, recently and she said that her sister, Virginia, was living in Chicago so that they met frequently. Mermie loves her kindergarten work but will be glad when she is through her training and in charge of a room of her own."

Esther Perham, '24, has been elected president of "Brownies," the social organization of the women's college, in Brown University. Esther is also president of East House, her dormitory, a member of the Question Club, a leading organization on the campus, and sings in the choir and glee club. Previously she had served as secretary and first vice president of "Brownies."

Katharine Prichard, '26, had offered a cup for the Field Day winner and when there proved to be two girls with the same number of points, Virginia Ruggles, '26, offered a similar cup. One of the winners this year was Clarice Connelly, niece of Natalie Kemp Gale, '11.

Lucy Prindle will be graduated from the Scudder School in New York this June. In September she expects to enter training at St. Luke's Hospital in New York City.

Edith Russell, '00, has been connected with the People's Settlement in Wilmington, Delaware, for thirteen years and is secretary of the executive board. Recently the settlement celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary and Edith, with the head worker, Miss Pyle, did much to make the occasion a success.

Dr. Grenfell was the speaker at the anniversary exercises and at that time the collection, together with subscriptions from many of the prominent citizens of Wilmington, realized over thirty thousand dollars for the endowment of the Settlement. One of Edith's associates writes, "I want you to know the high esteem in which she is held by the executive board of the Settlement and also how deservedly popular she is. The outstanding feature of her work is her unusual success with the boys' department. She seems to have the power of swinging their clubs into action and of holding the interest of the individual members in a way that no one else has been able to do. At present a portion of her time is given to training our junior residents how to handle these groups so that she may be relieved as much as possible in that line. Through her untiring interest and loyalty, Edith Russell has been a large factor in bringing the People's Settlement to its present state of development and usefulness."

Constance Smith, '23, writes, "We have been spending the winter in our apartment on Beekman Place which is right on the East River. It's so nice to be near the water and be able to see all kinds of interesting boats going by. I have been keeping up my dancing in the hope of getting a job on the stage. Last summer I worked in a stock company in the Adirondacks and had a wonderful time. I started out playing 'Eva' in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and after that played four entirely different parts. I was stage manager for the company and stage hand, too, when they needed extra help. It was a fine experience for me and I should love to do it again some time. . . . Recently I was in Chicago and saw Elizabeth Ball Deitrich, '23, several times. One night I had dinner at her apartment and met Barbara Ball Patterson, '22, and her husband. . . . In June we go back to South Orange and may go to Europe for a short trip. . . . As always, I have seen a great deal of Margaret Donaldson, '23, and our dancing makes a further bond."

Margaret Liggett Willetts has moved to Elkhart, Indiana, and her address is 334 Beardsley Avenue.

Ruth Sprague has been having a busy winter as one of the inspectors in the Schraff restaurants of New York City. "Many

afternoons six o'clock comes before I am through. I always sigh when I think how little time business women have for any social contact. Both Ruth McCracken and I were so sorry to miss the tea at the University Club in May. My address here is 157 East 37th Street."

Blanche Thompson Worcester has a new address, 150 Engle Street, Englewood, New Jersey. "We came to Englewood last July for Dr. Worcester is now associated with Dr. Harold Ward, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist here. I have met many pleasant people but I feel as though this will never be home for I do love New England. We look forward to spending the summer with my family as it is so warm here. George, Jr., is nine now and John seven."

Gertrude Trefethen, '24, has spent the winter at home with her family in Portland. "Last August I visited Irene Whitford in Syracuse and as Mary Sponable was visiting Dorothy Le Butt in Portland at the same time, mother drove Dot and Mary to Syracuse and brought me home. Our original 'Big Four' of Rogers Hall days enjoyed a delightful reunion. I saw Harriet Wilson when she came East for her brother's wedding."

Mary Whitner Mercer and Mary Louise spent the Field Day week-end at school. Mary Louise expects to enter Rogers Hall in the fall of 1928 and is already a very enthusiastic "grand-daughter."

Isabel Waldron writes that she expects to teach next year in Grand Rapids.

Katharine Weeks, '23, is private secretary this year for Luke, Banks and Weeks, members of the New York stock exchange with offices on Wall Street.

Winifred Zaring, '25, had to give up the trip abroad last summer as she was taken ill just before sailing. "Instead, we spent practically the whole summer at Hot Springs, Virginia, and went to New York before returning to Jacksonville. I saw Helen Faber several times before her marriage. The end of May I am going to Vanderbilt University for my brother's graduation and shall visit in Atlanta on the way home."

Elizabeth Warren, '25, is a member of the Sophomore swimming team at Smith and Katharine Prichard, '26, is on the Freshman swimming team.

Isabelle Dahlberg, '23, and Asenath Mitchell, '22, will be graduated from Smith College in June.

Dorothy Dibble will be graduated from the University of Michigan.

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, since Congress adjourned in March, has divided her time between Washington and Lowell. See school news for an account of her address at Rogers Hall in May. Edith was asked by the state committee to preside at the testimonial dinner in honor of Mrs. Tillinghast.

May 21st Isabel Farrington was married to Mr. John Willis Richards in Madison, Wisconsin.

June 7th Allene Elizabeth Benton was married to Mr. Charles Emerson Merritt in St. Stephen's church, New Hartford, New York.

June 18th Dorothy Wadleigh, '21, will be married to Mr. Lorenzo Stevens Fox in the First Congregational church of Lowell, Massachusetts. There will be a reception at her home following the ceremony. Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11, will be the matron of honor and among the bridesmaids will be Sarah Meigs Collier, Asenath Mitchell, '22, Madeline Fox, '24, and Priscilla Fox, '25. Dorothy's new home will be at 31 Talbot street, Lowell.

June 22nd, Asenath Mitchell, '22, will be married to Mr. William Keppler Whiteford in the church of the Epiphany in Winchester, Massachusetts. A reception at Knollwood will follow the ceremony.

June 21st, Marjorie Multer, '23, will be married to Mr. Joseph Henry Bacheller, Jr., at the Munn Avenue Presbyterian church in East Orange, New Jersey. A reception at the home will follow the ceremony.

June 23rd, Constance Cleaveland, '26, will be married to Mr. John Wright Dregge in the Presbyterian church of Ionia, Michigan.

June 24th, Jane Grey Richman, '22, will be married to Mr. Charles Albert Fulle, Jr., at the Church of the Transfiguration in New York City. A reception at Sherry's will follow the ceremony. After August first the Fulles will be at home on Macopin Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey.

June 25th, Marion Dawson, '22, will be married to Mr. Robert Alexander Stoeher, Jr., at her home in Providence, Rhode Island.

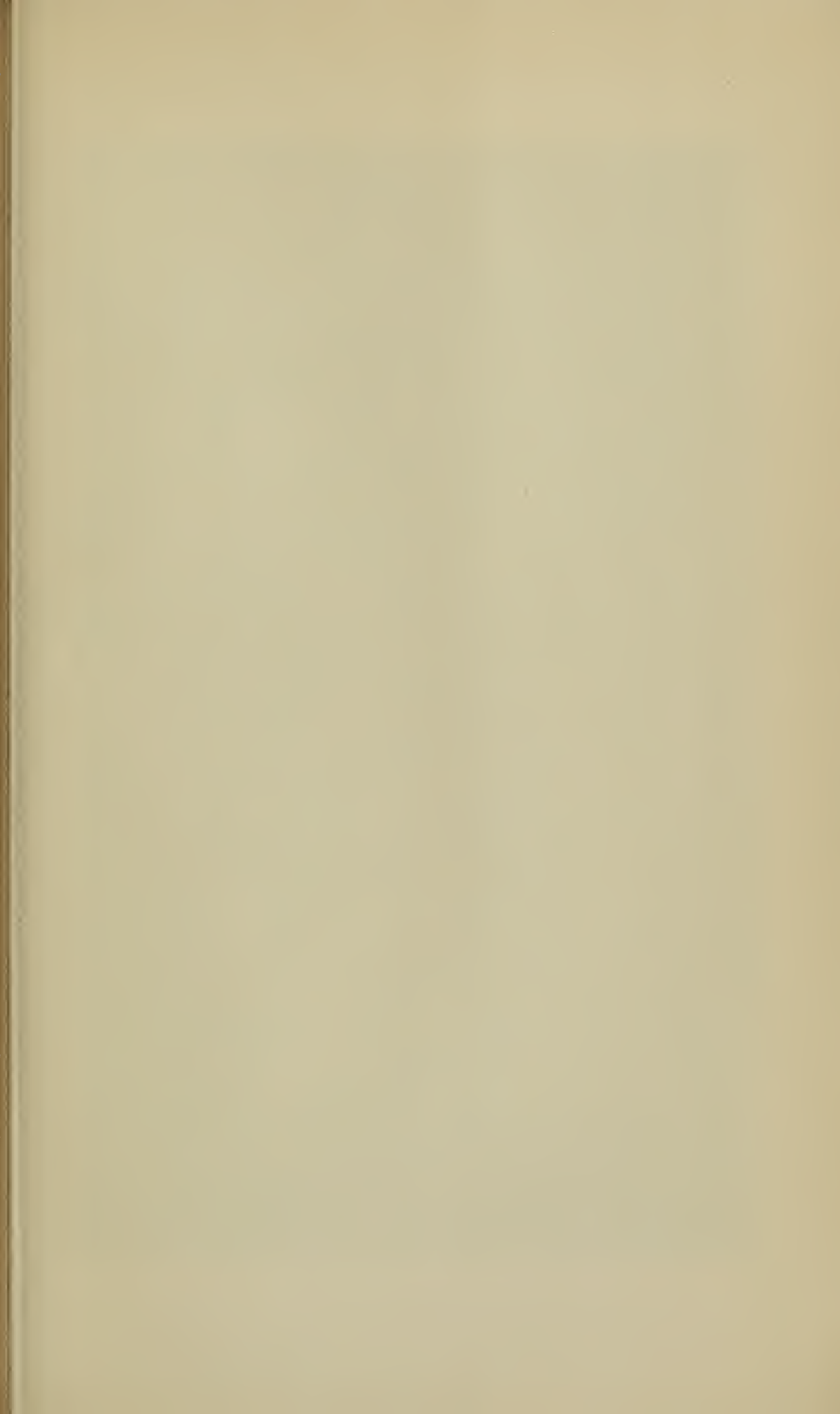
May 24th, Virginia Stuart, '26, was married to Mr. William Clapp of Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

Mildred Mann, '24, has announced her engagement to Mr. Douglas Tillman Gleason.

Kathryn Adams is making a long visit with cousins in Hollywood, California, where her address is 1811 Argyle avenue. "I left home February 18th, and went to Chicago where I spent a most delightful week with Elizabeth Tucker, '26. I visited an uncle in Denver and on my way to Los Angeles, I spent one never to be forgotten day at the Grand Canyon. I arrived in Hollywood March sixth and since then have been enjoying the wonderful state of California. The western states are so different from the east that it is hard to believe that I am still in the United States."

Kathrine Kidder, '14, is very busy with her Red Cross work for the ex-service men. "After June eighth they will not have any opportunity to enter any evidence in regard to their service so that I am trying to be in all parts of my territory (Woodstock County) at once. There are so many men who have not complained until they are actually down and out! To prove their cases, I have decided, makes even a lawyer's job look easy. Yet it is interesting and sometimes I am able to help some of the pathetic cases."

Elizabeth Tucker, '26, writes that much as she should like to come to Reunion her duties in Marshall Fields will keep her in Chicago. "The older girls have the first choice for vacations so that probably I shall not get mine until September. About a month ago I saw Constance Cleaveland in the store. She and Mrs. Dregge had come to Chicago for a week's shopping. Only





ALUMNAE CHILDREN

a few days later I saw Josephine Matteson Bedoya who was on her way to California to visit her parents. We had lunch together and a happy gossip over old times at school and I found it hard to return to work. Another day I waited on a customer who gave the name of Dingwall from Milwaukee. I asked her if she were related to Flora Dingwall who was R. H., '23, and she proved to be her aunt."

Examination week at Vassar will keep Adrienne Louis, '25, from returning for Reunion. "I have the famous American History the first day! It has been a most interesting course and I hate to feel it is so nearly over. I hope to take the equally famous course, 'The Dean's History' my senior year. Next year I expect to take Advanced Algebra, Calculus of finite differences (Adrienne is majoring in Math), Statistics, Public Finance and International Law. The last week-end in April I spent at Smith and saw all the girls there. I was so glad to have all the news from them. I feel rather alone here at Vassar but I hope that some other representatives of the school will come up soon, for Vassar is just as wonderful as ever!"

The girls of 1909 extend their sympathy to Ruth Griffin Pope whose father died March twenty-first.

Julia Nye, '23, wishes the address given in the Register corrected to 1314 Forest Avenue, Evanston. "I have been in New York all year studying interior decorating and living at Mrs. Boswell's chaperonage house. I have enjoyed my work and have had such a good time. Constance Smith, Henrietta Page and I have met regularly and I saw Mary Genevieve Paulsen when she was here. I went out to Cedar Rapids for Rachel Holt's wedding and spent several days with her. She made a very lovely bride."

Winifred Zaring, '25, and Margaret Mae Jones met in Nashville while Winifred was attending her brother's commencement.

Joan Buckminster has remarried and she is now Senora de Garcia-Olay. Her address is the Spanish legation, Cairo, Egypt.

April 22nd, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Ogden (Aileen Lawrence) in Summit, N. J.

Marcia Bartlett Denault, '17, expects to sail for Europe the middle of June with Eliot and her parents. Her brother, Edwin, is studying in Rome and the family want to spend some time with him.

Helen Faber Parr writes: "My husband is going out to Cincinnati to open a branch the first of June. We have bought a car for the express purpose of driving out there and back again in August for a vacation in Connecticut. We have been living with mother all winter so that I was unable to see any of the Philadelphia Alumnae as I had intended."

Florence Harrison, '02, leads as busy a life as ever in her work for the National League of Women Voters. "When summer vacation comes, which will be perhaps not earlier than August, I am going to sit down and write the story of my life! I am just back from a field trip which lasted two months and with a week in which to catch up on office routine I am off on another. One of the most enjoyable features of our Council meeting in Washington was a training class that we attended for several hours. Mr. Harrison Elliott of Columbia University conducted it on how a leader should organize and guide a discussion group. It seemed to me of great value in every classroom. I have led discussions two or three times since by this method and find it is almost magical in the way in which it awakens the class and gets them to participate. American history and government are so new to me now that some day or other I am going back to teaching again just for the sake of seeing if I can get into a regular class the enthusiasm and the interest I feel in them."

Helen Fogg, '20, is abroad again with her parents. Recently while staying at the Grand Hotel, Plymouth, in Devon, they were guests at a luncheon given by Lady Astor.

Faith Harrington, '20, writes: "I had hoped to be back for Reunion but some friends in Rochester, New York, have invited my fiancé and myself to motor to Cuba, Indiana, for the commencement festivities on the same date as those at Rogers Hall. As Henry has not been back since he graduated I feel

that we ought to take advantage of this unusual opportunity. Helen Smith McCormick, '20, is living in Pawtucket, very near me. She has a darling son, Harold Frank, who is my first godson. Recently I saw Madeline Ellis at a bridge in Newton when we had a reunion of our own."

Twelve girls from the class of 1927 and the special seniors will take the college entrance board examinations this June and nine others will enter college by certificate.

Emily Hussey and Susannah Deacon expect to enter Brown University. Dorothy Edwards will go to the University of California. Carmen Beaudin will take the Psychological tests for the School of Journalism in Columbia University. The candidates for Smith College are Laura Merrill, Star Ryan, Sarah Pearson, Mary Ryder, Mary Tilton and Virginia Ulrici. Dorothy Mignault will enter Sullins College. The candidates for Wellesley are Natalie Collingwood, Clarice Connelly (niece of Natalie Kemp Gale, '11), Frances Fowler, Eleanor Nye and Eleanor Parkhurst. Katherine Dyer will take the examinations for Wells. Eleanor Pratt, Virginia Rogers, Esther Fisher and Mona Mehan expect to enter Wheaton.

May 21st, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Floyd (Elizabeth Carpenter, '18) in Manchester, New Hampshire.

Margaret Hall, '99, has announced her engagement to Dr. Thaxton Gardner of New York City. The wedding is planned for July twenty-third. Margaret expects to keep her position in the French department of the Wadleigh High School.

June 8th, Mildred Mann, '24, was graduated from the kindergarten training course of the Lesley school in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Stella Fleeer, '07, announces her marriage to Mr. Robert C. Pyle, 3rd, and they are living at Herford Place, Lansdowne, Pa.

June 1st, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Tompkins (Elsie Boutwell) in Winchester, Massachusetts.

June 14th, Helene Ellsworth announced her engagement to Alexander Shaw, Harvard, '28. Helen and her mother (Alice

Chalifoux) have been traveling in Europe. The marriage will take place in Paris on June thirtieth.

Carlotta Heath Moore, '11, writes that she has sold her house in Mt. Airy and expects to move into her new home when she returns from the shore in the fall. "Ann starts the long road of education this fall so that I am hunting a school for her. Recently we enjoyed a week's cruise in our boat on the Chesapeake."

Elizabeth Scott, '18, in May was sent by her doctor to Atlantic City. Hazel Coffin Brown, '16, and Rachel Hoyer Jopson, '16, drove over to see Scottie during her stay.

The class of 1903 and her other schoolmates extend deep sympathy to Mildred Wilson, whose father died in the early spring.

Esther Watrons Couper, '18, is another of the girls who regrets she was unable to come back for Reunion. "Two small children keep one tied fairly near the domestic hearth most of the time! Dick is four and a half and a regular boy, busy every moment of the day. He is perfectly devoted to his little sister. Katharine is just past six months and a very happy, contented small person. We expect to go to Mattapoisett again this summer with my family. Ed will bring us on and stay for ten days then return for us after our stay of six weeks."

Clara Danielson Souther, '95, has a new address, The House-on-the-Hill, Brooklyn, Connecticut. "We bought this old house last summer and moved in on November eighth. I continue my antique shop that I started in my father's house in Danielson the year before. I haven't now so much of a shop but antiques for sale scattered through my home, though I call it the Quinebaug Valley Shop."

June 11, Faith Shaw, '19, was married to Mr. Carson Marshall Wilkey of Jamaica Plain. Faith's father performed the wedding ceremony in his church, St. Mark's Episcopal, in Dorchester. Faith has been a kindergarten teacher at the Seeger School in Jamaica Plain since her graduation from the Wheelock School in 1924.

April 25th, a daughter, Ann, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Irving E. Jennings (Ellen Cloutman, '22), in Winchester.

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, was one of the official Congressional committee to greet Colonel Lindbergh when he arrived in Washington, June 11th. Indeed Edith had the distinction to be the first one to welcome him for Admiral Burrage, in command of the Memphis, is an old Lowell boy and he arranged that Edith should be the first one presented to the hero.

Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10, has accepted a position to teach English and some grade subjects in the school for the Blind, a state institution in New Mexico.

Susan McEvoy Wood, '12, and her family have returned from Georgia and will spend the summer with the McEvoy's. In the fall Captain Wood is ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to duty in the officers' training school.

Louise Allen Hobbs has announced her engagement to Mr. Albert H. Atkins of Boston. Mr. Atkins is also a sculptor with a studio in Boston and he has been a member of the faculty of the Rhode Island School of Design since 1909.

THE ALUMNAE REUNION

The Alumnae began to return on Sunday and by supper time there were two tables of us in the dining room. Monday, however, was really Alumnae day and we spent it at the Vesper Country Club. A few energetic souls devoted the morning to golf but the majority arrived at noon. Forty of us, with Miss Parsons and Miss McMillan as guests of honor, sat down for luncheon and we were welcomed by the president of the Association, Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18. Immediately after the luncheon, Anne called the biennial meeting to order and called upon Miss Parsons to address us. In an informal speech Miss Parsons told of the outstanding events of the school year and spoke of the additions to the school and of some of the future needs. Both through the two Alumnae trustees and the officers of the Association the Alumnae influence has been used effectively.

The annual reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved and the Building Fund was given in detail to date. The amount paid or pledged in the 1927 drive is \$733 and thus far only about forty members have contributed. The officers hope that this is only a beginning and it was voted to continue the campaign to secure more funds. The school has raised about a hundred dollars in different ways and the class of 1927 will add its gift to the Alumnae fund. The two most pressing needs of the school are a new fireproof dormitory and a recitation building. Towards this we already have on deposit or in Liberty Bonds over four thousand dollars as well as twelve thousand dollars loaned to the trustees for the construction of the new wing of the Hall.

Margaret Hussey, '19, as chairman of the nominating committee reported the following slate and these officers were elected unanimously:

President—Louie Ellingwood Swan, 1900.

Vice President—Mary Bard Ermentrout, 1904.

Secretary—Louise Grover Pihl, 1918.

Treasurer—Sarah Hobson, 1910.

Alumnae Trustee—Julia W. Stevens, 1897.

A vote of thanks was given to Miss Parsons for her generous hospitality during Reunion and one to the retiring officers and to Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, and to Leslie Hylan, '14, who were in charge of the arrangements for the luncheon.

Following the adjournment of the biennial meeting, there was a bridge tournament. This proved a very successful method of bringing us together though Alumnae gossip seemed more in evidence than skilled playing! The senior class exercises and the awarding of the athletic honors brought us back to school late in the afternoon and "Monsieur Beaucaire" in the evening made a perfect end to a day of pleasure.

The following girls were back for reunion: Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Julia Stevens, '97; Helen Hill, '99; Brenda Pettin-gell, Mabel Hall, Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00; Saidee Forrest Rathbone, Mary Bard Ermentrout, '04; Sibyl Wright Eaton,

'04; Leila Washburn du Mont, '04; Sarah Hobson, '10; Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13; Leslie Hylan, '14; Dorothy Johnson Adams, '16; Margaret Wood, '16; Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18; Louise Grover Pihl, '18; Amy Curtis Romero, '18; Marjorie Adams, '19; Betty Akeroyd Walker, '19; Margaret Hussey, '19; Evelyn Dimeling, '24; Madeline Fox, '24; Mary Hussey, '24; Helen Shannon, '24; Ardis Williams, '24; Mildred Horton, Florence Armstrong, '25; Priscilla Fox, '25; Marjorie Norris, '25; Bertha May, Dorothy Marden, Phyllis Mitchell, Mary Bailey, '26; Priscilla Ball, '26; Elinor Carmichael, '26; Kathryn Jenkins, '26; Margaret Shepard, '26; Eleanor Williams, '26; Frances Carmichael.





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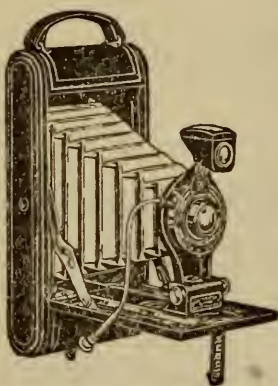
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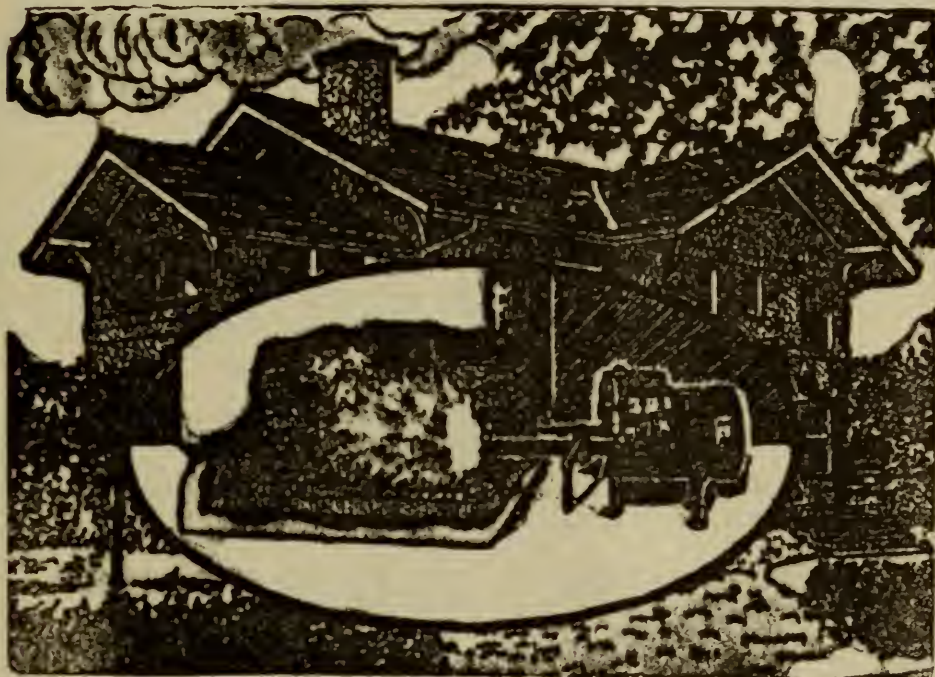
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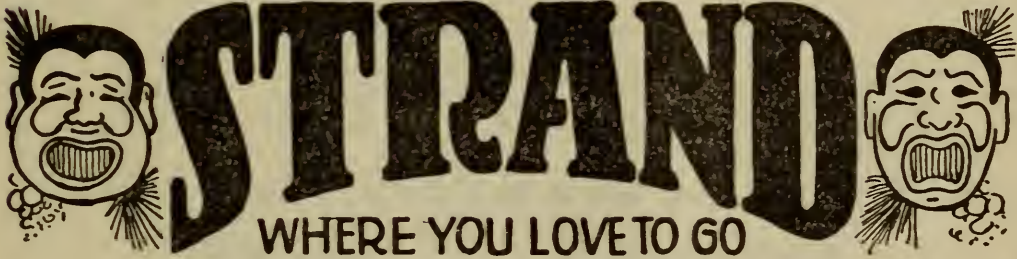
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